

ELEGANT EXTRACTS?

or useful and Entertaining
PIECES of POETRY,

Selected for the 11605cc.43.

IMPROVEMENT of YOUTH,

I.N

Speaking, Reading, Thinking, Composing;

and in the

CONDUCT of LIFE;

Being similar in Design to

ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN PROSE.



*While some on earnest Business bent
Their murm'ring Labours ply—* Gray

LONDON

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

SINCE Poetry affords young persons an innocent pleasure, a taste for it, under certain limitations, should be indulged. Why should they be forbidden to expatiate, in imagination, over the flowery fields of Arcadia, in Elysium, in the Isles of the Blest, and in the Vale of Tempè? The harmless delight which they derive from Poetry, is surely sufficient to recommend an attention to it, at an age when pleasure is the chief pursuit, even if the sweets of it were not blended with utility.

But if pleasure were the ultimate object of Poetry, there are some who, in the rigour of austere wisdom, would maintain that the precious days of youth might be more advantageously employed than in cultivating a taste for it. To obviate their objections, it is necessary to remind them, that Poetry has ever claimed the power of conveying instruction in the most effectual manner, by the vehicle of pleasure.

There is reason to believe that many young persons of natural genius would have given very little attention to learning of any kind, if they had been introduced to it by books appealing only to their reason and judgment, and not to their fancy. Through the pleasant paths of Poetry, they have been gradually led to the heights of science. They have been allured, on first setting out, by the beauty of the scene presented to them, into a delightful land, flowing with milk and honey; where, after having been nourished like the infant with the mother's milk, they have gradually acquired strength enough to relish and digest the solidest food of philosophy.

This opinion seems to be confirmed by actual experience; for the greatest men, in every liberal and honourable profession, have given their early years to the charms of Poetry. Many of the most illustrious worthies in the church and in the state, were allured to the land of learning by the song of
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the Muse; and they would perhaps have never entered it, if their preceptors had forbidden them to lend an ear. Of so much consequence is Poetry to the general advancement of learning.

And as to morals, "Poetry," in the words of Sir Philip Sydney, "doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect of the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, the Poet doth, as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanted skill of music;—and with a tale;—he cometh unto you with a tale, *which holdeth children from play*, and old men from the chimney-corner. Even those hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a school name, and despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reasons they stand upon, yet will be contented to be delighted, which is all the good fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they cannot but love ere themselves be aware, as if they took a *medicine of cherries*."

Thus Poetry, by the gentle yet certain method of allurements, leads both to learning and to virtue. I conclude, therefore, that, under a few self-evident restrictions, it is proper for all young minds, in the course of a liberal education.

It must be confessed, at the same time, that many sensible men, both in the world and in the schools of philosophy, have objected to it. They have thought that a taste for it interfered with an attention to what they call the MAIN CHANCE. *What poet ever fined for sheriff?* says Oldham. *It is seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold and silver in Parnassus*, says Mr. Locke. Such ideas have predominated in the exchange and in the warehouse, and, while they continue to be confined to those circles, may perhaps, in some cases, be advantageous. But they ought not to operate on the mind of the gentleman, or the man of a liberal profession; and indeed there is no good reason to be given why the mercantile classes, at least of the higher order, should not amuse their leisure with any pleasures of polite literature.

That some object to Poetry as a part of education, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that many, from want of natural sensibility, or from

long



long habits of inattention to every thing but sordid interest, are totally unfurnished with faculties for the perception of poetical beauty. But shall we deny the cowslip and violet their vivid colour and sweet fragrance, because the quadruped who feeds in the meadow tramples over them without perceiving either their hues or their odours? Against the opposers of Poetry, the taste of mankind, from China to Peru, powerfully militates.

Young minds have commonly a taste for it. Unseduced by the love of money, and unhacknied in the ways of vice, they are indeed delighted with nature and fact, though unembellished; because all objects with them have the grace of novelty: but they are transported with the charms of Poetry, where the sunshine of fancy diffuses over every thing the fine gloss, the rich colouring, of beautiful imagery and language. “Nature (to cite Sir Philip Sydney again) never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as diverse poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever may make the earth more lovely.—The world is a *brazen world*—the poets only deliver a *GOLDEN*; which whoever dislike, *the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of SWEETLY-UTTERED KNOWLEDGE.*”

It will be readily acknowledged, that ideas and precepts of all kinds, whether of morality or science, make a deeper impression, when inculcated by the vivacity, the painting, the melody of poetical language. And what is thus deeply impressed will also long remain; for metre and rhyme naturally catch hold of the memory, as the tendrils of the vine cling round the branches of the elm.

Old Orpheus and Linus are recorded in fable to have drawn the minds of savage men to knowledge, and to have polished human nature, by Poetry. And are not children in the state of nature? And is it not probable that Poetry may be the best instrument to operate on them, as it was found to be on nations in the savage state? Since, according to the mythological wisdom of the antients, Amphion moved stones, and Orpheus brutes, by music and verse, is it not reasonable to believe, that minds which are dull, and even brutally insensible, may be penetrated, sharpened, softened, and irradiated, by the warm influence of fine Poetry?

But it is really superfluous to expatiate on either the delight or utility of Poetry. The subject has been exhausted; and, whatever a few men of little taste and feeling, or of minds entirely sordid and secular, may object, such

are the charms of the Goddess, such her powerful influence over the heart of man, that she will never want voluntary votaries at her shrine. The Author of nature has kindly implanted in man a love of Poetry, to solace him under the labours and sorrows of life. A great part of the Scriptures is poetry and verse. The wise son of Sirach enumerates, among the most honourable of mankind, SUCH AS FOUND OUT MUSICAL TUNES, AND RECITED VERSES IN WRITING.

With respect to this Compilation, the principal subject of this Preface, (but from which I have been seduced into a digression, by giving my suffrage in favour of an art I love)—if I should be asked what are its pretensions, I must freely answer, that it professes nothing more than (what is evident at first sight) to be a larger collection of English Verse, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, than has ever yet been published IN ONE VOLUME. The original intention was to comprize in it a great number and variety of such pieces as were already in use in schools, or which seemed proper for the use of them; such a number and variety as might furnish something satisfactory to every taste, and serve as a little poetical library for school-boys, precluding the inconvenience and expence of a multitude of volumes.

Such is the design of the Publication. The Editor can claim no praise beyond that of the design. The praise of ingenuity is all due to the Poets whose works have supplied the materials. What merit can there be in directing a famous and popular passage to be inserted from Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, and many others, of less fame indeed, but in great esteem, and of allowed genius? Their own lustre pointed them out, like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. There was no occasion for singular acuteness of vision, or of optical glasses, to discover a brightness which obtruded itself on the eye. The best pieces are usually the most popular. They are loudly recommended by the voice of fame, and indeed have been already selected in a variety of volumes of preceding collections. To confess an humiliating truth, in making a book like this, the hand of the artisan is more employed than the head of the writer. Utility and innocent entertainment are the sole designs of the Editor; and if they are accomplished, he is satisfied, and cheerfully falls back into the shade of obscurity. He is confident that the Book cannot but be useful and entertaining; but he is, at the same time, so little inclined to boast of his work, that he is ready to confess, that almost any man, willing to incur a considerable expence, and undergo a little trouble, might have furnished as good a collection.

P R E F A C E.

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As tastes will for ever differ, some may wish to have seen in it passages from some favourite, yet obscure poet, and some also from their own works; but it was the business of the Editor of *a school-book like this*, not to insert scarce and curious works, such as please *virtuoso readers*, chiefly from *their rarity*, but to collect such as were *publicly known and universally celebrated*. The more known, the more celebrated, the better they were adapted to this collection; which is not designed, like the lessons of some dancing-masters, for *grown gentlemen*, but for *young learners only*; and it will readily occur to every one, that what is old to men and women, may be, and for the most part must be, *new to boys and girls receiving their education*. Private judgment, in a work like this, must often give way to public. Some things are inserted in this volume entirely in submissive deference to public opinion, which, when general and long continued, is the least fallible test of merit in the fine arts, and particularly in Poetry. Whatever was found in previous collections, which experience had pronounced proper for schools, has been freely taken and admitted. The stamp of experience gave it currency. The freedom of borrowing, it is hoped, will be pardoned, as the collectors, with whom it has been used, first set the example of it.

It is unnecessary, and perhaps might be deemed impertinent, to point out the mode of using the Collection to the best advantage. It is evident that it may be used in schools, either in recitation, transcription, the exercise of the memory, or in imitation. It furnishes an abundance of models, which are the best means of exciting genius. Such *Arts of Poetry* as those of Bysshe, Gildon, and their imitators, effect but little in the dry method of technical precept; and the young Poet, like the Sculptor, will improve most by working after a model. It is evident that this collection may be usefully read at *ENGLISH SCHOOLS in classes*, just as the Latin and Greek authors are read at the *grammar-schools*, by explaining every thing grammatically, historically, metrically, and critically; and then giving a portion to be learned by memory. The book, it is hoped, will be particularly agreeable and useful to the amiable young student, whose first love is the love of the Muse, and who courts her in his summer's saunter, and his winter's solitude.

In the Appendix many little pieces are admitted, mere *Lusus poetici*, chiefly for the diversion of the student. They are, it must be confessed, no more than flowrets at the bottom of Parnassus; but, it is hoped, that their admission will be approved, as they may gradually lead the scholar to ascend higher up the hill, who might have been deterred from approaching it if he had seen nothing in the first prospect but the sublime, the solemn, and the sombrous.

In consequence of a distant residence from the press, and of not seeing the sheets as they came from it, some mistakes in the titles of the pieces have been suffered unavoidably to escape: a few things are inserted in wrong places, through mistake of directions given; and some are attributed to the wrong authors: but the errors are of no great consequence, and will, without any apology, obtain the candid reader's pardon,

The reader will have no cause to complain, if, instead of *Extracts*, he often finds whole poems inserted. This has been done whenever it seemed consistent with the design, and could be done without *injustice*. In this matter, the opinion of those who must be supposed best qualified to give it, was asked, and followed. The wish was to take nothing but what seemed to lie on *the common*, relinquished or neglected by the lord of the manor.

Though the book is divided into Four Parts, yet the formality of regular and systematical arrangement of the component pieces, has not been strictly observed. Such compilations as these have not unfrequently been called garlands and nosegays; but in a garland or nosegay who would place the tulips, the lilies, the pinks, and the roses in separate compartments? In this artificial disposition, their beauty and fragrance would be less pleasing than if they were carelessly mingled with all the ease and wildness of natural variety. I hope the analogy will hold; if not, I must throw myself in this, and indeed in all other circumstances of this Publication, upon my reader's indulgence. I expect not praise; but I confide in receiving pardon.

Perhaps the reader will be the more inclined to extend it towards me, if I do not weary him with apologies. I will then conclude my Preface in the words of Montaigne—"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

That strikes for liberty? That strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,

And his large honours from eternal infamy?
What doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand
here

Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!

Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You shall not be withheld; we will rush on
them—

This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! Is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And push yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
Flee to its fountain? [word more

3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one
Is but delay of conquest.

Guf. Take your wish.

He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left rout—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down; then wheel at once,
Confess'd to view, and close up all the vale:
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.

Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts
beat high! [bands,

Thin though our ranks, though scanty be our
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each singly equal to an host of foes:
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light!
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high, [eyes
Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his

§ 42. *Gustavus and Crispien.* BROOKE.

Crisp. TELL me, Gustavus, tell me, why is
this,

That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprize,
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light, [buke
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen re-
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
All awful and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,
And blast rebellion?

Guf. Justice, sanctitude,
And rights! Oh patience! Rights! What
rights, thou tyrant?—

Yes, if perdition be the rule of power, [chief,
If wrongs give right, oh then, supreme in mis-
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,
Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,

To be the means, the specialty of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,

Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heav'n,
Can authorize oppression, give a law
For lawless power, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd man-
kind,

Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.

Crisp. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it
largely.

Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute? As on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty.
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed, must'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne against the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the toil.

Guf. Mistaken man! [weakness;
I come empower'd, and strengthen'd in thy
For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suffering world,
Fear trembles in the cement; prayers, and tears,
And secret curses, sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

Trollio. Profane, and alien to the love of
Heav'n!

Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine [not
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up
As sacred to damnation?

Guf. Yes, I know,
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heav'n,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates
That Heav'n itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Christian meekness, mission all divine!
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
The words of sweet, but indigested peace,
To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallow'd men,

In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach Heav'n, but with a down-
ward eye, [loose

That turns your souls to dross; who, shouting,
The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the
realm, [chief!

Receive your sanction. Oh, 'tis glorious mis-
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of faintly elevation, blesteth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heav'n
A sign of blood, a label for decrees
That hell would shrink to own.

Crisp. No more of this.
Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot
breast [canst not!

Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh thou
Thou hast outlived all reck'ning! Give me then
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare yon little trembler.

Crisp. Yes, on terms
Of compact and submission.

Gus. Ha! with thee! [country,
Compact with thee! and mean'st thou for my
For Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for't, tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth—
They both shall perish first.

§ 43. *The Life of an African.* ADDISON.

—**B**EHOLD the African, [sets
That traverses our vast Numidian de-
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow:
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase.
Amidst the running stream he flakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

§ 37*. *Cato's Address to the Senate.*

ADDISON.

LET us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate; we have bulwarks
round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;

Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the Gods:
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
To its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

§ 38*. *Description of a Hurricane.* ADDISON.

SO, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies. }

§ 39*. *Cato's Advice to his Friends.*

ADDISON.

REMEMBER, O my friends, the laws, the
rights,

The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down
From age to age by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood!)
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

§ 40*. *Cato's Advice to his Son.* ADDISON.

PORTIUS, draw near: my son, thou oft hast
seen

Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction; now thou
see'st me

Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success.
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field, [hands,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own
And all our frugal ancestors were blest'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life;
There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

§ 41*. *Action opposed to Contemplation.*

BELLER.

THIS were to lose the very end of being,
And render virtue useless to the world.
'Tis action gives its beauteous image life,
As it diffuses health to human kind.
Which is, without it, but a fair idea,
A painted prospect, void of all the worth
Which its appearance boasts. This were to be
The mere outside, the statue of a man.

§ 42*.

§ 42*. *Ambition inseparable from Great Minds.*
S. JOHNSON.

AMBITION is the stamp, impress'd by
Heav'n,
To mark the noblest minds; with active heat
Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons, and revolving skies;
And ask, what guilty power's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While some Archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

§ 43*. *The Unsteadiness of an Arbitrary Government, and the Misery of a Despotic Prince.*
TRAP.

NO government can e'er be safe, that's founded
On lust, on murder, and despotic power.
'Tis not in lawless strength to turn and manage
This cumb'rous and unwieldy bulk of empire,
Which like the restless sea still works and tosses,
Vex'd with continual change and revolution.
How few of my unhappy successors
Will 'scape my fate? Ev'n while we keep the
throne, [frown,]
We fear those subjects threats on whom we
Infringe their liberty, and lose our own:
And hourly prove, by arbitrary sway,
That he's the greatest slave, whom none but
slaves obey.

§ 44. *Sforza Duke of Milan pleading his Cause before the Emperor Charles V.*
MASSINGER.

Sforza. I COME not, Emperor, & invade thy
mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses or denials. I profess [instant]
(And with a good man's confidence, ev'n this
That I am in thy pow'r) I was thine enemy,
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy; one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates; [sels,
And with my utmost pow'rs, and deepest coun-
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it:
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king
More than thyself, and all men.

Now give me leave
(My hate against thyself, and love to him,
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reasons
That made me so affected. In my wants
I ever found him faithful; had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes,
Quite sunk, were by his grace buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me as my good angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak
(Nay must and will) his praise now, in as high

And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase; and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes (poor, compar'd to
his, [nothing])
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as
Are in thy fury burnt; let it be mention'd,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral;
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base or unthankful.

If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies receiv'd, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards (which other nations,
That like you aim'd at empire, lov'd and
cherish'd

Where'er they found it), Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forefall'd remission; that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness, truth, that
now

'Tis in another's pow'r, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
They shrink for fear.—Know, Sir, that Sforza
Prepar'd for either fortune. [stands
But if example

Of my fidelity to the French (whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours;
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names)
Has pow'r t' invite you to make him a friend
That hath given evident proof he knows to love,
And to be thankful; this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct [change,
These brave commanders (should your fortune
Which now I wish not) what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And what you may (not without hazard) force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on Heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories.
And when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,
Will see them largely recompens'd.—I've said,
And now expect my sentence.

Charles. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza
(For such I hold thee); and true constancy,
Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,
The

Tho' in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it.—By my future hopes,
I'm glad, for thy sake, that in seeking favour
Thou didst not borrow of Vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That (since my purposes must now be chang'd
Touching thy life and fortunes) the world can-
Tax me of levity in my settled councils; [not
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery; but forc'd into it
By a fair war of virtue.

All former passages of hate be buried;
For thus with open arms I meet thy love;
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee Duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so: yet, not to take
From others to give only to thyself,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

§ 45. *Brutus and Titus.*

LEE.

Brut. WELL, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?

I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the calm of nature;
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee;
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gods [ing;
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were say-
Speak then, and tell me, O my best lov'd,
My son, my Titus, is all well again? [nothing;

Tit. So well, that saying how, must make it
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart with powerful throbs persuades
That were indeed to make you reparation, [me:
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die;
And that for Titus too would be most happy.

Brut. How's that, my son? Would death
for thee be happy?

Tit. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which thy eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honour in the way [me.
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide

Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Tit. Not to a mind resolv'd; no, Sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born:

Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.

Yes, Sir, I call the pow'rs of heaven to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;

Nay, he shall die with joy to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous through the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever:
Not but I must confess my weakness too;
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of th' immortal gods.

Brut. O Titus! Oh thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears weep blood, if possible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child;
For thou must die, my Titus! die, my son!
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated Genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Tit. Alas, my lord! [your sorrow?
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth
Why should the godlike Brutus shake to doom
Why all these trappings for a traitor's shears? [me?
The gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark; the deeper that I search,
My haras'd soul returns the more confirm'd.
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.

'Tis fix'd, O therefore let not fancy fond thee!
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Tit. The axe! O Heav'n! then must I fall so
basely?

What, shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brut. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me
nothing.

Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take the advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood:
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons; on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The licitor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth, upon
See thy head taken by the common axe, [thee,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Tit. Scourg'd like a bondman! ha! a beaten
But I deserve it all; yet here I fail: [slave!
The image of this suffer'ing quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
O Sir! O Brutus! must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
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ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN VERSE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SACRED AND MORAL.

§ 1. *An Address to the Deity.* THOMSON.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD
SUPREME! [SELF!

O teach me what is good. Teach me THY-
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss! [pure;

§ 2. *Another Address to the Deity.* YOUNG.

OTHOU great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late gall'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow;
To drink the spirit of the golden day;
And triumph in existence; and couldst know
No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing! With the Patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown.
I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs!
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!

§ 3. *Adam and Eve, in a Morning Hymn, call upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in extolling their common Maker.*

MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame, [then!
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous
Unspeaking, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r
divine.

Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,

Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven;
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
morn [sphere,
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and
soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when
thou fall'st. [fly'st,

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light,
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternions run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix [change
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd
sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye Winds, that from four quarters
blow, [Pines,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise;
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

§ 4. *Hymn on Gratitude.* ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.
Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

§ 5. *Hymn on Providence.* ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill.
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

§ 6. *Another Hymn, from the beginning of the sixth Psalm.* ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

§ 7. *Another Hymn.* ROWE.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant

Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.
But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee :
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be !
Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature, every where around,
Displays thy excellence !
The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.
The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,
When in the East its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.
The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
In balmy whispers own, from Thee
Their pleasing odours come.
The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And water's murmur'ing fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause
With diff'rent voices call.
Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be ?
No ; rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee !

§ 8. Another Hymn.

ROWE.

THOU didst, O mighty God ! exist
Ere time began its race ;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space :
Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd :
Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd ;
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were rear'd :
Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun ;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun :
Ere thro' the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung ;
Or to thy harps the sons of light
Extatic anthems sung :
Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd, thy wond'rous name ;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life !
Thy glory, was the same.
And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,

And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;
When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake ;
For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

§ 9. Another Hymn, from Psalm 143th.
ANON.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay !
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name :
Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair !
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.
Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound !
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing :
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir ;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid :
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.
Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night :
" Ye shades, dispel ! "—th' Eternal said :
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.
Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow :
Ye dragons, sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud ; and roar acclaim
Ye swelling deeps below.
Let every element rejoice :
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
To him, ye graceful cedars, bow ;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own ;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
In mutual concurrence rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad archrings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

§ 10. *Another Hymn.* ANON.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

§ 11. *Another Hymn.* ANON.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then set the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

§ 12. *A Hymn on the Seasons.* THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father,
these

Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is
balm;

Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring
gales.

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and
storms roll'd,

Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest
Majestic.

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force
divine,

Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wandering oft, with rude unconscious
gaze,

Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming
thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise

One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness
Oh talk of Him in solitary glooms, [breathes:
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to
heav'n

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling
And let me catch it as I muse along. [rills;
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze

Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself, [voice
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pen-
cil paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.

The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate
world;

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
Ye vallies, raise; for the Great Shepherd
reigns;

And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep, [day,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his
praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities
Assembled men, to the deep organ join [vast,
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heav'n.

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows; the Summer ray
Rustles the plain; *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest
verge

Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to
Since God is ever present, ever felt, [me:
In the void waste as in the city full;

And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go,
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
From *seeming* evil still educing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!

Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

§ 13. *The Universal Prayer.* POPE.

Deo opt. max.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

§ 14. *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue.* POPE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains be-
long.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the
skies:

Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade;

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale, [fall,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n de-
scend.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give
way! [told;

The Saviour comes! by ancient bards fore-
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch fore-
And leap exulting like the bounding roe. [go,
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantin' chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the
The swain in barren deserts with surprize [field.
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thifty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
mead,
And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead;

The

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently
play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate
kings,

And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze [shine
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah
reigns!

§ 15. *A Night Piece, on Death.* PARNELL.

BY the blue taper's trembling light
No more I waste the wakeful night;
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point, at best, the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dies the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie;
While thro' their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth, and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire
In dimness from the view retire;
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate;
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,

"Time was, like thee they life possess,
"And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."

Those graves, with bending o'er bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away),
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All flow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now, from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin—
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time rebound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)—
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

"When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less, provok'd your fears,

No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas,
Why, then, thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pending cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herbes, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the leutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun;
Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But, when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide;
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

§ 16. *An Elegy, written in a Country Church Yard.* GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
And all the air a solemn stillness holds, [sight,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade, [heap,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw-
built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly
bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
Nor children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, [broke ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
How jocund did they drive their teams afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted
vault, [praise.

The pealing anthem swells the note of
Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire :
Hands, that the rod of empire might have
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre. [sway'd,

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er un-
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, [roll ;
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless
breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
fin'd ;

Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
The place of fame and elegy supply : [muse,
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring, look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That writhes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would
rove ;

Now

Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopelefs
love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array, [borne.
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear ; [a friend.
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

§ 17. Death.

BP. CHESTER.

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend
forsakes,

I woo thee, DEATH ! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the
world,

And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause ;
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloysters
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng [drear
Of meagre phantoms shooting crosses my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
OF DEATH. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.

At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his Parent SIN
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store : around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend : next him diseases thick,
A motly train ; Fever, with cheek of fire ;
Consumption wan ; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-clod lump ; joint-tort'ring
Gout,

And ever-gnawing Rheum ; Convulsion wild ;
Swoln Dropsy ; panting Asthma ; Apoplex

Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that
walks

In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand
more,

Horrid to tell, attentive wait ; and, when
By Heaven's command DEATH waves his
ebon wand,

Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the Earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey !
Ah ! why, All-righteous FATHER, didst thou
make [scious dust

This creature, Man ? why wake th' uncon-
To life and wretchedness ? O better far

Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of Being. Was it for this

Thy Breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame ? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments ?

For this dominion giv'n him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe ? From the blest source of
Good [soul ills

Could Pain and Death proceed ? Could such
Fall from fair Mercy's hands ? Far be the
thought, [creature

The impious thought ! God never made a
But what was good. He made a *living Soul* :

The *wretched Mortal* was the work of MAN.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to
life, [knew,

Fresh with immortal bloom ; no pain he
No fear of change, no check to his desires
Save one command. That one command,
which stood [dience,

'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obe-
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,

He broke. There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit, [hand,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell ; and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her
frame.

Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's chearful face to low'r, then vapours
choak'd

The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The earth convuls'd
With painful throes threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars ; and Insect, Bird, and
Beast,

That wont before with admiration fond [him,
To gaze at Man, and fearless crowd around
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face ; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress [main'd
His best lov'd work. That comfort still re-
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
The countenance of God, and thro' the gloom

Shot

Shot forth some kindly gleams, to chear and warm
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from
Up'rais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
A happier scene of things; the PROMIS'D SEED
Trampling upon the SERPENT's humbled crest;
DEATH of his sting disarm'd; and the dank
grave,

Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit but the gate of life. [ground

Chear'd with the view, MAN went to till the
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath
So merciful is Heav'n) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. DEATH, tho' de-
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm [nounc'd,
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable PATRIARCH guileless held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He, to run [strength
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round saw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full-well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the Earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of Time was Man,
So calm was life, so impotent was DEATH!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
These shatter'd fragments, of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of heav'n from the sad
wreck

Of innocence primæval; still had he liv'd
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes.—'Twas Man him-
self

[self
Brought Death into the world; and Man him-
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First ENVY, eldest-born of Hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of
Men

To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,

And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. One Murder made a Villain,
Millions a Hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design, [fall
GREAT GOD OF HOSTS, nor let thy creatures
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and
strength, and youth

Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which
sheds

A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless Love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought su-
specting

Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling
darts

Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his
course.

Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant HOWE 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice

To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemperance, and Disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty strick'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)

To

To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from GOD's own hand the sword of
Justice,

And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted
steel?

Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd, [him
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift? [life,

Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee
And think it all too short to wash away
By penitential tears and deep contrition
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will
come,

Tho' Nature run her course. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he
comes,

Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme
To Heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes ar-
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath; [ray'd
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down,
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th' astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and dismay. [round

All nature lends her aid. Each Element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems
peace, [brace

Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude em-
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many
a youth

Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore! At dead of night
In sullen silence stalks forth PESTILENCE:
CONTAGION close behind taints all her steps
With pois'nous dew; no smiting hand is seen,

No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all, is false and treacherous around,
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is
DEATH. [fail

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why
These tott'ring feet? Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore, [touch
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of gen'ral devastation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
Entombs its master; and the faithless plain,
If there he lies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious
Heav'n,

O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath
made

So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth from whence I sprung
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to
thee,

Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
From horrors such as these! At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but
come

In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for Man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this World's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul starting from the dark unknown
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop; unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd
torture,

Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead
Let chearful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, THOU,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from
Heav'n

To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake

Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt Soul, anticipating Heav'n,
Bursts from the thralldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wing of Extasy upborn
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

§ 18. *The Grave.* BLAIR.
The house appointed for all living. JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave,
dread thing! [pal'd

Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature ap-
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark

Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes:
Where nought but silence reigns, and night,
dark night,

Dark as was Chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults, [fume,

Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy
Lets sail a supernumerary horror, [some.
And only serves to make thy night more irk-
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Chearless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick perform their mystic rounds.
No other meriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which
were;

There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! me-
thinks,

Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creek, and windows clap, and night's
foul bird [files

Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy
Black plaister'd, and hung round with shreds
of scutcheons [sound

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their
Ingrim array the grisly spectres rise, [slumbers,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.

Again! the screech owl shrieks: ungracious
sound! [chill]

I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run
Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coarval near with that all ragged shew,

Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half
down

Their branchless trunks: others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same
tree. [pen'd here:

Strange things, the neighbours say, have hap-
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, un-
touch'd.

Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching-time of
night. [seen

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've
By glimpse of moon-shine, cheq'ring thro' the
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er-
grown)

That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he
hears,

The sound of something purring at his heels:
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,

That walks at dead of night, or takes his
stand [tell!
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to
Evanesces at crowing of the cock. [spied,

The new-made widow too I've sometimes
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in
sunder

Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetner of life! and folder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood
Sweet murmur'ing; methought, the shrill-
tongu'd thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd

Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note ;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. O ! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full
heart

Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

Dull Grave ! thou spoil'st the dance of youth-
ful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face ;
Branding our laughter with the name of mad-
ness.

Where are the jesters now ? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant ? where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'p thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware ? Ah ! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them !

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
The Roman Cæsars and the Græcian chiefs,
The boast of story ? Where the hot-brain'd
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore [youth,
From kings of all the then discover'd globe ;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was ham-
per'd,

And had not room enough to do its work ?
Alas ! how slim, dishonorably slim !
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty ! how alter'd in thy looks ?
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue ?
Son of the morning ! whither art thou gone ?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar ? pliant and pow'rless now ;
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife ;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little
tongues,

And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.

Araby's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple ;
O cruel irony ! these come too late :
And only mock whom they were meant to
honor. [ried

Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's bu-
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the vulgar born to rot in state !

But see ! the well-plum'd hearse comes nod-
ding on

Stately and slow ; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,

By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings, now they're all un-
furl'd

And glitt'ring in the sun ! triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unweildy shew ; whilst from the
casements, [wedg'd

And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase [waste ?
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible ? Ye undertakers ! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir ? 'Tis wisely done :
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The Painter casts discretely into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st !
Below the envy of the private man !
Honor, that meddlesome officious ill, [short.
Pursues thee ev'n to death ; nor there stops
Strange persecution ! when the Grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Aburd ! to think to over-reach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours !
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away : only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world ! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm ;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with
years,

The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted
Gives way. O lamentable sight ! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins,
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time : her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them :
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sovrain rule thro' seas of blood ;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Whoravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave
up [spent,

To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy co-
vert, [icorn,

Vain thought ! to hide them from the gen'ral
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd
Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant, [ghost
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And

And well for neighb'ring grounds of arm as
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor, [short ;
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery
 (As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
 Of the same common nature with his lord) ;
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's
 whipp'd, [his kinsman ;
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm
 Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under
 Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord, [ground
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we were some-
 Above the common level of our kind ; [thing
 The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd
 flatt'ry,

And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty ! thou pretty plaything ! dear deceit !
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse unknown before !
 The grave discredits thee : thy charms ex-
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd, [spung'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of ? Will thy
 lovers [homage ?

Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee
 Methinks, I see thee with thy head low laid ;
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
 The high-fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd
 Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution ?
 For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
 T'improve those charms, and keep them in re-
 pair, [feeder !

For which the spoiler thanks thee not ? Foul
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps ! the conscious
 tears [flow'rs :

Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of
 Honest effusion ! the swollen heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too ! thou furly, and less gentle
 boast

Of those that laugh loud at the village ring !
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease than e'er thou didst the
 stripling

That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
 What groan was that I heard ? deep groan
 indeed !

With anguish heavy laden ! let me trace it :
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong
 man

By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
 Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great
 heart

Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too scant
 To give the lung full play ! what now avail
 The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
 shoulders ?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
 Mad with his pain ! eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a creature drowning ! hideous fight !

O how his eyes stand out, and stare full
 ghastly !

Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
 Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that
 groan ?

It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
 Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
 Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty
 boaster ! [the bull,

To vaunt of nerves of thine ? What means
 Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
 And flee before a feeble thing like man ;
 That knowing well the slackness of his arm,
 Trusts only in the well-invented knife !

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
 The star-surveying sage close to his eye
 Applies the sight-invigorating tube ; [space
 And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of
 Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
 That roll with regular confusion there,
 In extasy of thought. But ah ! proud man !
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head :
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails ;
 And down thou dropp'st into that darksome
 place,

Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
 Here the tongue-warrior lies ! disabled now,
 Disarm'd, dishonor'd, like a wretch that's
 gagg'd,

And cannot tell his ail to passers by. [change,
 Great man of language ! whence this mighty
 This dumb despair, and drooping of the head ?
 Though strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
 And sly Insinuation's softer arts
 In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue ;
 Alas ! how chop-fall'n now ! thick mists and
 silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
 Unceasing. Ah ! where is the lifted arm,
 The strength of action, and the force of words,
 The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd
 voice,

With all the lesser ornaments of phrase ?
 Ah ! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been !
 Raz'd from the book of fame : or, more pro-
 voking,

Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribler
 Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
 With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes
 With heavy halting pace that drawl along ;
 Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
 And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
 These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb !
 Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
 Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
 Where are thy boasted implements of art,
 And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health ?
 Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
 Nor margin of the gravel bottom'd brook,
 Escap'd thy rising hand ! from stubborn shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their sly retiring virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the fire : nor fly, nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.

But

But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found
out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!
From back and belly too their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Aye! now you've made the rich man poor in-
deed:

Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to
come. [Death!

How shocking must thy summons be, O
To him that is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and ev'ry groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulph in view!
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of
parting!

For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded
pair.

This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing
Whence first they sprang; then might the de-
bauchee [the drunkard

Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh [wretch
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the

That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who
could force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *hereafter*,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame;
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring
states.

Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, heav'n! let not upon disgust
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful at-
tempt!

Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of
tortures [ther;

Must be reserv'd for such: these herd toge-
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd! and all our days are num-
ber'd! [know,

How long, how short, we know not: this we
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heav'n shall give per-
mission: [stand,

Like centries that must keep their destin'd
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're re-
liev'd. [ground,

Those only are the brave who keep their
And keep it to the last. To run away,
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend our-
selves

By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! 'tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: twas kindly
done [means

To knock and give th' alarm. But what
This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might
you not

Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no matter:
A very

A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick ! Here falls the village
swain, [round,

And there his pamper'd lord ! The cup goes
And who so artful as to put it by ?

'Tis long since death had the majority ;

Yet, strange ! the living lay it not to heart.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,

The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle !

Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole

A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand

Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
ance,

By far his juniors ! scarce a scull's cast up,

But well he knew its owner, and can tell

Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand

The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty
years ; [louder,

And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs

Or clubs a smuttier tale ; when drunkards meet,

None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand

More willing to his cup. Poor wretch ! he
minds not,

That soon some trusty brother of the trade

Shall do for him what he has done for thou-
sands. [friends

On this side, and on that, men see their

Drop off, like leaves in Autumn ; yet launch out

Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers

In the world's hale and undegen'rate days

Could scarce have leisure for ; fools that we are !

Never to think of Death and of ourselves

At the same time ! as if to learn to die

Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish !

For creatures of a day, in gamefome mood

To frolic on eternity's dread brink,

Unapprehensive ; when for aught we know

The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.

Think we, or think we not, time hurries on

With a resistless unremitting stream, [thief,

Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight

That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,

And carries off his prize. What is this world ?

What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,

Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals

Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones ?

The very turf on which we tread once liv'd ;

And we that live must lend our carcases

To cover our own offspring : in their turns

They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet !

The shiv'ring Iclander, and sun-burnt Moor ;

Men of all climes, that never met before,

And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the

Christian.

Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,

His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,

Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd

The great negotiators of the earth,

And celebrated masters of the balance,

Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts :

Now vain their treaty-skill ! Death scorns to

treat.

[then,

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his bur-

From his gall'd shoulders ; and when the cruel
tyrant, [him,

With all his guards and tools of pow'r about

Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,

Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought
escapes,

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

Here the warm lover leaving the cool shade,

The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,

Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,

Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down [foes

Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and

Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.

The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,

Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,

Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams

That some rude interposing rock had split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant ; here the child

Of a span long, that never saw the sun,

Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch ;

Here is the mother with her sons and daughters ;

The barren wife ; the long-demurring maid,

Whose lonely unappropriated sweets

Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,

Not to be come at by the willing hand.

Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,

The sober widow, and the young green virgin,

Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,

Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley
here !

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;

And jovial youth, of lightfome vacant heart,

Whose ev'ry day was made of melody, [shrew,

Hears not the voice of mirth : the shrill-tongu'd

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.

Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave ;

The just, the good, the worthless, the prophane.

The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;

The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,

The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;

The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,

With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man ! how happy once in thy first state !

When yet but warm from thy great Maker's
hand ! [pleas'd

He stamp'd thee with his image, and well

Smil'd on his last fair work. Then all was well.

Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;

Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,

That play their several parts. Nor head, nor

heart, [should,

Offer'd to ache ; nor was there cause they

For all was pure within : no fell remorse,

Nor anxious castings up of what may be,

Alarm'd his peaceful bosom : summer seas

Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern

Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd, [winds,

The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand

Offer'd the various produce of the year,

And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.

Blessed, thrice blessed days ! but ah, how short !

Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,

But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.

O slippery state of things ! What sudden turns,

What

What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast ex-
tremes!

Thus far'd it with our Sire: Not long he en-
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone
Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.

Not all the lavish odors of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now, [sinn'd.
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has
Sick of his blis, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!

Where the worst thing could happen, is success.
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or if it did, its visits
Like those of angels short, and far between:
Whilst the black dæmons with his hell-scap'd
Admitted once into its better room, [train,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster,
sin!

Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils, [bounds.
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big swollen inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud, [more;
Buries whole tracts of country, threaten'g
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills!

Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sickneses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the seed
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at
her heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-
Shapes out new work of great uncommon
daring;

And inly pines till the dread blow is struck!
But hold! I've gone too far; too much dis-
cover'd

My father's nakedness; and nature's shame.
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not fated yet!
Unheard of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite; thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast de-
vour'd,

And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings:
As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
Famine and War, were not thy caterers!

But know that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy cap-
tives,

And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines, that lay long forming underground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know,
Th' Illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our release from thy thrall.)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing. [hold,
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in

Nor are his friends shut out : as some great prince
 Not for himself alone procures admission,
 But for his train ; it was his royal will,
 That where he is, there should his followers be.
 Death only lies between, a gloomy path !
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears !
 But nor untrod, nor tedious ; the fatigue
 Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
 To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd chil-
 dren,

Start we at transient hardships in the way
 That leads to purer air and softer skies,
 And a ne'er-setting sun ? Fools that we are !
 We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom ;
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
 Fast by the riv'let's brink a youngster play ;
 How willingly he looks to stem the tide !
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
 At last he dips his foot ; but, as he dips,
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome
 Death !

That, after many a painful bleeding step,
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious
 change !

Our bane turn'd to a blessing ! Death disarm'd
 Loses his felicity quite ; all thanks to him
 Who scourg'd the venom out ! Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit !
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,
 A life well-spent, whose early care it was,
 His ripper years should not upbraid his green :
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
 Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting !
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he
 reaches

After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away !
 Whilst the glad gates of light are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest ! Then ! O then !
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
 'Tis done, and now he's happy ! the glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more.

Nor shall it hope in vain : the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial-earth,
 Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long committed dust
 Inviolat : and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account ; not the least atom
 Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd ;
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye pro-
 phane !

Ask not, how this can be ? Sure the same pow'r

That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more ; nor is his arm impair'd
 Thro' length of days ; and what he can he will :
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring
 Not unattentive to the call, shall wake ; [dust,
 And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake his partner ; but amidst the crowd
 Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a man
 That's new come home, who having long been
 absent

With haste runs over ev'ry diff'rent room,
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting !
 Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone,
 Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
 Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears
 away.

§ 19. *The Nunc Dimittis.* MERRICK.

'TIS enough—the hour is come :

Now within the silent tomb
 Let this mortal frame decay,
 Mingled with its kindred clay ;
 Since thy mercies, oft of old
 By thy chosen seers foretold,
 Faithful now and steadfast prove,
 God of truth, and God of love !
 Since at length my aged eye
 Sees the day-spring from on high !
 Son of righteousness, to thee
 Lo ! the nations bow the knee ;
 And the realms of distant kings
 Own the healing of thy wings.
 Those whom death had overspread
 With his dark and dreary shade,
 Lift their eyes, and from afar
 Hail the light of Jacob's Star ;
 Waiting till the promis'd ray
 Turn their darkness into day.
 See the beams, intensely shed,
 Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head !
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of truth, and God of love !

§ 20. *The Benedicite Paraphrased.* MERRICK.

YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd ;
 Whose hand the beauteous fabrick made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd th' Eternal King,

Again

Again proclaim your Maker's praise ;
Again your thankful voices raise,
And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye blest'd ætherial plains,
Where, in full majesty, he deigns
To fix his awful throne :

Ye waters, that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
O make his praises known !

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful songs with ours,
With us your voices raise ;

From age to age extend the lay,
To heav'n's Eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb ! whose pow'ful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own ;
Praise him whose courts effulgent shine
With light as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
With him the song pursue ;
And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from a brighter sun
The light he lends to you.

Ye show'rs and dews, whose moisture shed
Calls into life the op'ning seed,
To him your praises yield,
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the deep,
With us confess your God ;
See thro' the heav'ns the King of kings,
Upborne on your expanded wings,
Come flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
With just submission humbly bow
To his superior pow'r,
Who stops the tempest on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
And gives it strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long succession roll'd,
The drooping world to cheer,
Praise him who gave the sun and moon,
To lead the various seasons on,
And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
Pursue the heav'nly theme ;
Praise him who sheds the driving snow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne,
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away,

Praise him whose never-varying light,
Absent, adds horror to the night,
But present, gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs ;
Darkness, whose wide-expanded wings
Involve the dusky globe ;
Praise him who, when the heav'ns he spread,
Darkness his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
Wing'd with his vengeance thro' the sky,
And red with wrath divine ;
Praise him, ye clouds, that wand'ring stray,
Or fix'd by him, in close array
Surround his awful shrine.

Exalt, O earth ! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants, that form the spring,
With annual verdure bloom ;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And bless thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod ;
Think how you once affrighted fled,
When Jordan fought his fountain-head,
And own'd th' approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene ;
Ye flowers, that o'er th' enamell'd green
In native beauty reign ;
O praise the Ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
That murmur'ing rise among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale ;
Praise him, at whose Almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
And roll from shore to shore ;
Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside ;
Ye floods, within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark recesses sleep
Remote from human eye,
Praise him by whom ye all are fed,
Praise him, without whose heavenly aid
Ye languish, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name ;
Begin, and with th' important theme
Your artless lays improve ;
Wake with your songs the rising day,
Let musick sound on ev'ry spray,
And fill the vocal grove.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
Amid the solitary gloom,
Th' expected prey to seize ;

Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

Ye fons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move;
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attentive down;
Let wonder seize the heav'nly train,
Pleas'd while they hear a mortal strain
So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
Before his altars kneel;
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystick cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the blest'd abode,
To heav'nly mansions soar;
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more!

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share;
O praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.

§ 21. *The Ignorance of Man.* MERRICK.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature—man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r!)
That infant, Lord! am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Though long in years mature;
Unknown whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good! to thee I turn:
Thy ever wakeful eye

Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And O! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant;
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

§ 22. *The Trials of Virtue.* MERRICK.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene survey'd:
I view'd its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That virtue's path inclose:
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
But O, what toils oppose!

For see, ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

O how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
Those terrors learn to meet?
How, from the thousand snares to guard
My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd, oppressive sleep
Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
E'en now my steps they lave;
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat!
Each nerve at once unstrung,
Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
When sudden to mine ear
A voice, descending from on high,
Reprov'd my erring fear.

'What tho' the swelling surge thou see
'Impatient to devour;
'Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
'And thankful own his pow'r.

'Know, when he bade the deep appear,
"Thus far," th' Almighty said,

"Thus

" Thus far, nor farther, rage ; and here
 " Let thy proud waves be stay'd."

I heard ; and lo ! at once controul'd,
 The waves in wild retreat
 Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
 And murmuring left my feet.

Deep to assembling deeps in vain
 Once more the signal gave ;
 The shores the rushing weight sustain,
 And check th' usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise
 The imag'd truth I read ;
 And sudden from my waking eyes
 Th' instructive vision fled.

' Then why thus heavy, O my soul !
 ' Say why, distrustful still,
 ' Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
 ' O'er scenes of future ill ?

' Let faith suppress each rising fear,
 ' Each anxious doubt exclude ;
 ' Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
 ' A Maker wise and good !

' He to thy ev'ry trial knows
 ' Its just restraint to give,
 ' Attentive to behold thy woes,
 ' And faithful to relieve.

' Then why thus heavv, O my soul !
 ' Say why, distrustful still,
 ' Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
 ' O'er scenes of future ill ?

' Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
 ' Still in thy God confide,
 ' Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 ' And curbs the headlong tide.'

§ 23. *A Night-Piece.* Miss CARTER.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the
 pole,

And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul ;
 While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colours fade away ;
 To thee ! All-conscious Presence ! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought :
 Here all my better faculties confine ;
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine !

If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd ;
 Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd ;
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice re-
 prove,

And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford ?
 Its utmost boast, a vain unmeaning word.

But, ah ! how oft my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve !
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore !

Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,

My stubborn will his gentle aid repress'd,
 And check'd the rising goodness in my breast ;
 Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred
 fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the
 Shouldst thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
 But, oh ! thy softer titles let me claim,
 And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
 Mercy ! that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horrors of despair ;
 From rigorous justice steals the vengeful hour,
 Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood !

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey ;
 Left lurking folly, with insidious art,
 Regain my volatile inconstant heart !
 Shall every high resolve devotion frames
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names ?
 O rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
 Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb !
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 Till the last morn its orient beam disclose :
 Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
 Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
 The opening splendors of eternal day.

§ 24. *Ode to Melancholy.* CARTER.

COME, Melancholy ! silent pow'r,
 Companion of my lonely hour,
 To sober thought confin'd ;
 Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
 In all thy soothing charms confess'd,
 Indulge my pensive mind.

No longer wildly hurried through
 The tides of mirth that ebb and flow
 In folly's noisy stream,
 I from the busy crowd retire,
 To court the objects that inspire
 Thy philosophick dream.

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
 With solitary steps I muse,
 By thy direction led :
 Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,
 Consociate with my sifter worms,
 And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors ! awful gloom !
 Ye silent regions of the tomb,
 My future peaceful bed ;
 Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
 And ev'ry sorrow lie repos'd
 In death's refreshing shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
 Before my intellectual sight
 In solemn pomp ascend ;

O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears
That varying life attend !

Ye faithless idols of our sense,
Here own how vain your fond pretence,
Ye empty names of joy !
Your transient forms like shadows pass,
Frail offspring of the magick glass,
Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colours, falsely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar sight
With superficial state :
Thro' reason's clearer opticks view'd,
How stripp'd of all its pomp, how rude,
Appears the painted cheat.

Can wild ambition's tyrant pow'r,
Or ill-got wealth's superfluous store,
The dread of death controul ?
Can pleasure's more bewitching charms
Avert or soothe the dire alarms
That shake the parting soul ?

Religion ! ere the hand of fate
Shall make reflection plead too late,
My erring senses teach,
Amidst the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
To meditate the solemn truth
These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
The mist of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal spring :
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel form
The pale terrific king.

When sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,
And owns thy threat'nings just ;
Thy voice the shudd'ring suppliant cheers,
With mercy calms her torturing fears,
And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate :
Unmov'd her destin'd change surveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
The universal debt.

In death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
She sleeps, by smiling visions blest,
That gently whisper peace :
Till the last morn's fair opening ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliss.

§ 25. *Written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm.*

CARTER.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.
Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,

Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er-flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastick terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of providence defend ;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend !

When thro' creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul ;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That utters in the glad serene
Of everlasting day !

§. 26. *Elegy on the Death of Lady Coventry.*
Written in MDCCLX. MASON.

THE midnight clock has toll'd ; and, hark !
the bell [found ?]
Of death beats slow ! heard ye the note pro-
It pauses now ; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes ; Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion ! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastick train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair :
For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled) ;
Fair as the forms that, wove in fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprize,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes !

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born
grace,

That o'er her form its transient glory cast :
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again ! It tells us what she is ;
On what she was, no more the strain prolong :
Luxuriant fancy, pause ! an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria

Maria claims it from that fable bier, [head;
Where cold and wan the slumb'ring reits her
In still small whispers to reflection's ear
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
Proclaim the theme by sage, by fool, rever'd;
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'Tis nature speaks, and nature will be heard.

Yes; ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exult-
ing leap;

E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep!

For say, than Coventry's propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose?
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose?

Early to lose! While, borne on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb;

Think of her fate! revere the heav'nly hand
That led her hence, tho' soon, by steps so slow:
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:

To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh!
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your
friend,

And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear,
Or shades with horrors what with smiles
should glow.

No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
Forc'd then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
The sting from death, the vict'ry from the
grave!

Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain, [steep:
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness
Gosoothe your souls, in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep!

Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are, [creed,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,

Nor wish for more; who conquer but who die!
Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale!

Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
The breeze of bliss that fills your silken sail:

On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore;
They dare the storm, and thro' th' inclement
year [roar.

Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's

Is it for glory? That just fate denies:

Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trumpet the heav'n-breath'd accents
rise,

That lift the hero from the fighting crowd!

Is it his grasp of empire to extend?

To curb the fury of insulting foes?

Ambition, cease! the idle contest end:

'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all
(If life be all); why desolation low'r

With famish'd frown on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away, [high!
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die

Yet know, vain sceptics! know, th' Almighty
Mind,

Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,

To heav'n, to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd

By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:

Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,

Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd!

NOTE, In a book of French verses, intitled,
Oeuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci, and lately
reprinted at Berlin by authority, under the title
of *Poésies Diverses*, may be found an Epistle
to Marshal Keith, written professedly against
the immortality of the soul. By way of spe-
cimen of the whole, take the following lines.

De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le passé:
Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé;
De meme, apres ma mort, quand toutes mes
Par la corruption seront aneanties, [parties
Par un meme destin il ne pensera plus! [vaincu,
Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons-en con-

It is to this Epistle that the latter part of the
Elegy alludes.

§ 27. *Elegy to a young Nobleman leaving the
University.* MASON.

ERE yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire:
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peace-
ful vale,

Where science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;

O let thy friend (and may he boast the name!)
Breathe from his antilesced one parting lay

A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,
When all those virtues, op'ning now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to
bear:

There, if ambition, pestilent and pale,
Or luxury, should taint their vernal glow;
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale,
Should blait th' unfolding blossoms ere they
blow;

If mimick hues, by art or fashion spread, [ply;
Their genuine simple colouring should sup-
O may with them these laureate honours fade,
And with them (if it can) my friendship die!

Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyrick string;
The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing:

Too actively awake at friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Call we the shade of Pope from that blest'd
bow'r,

Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful
Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
When St. John's name illumin'd glory's page;

Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his memory stain,
Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain,
The deathless meed he only could bestow:

The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
E'en now, repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.

If Pope thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity, Dryden—hark, whene'er he sings,
How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers, and inglorious kings.

See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift
throws:

Where fear or interest bids, behold they shine;
Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's
brows.

Born with too gen'rous or too mean a heart,
Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent:
Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art;
Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.

The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to disgust with false or venal praise, [mine.
Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausible string:
Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
Be what the purest muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself: that open path of truth, [sue;
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pur-
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art;
On vice's front let fearful caution low'r,
And teach the diffident, discreeter part [pow'r.
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn, for

So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,
When death's cold hand unstrings thy Ma-
son's lyre,

When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:
He to the amplest bounds of time's domain
On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with rev'rence trust, this Sabine strain,
'The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die.'

§ 28. *The Choice of Hercules: from the Greek
of Prodicus. From SPENCE'S POLYMETIS.*

NOW had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd [gay,
Where passion leads, or prudence points the
way.

In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears [root;
By just degrees: fair bloom of fairest fruit!
For, if on youth's untainted thought impress,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the
manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,
Step following step, and thought succeeding
thought;

Musing, with steady pace the youth pursued
His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's
flow'ry way.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:
Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst
of fame;

Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising
flame:

When, lo! far off two female forms he' spies;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they
move: [love.

This striking sacred awe; that, softer winning
The first in native dignity surpass'd;
Artless and unadorn'd the pleas'd the more:
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;
A vest more white than new-fall'n snow she
wore;

August she trod, yet modest was her air
 Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
 Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
 More mild, appear'd: yet such as might in-
 pleasure corrected with an awful fear; [spire
 Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue;
 But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
 And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
 The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
 All soft and delicate, with airy swim
 Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
 Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
 Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to
 shade:

And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
 Her stature shew'd more tall, more snowy white
 her skin.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
 Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw:
 Then all around her cast a careless glance,
 To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
 As they came near, before that other maid
 Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
 With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid,
 With freedom bland the wond'ring youth
 address'd;

With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
 Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting
 tongue.

"Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
 Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract
 thy mind?

Securely follow where I lead the way, [fin'd.
 And range thro' wilds of pleasure uncon-
 With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
 Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
 Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;
 Smooth is my way, and all my paths are
 peace.

With me retire, from toils and perils free;
 Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were
 made for thee.

Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire,
 All that may charm thine ear, and please
 thy sight;

All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,
 To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:
 The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's
 sound,

Fittest to tune the melting soul to love;
 Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;
 The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady
 grove;

Fresh flowers to strew thy couch, and crown
 thy head: [thy bed.

Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth

These will I freely, constantly supply,
 Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd
 with woe;

Far from thy rest repining want shall fly,
 Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow,

Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
 Let the laborious hind subdue the soil;
 Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,
 Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoils:
 These softer cares my best allies employ,
 New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
 He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
 Still gaz'd, and listen'd; then her name be-
 sought: [said:]

"My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she
 "Well can my friends this envied truth main-
 tain; [praise:]

They share my bliss, they best can speak my
 Tho' slander call me Sloth (detraction vain!)
 Heed not what slander, vain detractor, says;
 Slander, still prompt true merit to defame,
 To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fair-
 est name."

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid:
 (She all the while, with the same modest pace,
 Compos'd advanc'd) "Know, Hercules," she
 said [race:]

With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly
 Thy tender age that lov'd instruction's voice,
 Promis'd thee, generous, patient, brave, and
 wise: [choice:]

When manhood should confirm thy glorious
 Now expectation waits to see thee rise.
 Rise, youth! exalt thyself, and me; approve
 Thy high descent from heaven, and dare be
 worthy Jove. [disguise:]

But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
 The steep ascent must be with toil subdued;
 Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
 Propos'd by heaven; true bliss, and real good,
 Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
 She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
 Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
 And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred
 place:

Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
 And pay the price of fame—labour, and care,
 and pain.

Wouldst thou engage the gods peculiar care?
 O Hercules, th' immortal powers adore!
 With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r
 Attend their altars, and their aid implore.
 Or, wouldst thou gain thy country's loud ap-
 plause,

Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
 Be thou the bold assertor of her cause;
 Her voice in council, in the fight her sword:
 In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good;
 For her bare thy bold breast, and pour thy
 generous blood.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th'
 oppress,

In arts of war and matchless strength excel?
 First conquer thou thyself: to ease, to rest,
 To each soft thought of pleasure, bid fare-
 The night alternate, due to sweet repose, [wel.
 In watches waste; in painful march, the day
 Congeal'd

Congea'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,
Scorch'd, by the summer's thirst-inflaming
ray.

Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might :
Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the
fight."

"Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must
engage? [prove?"

What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee
(Abrupt says Sloth)—"ill fit thy tender age
Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.

Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy!

To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course, no cares thy peace annoy:

I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way:
Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth—with me eternal plea-
sures reign."

"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are
thine? [ease

(Virtue with scorn replied) "who sleep'st in
Indolence; whose soft limbs the toil decline

That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment
please:

Draining the copious bowl ere thirst require,
Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite;

Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,
Whom luxury supplies with appetite:

Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer
snows; [spread;

The dainty board, with choicest viands
To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose

Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.

For thou art only tir'd with indolence;

Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought,

Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense

In dull oblivious interval of thought;

That kindly steals th' inactive hours away

From the long, ling'ring space, that lengthens
out the day.

From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores

Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights:

Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;

Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy

Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove [nights,

Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals'
blissful place,

For ever banish'd from the realms above, [race:

To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate

Fitter abode! on earth alike disgrac'd;

Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

Fond wretch, that vainly weene'st all delight

To gratify the sense, reserv'd for thee!

Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,

Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.

The lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along,

Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays;

Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest

song [praise!

Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy

No—to thy revels let the fool repair;
To such go smooth thy speech; and spread thy
tempting snare.

Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!

A youth of follies, an old age of cares;

Young yet enervate, old yet never wise, [pairs.

Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind im-

vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,

Reserving woes for age, their prime they

All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days, [spend;

With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.

Griev'd with the present, of the past ashamed,

They live and are despis'd; they die, nor more
are nam'd.

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell;

Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sir

Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,

All, or divine or human, I inspire.

Counsel with strength, and industry with art,

In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside:

My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart;

The surest policy, the wisest guide.

With me true friendship dwells: she deigns
to bind [join'd.

Those generous souls alone, whom I before have

Nor need my friends the various costly feast;

Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;

Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest;

Sweet is their sleep; light, cheerful, strong
they rise. [known

Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure, and re-

They tread my paths; and by a soft descent

At length to age all gently sinking down,

Look back with transport on a life well spent;

In which no hour flew unimprov'd away,

In which some generous deed distinguish'd
ev'ry day.

And when, the destin'd term at length complete,

Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame

Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,

In sacred song for ever lives their name.

This, Hercules, is happiness! obey

My voice, and live: Let thy celestial birth

Lift and enlarge thy thoughts: behold the way

That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth

Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,

Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy na-
tive skies."

Her words breath fire celestial, and impart

New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught

The generous flame: with great intent his
heart [thought.

Swells full, and labours with exalted

The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,

Thro' all her fraudulent arts in clearest light

Sloth in her native form he now beheld;

Unveil'd the hood confess'd before his sight:

False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that
shone [and gone.

So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale,

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise [grace

Masks her dissembled looks; each borrow'd

Leaves

Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her eyes

Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has awhile display'd

Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay,
While yet we gaze the glorious colours fade,

And from our wonder gently steal away:
Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,

Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy

But Virtue, more engaging, all the while

Disclos'd new charms, more lovely, more serene,

Beaming sweet influence: a milder smile

Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.

"Lead, goddess, I am thine! transported cried

Alcides; "O propitious pow'r, thy way

Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide:

From thee O never, never let me stray!"

While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,

With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his

The heav'nly maid with strength divine endued

His daring soul; there all her pow'rs confirm

constancy, undaunted fortitude, [bin'd:

Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.

Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,

By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,

From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'ful aid,

He freed the earth; thro' her he gain'd the

skies.

'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;

Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods

a god.

§ 29. *The Hermit.*

PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,

From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell;

His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:

Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,

Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,

Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—

That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;

This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,

And all the tenour of his soul is lost.

So when a smooth expanse receives impress

Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,

Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,

And skies beneath with answering colours glow:

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,

Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,

And glimmering fragments of a broken sun;

Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by

sight,

To find if books or swains report it right

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,

Whole feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly

dew)

He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,

And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;

Then with the sun a rising journey went,

Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass;

And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;

But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,

A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;

His raiment decent, his complexion fair,

And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:

Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cried;

And hail, my son! the rev'rend sire replied;

Words follow'd words, from question answer

flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;

Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,

While in their age they differ, join in heart.

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,

Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day

Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;

Nature in silence bid the world repose:

When near the road a stately palace rose.

There by the moon through ranks of trees they

pass,

Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of

It chanc'd the noble master of the dome

Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's

home;

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,

Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.

The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;

Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food,

And all is more than hospitably good.

Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,

Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day

Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,

And shake the neighbouring wood to banish

Up rise the guests obedient to the call; [sleep.

An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;

Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,

Which the kind master forc'd the guests to

taste.

Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:

His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise

The younger guest purloin'd the glittering

prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,

Glitt'ring and basking in the summer ray,

Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near, [fear:

Then walks with faintness on, and looks with

So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road,

The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.

He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling

heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:

Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard

That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory

shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;

A sound

A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beafts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring feat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd a-
round;

Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew,
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs be-
gan,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in
vain,

Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs re-
calls:

Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude; [view'd,
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bo-
som wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the
sky;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great;
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest
guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall re-
pair,

[pray'r.
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with
At length the world renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little
pride, [died.

O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and
Horror of horrors! what! his only son;
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was
done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his
heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him
in;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's
eyes,

He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer
man:

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invict his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice un-
known,

In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

Tho

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more
surprize,

Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly
food,

Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of
wine;

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted
door

Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from
God;

(Child of this age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack;
Had that false servant sped in safety back!

This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail! [o'er,

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial
Depart in peace; resign, and sin no more. [drew,

On founding pinions here the youth with-
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky:

The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun:
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.

Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

§ 30. *The Fire-Side.* COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;

Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,

Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,

No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;

And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,

From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left

That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,

The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,

By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,

Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring

Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,

To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,

And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,

And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,

Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;

We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!

For Nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,

To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,

Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,

'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,

And pleas'd with favours giv'n;

Dear

Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part ;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet ;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go ;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

§ 31. *Visions for the Entertainment and Instruction of younger Minds.* COTTON.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
Thro' modesty suppress their name* ;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal ?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown ;
Like streams supplied from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.
Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Straight you'd apply to Warwick Lane :
The thoughtful doctor feels your pulse
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse)
Writes—Arabic to you and me—
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, should the sage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the same ?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.
'Tis often known, the mental race
Their fond ambitious fires disgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.
This dang'rous secret let me hide,
I'll tell you ev'ry thing beside :
Not that it boots the world a trifle,
Whether the author's big or little ;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown :
No writer's hue concerns the town.
I pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r :

My mansion's warm, and very neat ;
You'd say, 'A pretty snug retreat !'
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies :
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard ;
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard ;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man) ;
She, daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
Am I diseas'd—the cure is known,
Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam ;
Few visits please me more than home.

I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self ;
By idle passions borne away
To opera, masquerade, or play ;
Fond of those hives where folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains ;
Where the pert virgin slights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.
But, know, my fair, to whom belong
The poet and his artless song,
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below !

Our sex is lost to ev'ry rule,
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.
'Tis to your innocence we run ;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone :
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold ;
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view :
(Few, who their diamonds value weigh,
Expose those diamonds ev'ry day.)
Then, if Sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,
The parent trembled for her child :
The first advance alarm'd her breast ;
And fancy pictur'd all the rest.
But now no mother fears a foe ;
No daughter shudders at a beau.

Pleasure is all the reigning theme,
Our noon-day thought, our midnight dream.
In folly's chase our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tott'ring age.
The die, the dance, th' intemperate bowl,
With various charms ingross the soul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice ?
The frantick tribes shall pay the price.
But tho' to ruin post they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or fight, to ken where joys are plac'd.

* Though Dr. Cotton is well known to have been the author of these Visions, they have hitherto been published without prefixing his name.

They widely err, who think me blind;
And I disclaim a stoick's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
Tho' small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart,
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart;
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specifick will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask what party I pursue;
Perhaps you mean, 'Whose fool are you?'
The names of party I detest,
Badges of slavery at best:
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools controul.
I'm pleas'd when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity where I can;
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it?
My Visions, if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

§ 32. *Vision I. Slander. Inscribed to Miss ****.*

MY lovely girl, I write for you,
And pray believe my visions true;
They'll form your mind to ev'ry grace,
They'll add new beauties to your face;
And, when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen,
'Tis labour lost to talk to men:
Youth may, perhaps, reform when wrong;
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost ev'ry passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with our setting sun;

* Othello. † Garth's Dispensatory.

† Xerxes, King of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions); who, together with their cattle, perished in a great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choke the soil?
'Tis Slander—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human-kind alone.

Be Slander, then, my leading dream,
Tho' you're a stranger to the theme;
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird in peacock's plumes who shone
Could plead no merit of her own:
The silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.

Th' insidious slandering thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
Say, he purloins your glittering store:
Who takes your gold, takes trash—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!
But the dark villain, who shall aim
To blast my fair, thy spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain.
No sinking family to save!
No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!

Improve the hint of Shakespeare's tongue;
'Twas thus immortal Shakespeare sung*:
And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear:
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock and cold aconite;
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true;
But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around!
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!
A black and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind:
'A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
'The plumes of ravens were her bed †;
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun, and western ray,
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son ‡,
By his own numbers half undone:
Success attended Slander's pow'r,
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
E'en Merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.
He stalks with vast gigantick stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide:
So the impetuous torrents sweep,
At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base Hesperian *, known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treachery brooding in his mien;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate:
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his out-stretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a sacred band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll,
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful unsuspected sprite
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lye,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder scour the plains;
Approach the folds where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her conquests daily grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state;
Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law,
To say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart;
The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r;
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physick, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills:
Fertile of ev'ry worth and grace,
Which warm the heart and flush the face.

* Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful dispositions.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs, that tripp'd the plain.
Good-nature, first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green:
A fair and smiling virgin she!
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The graces danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground;
The sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day.
When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

§ 34. Vision II. Pleasure.

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn your Poet's homely style.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine 's true:
Or, if my sentiments be old,
Remember, truth is sterling gold.

You judge it of important weight,
To keep your rising offspring straight;
For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of steel;
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd;
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?

Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
O, since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due;
Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees
(As ev'ry moralist agrees)
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his salutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot,
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A satirist † in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,

Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth;
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.
Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your sons revere the sage;
In study spend their midnight oil,
And string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow like Temple wife,
Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And save us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
Those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow;
Where the young mind is Folly's slave,
Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wisdom or for valour sam'd:
Are the dear youths to science prone,
Tell how th' immortal Bacon shone!
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whose vast, capacious plan
Bespoke him angel, more than man!

Does love of martial fame inspire,
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast:
Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
Or hurl their thunders thro' the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degen'rate fires have lost:
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.

One summer's ev'ning, as I stray'd
Along the silent moon-light glade,
With these reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I spied,
And stately trees adorn'd its side;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.

I straight obey'd—persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue:
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabrick rose to view;
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With ev'ry ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontroll'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold:
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair.
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damask rose
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the god of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.
Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But aukward devotees at best.

'Now let us range at large,' we cried,
'Thro' all the garden's boasted pride.'
Here jasmines spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade,
There roses bluish, and scent the glade;
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;
While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit like pendant gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murmur'ing to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along;
Thro' all the aromattick groves,
The faithful turtles coo their loves;
The lark ascending pours his notes,
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen, how soft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens and corrupts the heart;
The childish toys, and wanton page,
Which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, specious harlot, all are thine!
Whence sprung th' accursed lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day?
Speak, sorceress, speak (for thou canst tell)
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell?
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject wretch a slave:
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.

When Rapine meditates a blow,
 He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
 Is man a thief who steals my self—
 How great his theft who robs himself!
 Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat—
 How heinous, then, is self-deceit!
 Is murder justly deem'd a crime—
 How black his guilt who murders time!
 Should custom plead, as custom will,
 Grand precedents to palliate ill,
 Shall modes and forms avail with me,
 When reason disavows the plea?
 Who games, is felon of his wealth,
 His time, his liberty, his health:
 Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
 And Honour scorns to stay behind.
 From man when these bright cherubs part,
 Ah, what's the poor deserted heart!
 A savage wild that shocks the sight,
 Or chaos, and impervious night!
 Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
 And dæmons crowd the frightful void!

Shall Siam's elephant supply
 The baneful desolating die?
 Against the honest sylvan's will,
 You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
 Heav'n, fond its favours to dispense,
 Gave him that weapon for defence:
 That weapon, for his guard design'd,
 You render'd fatal to mankind.
 He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth,
 You gave the venom to his tooth.
 Blush, tyrant, blush! for, oh! 'tis true,
 That no fell serpent bites like you.

The guests were order'd to depart;
 Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart:
 A porter shew'd a different door,
 Not the fair portal known before.
 The gates, methought, were open'd wide;
 The crowds descended in a tide:
 But oh! ye heav'ns, what vast surprize
 Struck the advent'urers frighted eyes!
 A barren heath before us lay,
 And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;
 The darkness rose in smoaky spires;
 The lightnings flash'd their livid fires:
 Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
 While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
 And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
 Here sat Dis taste, with sickly mien,
 And more than half devour'd with spleen;
 There stood Remorse, with thought oppress'd,
 And vipers feeding on his breast:
 Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
 With bones just starting thro' his skin;
 A ghastly fiend!—and close behind
 Disease his aching head reclin'd!
 His everlasting thirst confess'd
 The fires which rag'd within his breast:
 Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
 Smil'd, unrelenting, in the storm;

When straight a doleful shriek was heard;
 I woke—the vision disappear'd.

Let not the unexperienc'd boy
 Deny that pleasures will destroy;
 Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
 Like fairy tales, to please a child.
 Important hints the wise may reap
 From fallies of the soul in sleep.
 And since there's meaning in my dream,
 The moral merits your esteem.

§ 35. *Vision III. Health.*

ATTEND my visions, thoughtless youths,
 Ere long you'll think them weighty truths;
 Prudent it were to think so now,
 Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:
 For he, who at his early years
 Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
 If Folly has possess'd his prime,
 Disease shall gather strength in time;
 Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein—
 Nor penitence dilute the stain:
 And when each hour shall urge his fate,
 Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

The subject of my song is Health,
 A good superior far to wealth.
 Can the young mind distrust its worth!
 Consult the monarchs of the earth:
 Imperial czars, and sultans, own
 No gem so bright that decks their throne;
 Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
 And turn a rustick, or a cit.

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,
 'Tis not recover'd when you please.
 Say not that gruels shall avail,
 For salutary gruels fail:
 Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,
 Apollo's son is Egypt's * reed.
 How fruitless the physician's skill,
 How vain the penitential pill,
 The marble monuments proclaim,
 The humbler turf confirms the same!
 Prevention is the better cure;
 So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,
 And make the most of life you can;
 Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
 Descend with ease into the grave—
 Calmly retire, like ev'ning light,
 And cheerful bid the world good night—
 Let Temp'rance constantly preside,
 Our best physician, friend, and guide!
 Would you to wisdom make pretence,
 Proud to be thought a man of sense—
 Let Temp'rance (always friend to fame)
 With steady hand direct your aim;
 Or, like an archer in the dark,
 Your random shaft will miss the mark:
 For they who slight her golden rules,
 In Wisdom's volume stand for fools.

But morals, unadorn'd by art,
 Are seldom known to reach the heart:

* In allusion to 2 Kings, xviii. 21.

I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
With all the scenery of dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
Such as the infant's on the breast;
When Fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial spring,
Presented, in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descried,
Dress'd in the robes of summer pride;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
And round their sportive lambskins play'd.

Nigh to a murr'ring brook I saw
An humble cottage, thatch'd with straw;
Behind, a garden that supplied
All things for use, and none for pride;
Beauty prevail'd through ev'ry part,
But more of nature than of art.

'Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!'
I said, and blest'd the fair retreat:

'Here would I pass my remnant days,
'Unknown to censure or to praise;
'Forget the world, and be forgot,
'As Pope describes his vestal's lot.'

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stepp'd from a thicket's neighb'ring shade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson paint, so fair a toast:
She claim'd the cottage for her own,
To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)
The Graces solemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought;
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:
Hence in her face the lily speaks,
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;
The cherry gave her lips to glow,
Her eyes were debtors to the snow;
And, to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis said the chestnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,
But often seen in rural sports:
When in her rosy vest the morn
Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,
The nymph is first to form the race,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chase.

Sudden I heard a shouting train;
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain:
Unbounded joy improv'd the scene,
For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne
(To modern courts, I fear, unknown):
One was the nymph that loves the light,
Fair Innocence, array'd in white;
With sister Peace in close embrace,
And heav'n all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,
And Virtue minister of state.
In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
You hear of Vice prefer'd to pow'r:
Vice was a perfect stranger here;
No knaves engross'd the royal ear;

No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
Virtue dispos'd of ev'ry place.

What sickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
'No matter,' says the fool, 'tis change.'

Her subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their face:
Some view the state with Envy's eye,
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why;
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Descend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart;
Would not th' instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense,
We should his heav'nly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.

A dang'rous hostile power arose
To Health, whose household were her foes:
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And Luxury the name she bore.
This princess of unbounded sway,
Whom Asia's softer sons obey,
Made war against the queen of Health,
Assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;
Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
And wond'rous fav'rites with the queen:
Both were of Amazonian race,
Both high in merit and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake, no pow'r controul;
The heroine wore a Roman vest,
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of Thought;
'Twas hers to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the Syren's armies press;
Their van was headed by Excess;
The mighty wings, that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant, Pride;
While Sickness, and her sisters, Pain
And Poverty, the centre gain;
Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death, were station'd in the rear.

Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part:
Her army, posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill.
Hence were discover'd, thro' the plain,
The motions of the hostile train:
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
Oft sallied with her trusty spies;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoiter'd well the foe.

Afar when Luxury descried
Inferior force by art supplied,

The Syren spake—' Let Fraud prevail,
 ' Since all my numerous hosts must fail;
 ' Henceforth hostilities shall cease,
 ' I'll send to Health and offer peace.'
 Straight she dispatch'd, with pow'rs complete,
 Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
 This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
 And sow'd sedition in the heart!
 Thro' ev'ry troop the poison ran,
 All were infected to a man:
 The wary generals were won
 By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.
 Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
 And bade diseases blast their race;
 Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
 And snatch'd his darling to the skies:
 Who still regards those wiser few,
 That dare her dictates to pursue.
 For where her stricter law prevails,
 Tho' passion prompts, or vice assails,
 Long shall the cloudless skies behold,
 And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

§ 36. *Vision IV. Content.*

MAN is deceiv'd by outward show—
 'Tis a plain, homespun truth, I know;
 The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
 So says the school-boy, and the sage:
 Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
 And still exclaim against the cheat.
 But whence this inconsistent part?
 Say, moralists, who know the heart:
 If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
 I'll go before and find the clue.

I dream'd ('twas on a birth-day night)
 A sumptuous palace rose to sight:
 The builder had, thro' ev'ry part,
 Obscure'd the chastest rules of art;
 Raphael and Titian had display'd
 All the full force of light and shade.
 Around the liveried servants wait;
 An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,
 Where Brussels looms adorn'd the wall
 (Whose rap'stry shews, without my aid,
 A nun is no such useless maid)
 A graceful person came in view
 (His form, it seems, is known to few);
 His dreis was unadorn'd with lace,
 But charms! a thousand in his face.

' This, Sir, your property?' I cried;
 ' Master and mansion coincide:
 ' Where all, indeed, is truly great,
 ' And proves that bliss may dwell with state.
 ' Pray, Sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
 ' And grant the favour of your name.'
 ' Content!' the lovely form replied;
 ' But think not here that I reside:
 ' Here lives a courtier, base and sly;
 ' An open, honest rustick, I.
 ' Our taste and manners disagree;
 ' His levee boasts no charms for me:
 ' For titles, and the smiles of kings,
 ' To me are cheap, unheeded things.

' ('Tis virtue can alone impart
 ' The patent of a ducal heart:
 ' Unless this herald speaks him great,
 ' What shall avail the glare of state?)
 ' Those secret charms are my delight,
 ' Which shine remote from publick sight:
 ' Passions subdued, desires at rest—
 ' And hence his chaplain shares my breast.
 ' There was a time (his grace can tell)
 ' I knew the duke exceeding well;
 ' Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;
 ' In truth, we never were apart:
 ' But, when the court became his end,
 ' He turn'd his back upon his friend.
 ' One day I call'd upon his grace,
 ' Just as the duke had got a place:
 ' I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
 ' I should be welcome to the peer;
 ' Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
 ' And so I was—for half an hour.
 ' But he grew weary of his guest,
 ' And soon discarded me his breast;
 ' Upbraided me with want of merit,
 ' But most for poverty of spirit.
 ' You relish not the great man's lot!
 ' Come, hasten to my humbler cot.
 ' Think me not partial to the great,
 ' I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;
 ' No monarch shares my kind embrace,
 ' There's scarce a monarch knows my face:
 ' Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
 ' With modest worth in rural cells;
 ' There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,
 ' Or the rude turf sustain the head;
 ' Tho' hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
 ' Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.
 ' Far from the city I reside,
 ' And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
 ' True to my heart, I seldom roam,
 ' Because I find my joys at home:
 ' For foreign visits then begin,
 ' When the man feels a void within.
 ' But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,
 ' No humorist, nor cynick, I.
 ' Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
 ' The friendships of the good and wise:
 ' Bid Virtue and her sons attend,
 ' Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
 ' Tell thee, I'm faithful, constant, kind,
 ' And meek, and lowly, and resign'd;
 ' Will say, there's no distinction known
 ' Betwixt her household and my own.'

AUTHOR.

If these the friendships you pursue,
 Your friends, I fear, are very few.
 So little company, you say,
 Yet fond of home from day to day!
 How do you shun Detraction's rod?
 I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

CONTENT.

I commune with myself at night,
 And ask my heart if all be right:
 If 'Right' replies my faithful breast,
 I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

You seem regardless of the town :
Pray, Sir, how stand you with the gown ?

CONTENT.

The clergy say they love me well ;
Whether they do, they best can tell :
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies ;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part ?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a diff'rent tale ?
Who'll seek my door, and grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls ?

With these my friendships most obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain ;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat ;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe ;
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no pow'ful friends ;
We wish the best to church and state,
But leave the steerage to the great ;
Careless who rises or who falls,
And never dream of vacant stalls :
Much less, by pride or interest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.

Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart :
If you'll my kind advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.

The passions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud ;
Curb these licentious sons of strife ;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life :
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much :
For disappointment's not the thing ;
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea, where storms must rise ;
'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies :
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ ;
Distrust embitters present joy :
On God for all events depend ;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best ;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The Hand, which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy ?
Can she forget her prattling joy ?
Say, then, shall Sov'reign Love desert
The humble and the honest heart ?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind ;
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.
God is alike both good and wise
In what he grants and what denies :

Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow Goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene,
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee :
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so ;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (tho' little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold ;
Such as may Nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise ;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole ;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more :
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

He spake—the airy spectre flies,
And straight the sweet illusion dies.
The vision, at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn ;
To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

§ 37. *Vision V. Happiness.*

YE ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run ;
Who wisely with the pilot's chart,
To steer thro' life th' unsteady heart ;
And, all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last :
Attend a Seer's instructive song,
For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wond'rous vision soon,
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon ;
Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.
One night, when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.

I saw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side ;
All seem'd to start a diff'rent game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same :
The chace was Happiness, I found ;
But all, alas ! enchanted ground.

Indeed, I judg'd it wond'rous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range
Thro' roads which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.
Methought, if bliss was all their view,
Why did they diff'rent paths pursue ?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed :
And he who Berwick seeks thro' Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.

As Parnel says *, my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought ;

* See the Hermit.

And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene.
The drefs of each was much the same,
And Virtue was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke;
Her voice was musick as she spoke.

'Attend, O man! nor leave my side,
'And safety shall thy footsteps guide;
'Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
'As none but favour'd mortals know.'

She said—and straight we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds, with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green;
While vapours shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies;
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
Painful and hazardous to pass:
Courtiers and statesmen led the way;
The faithless paths their steps betray;
This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall, and rise no more.

'Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantick port:
The fav'rite, that sustain'd her throne,
Was Falsehood, by her vizard known;
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place,
And Jealousy with jaundic'd face.

'But where is Happiness?' I cried.
My guardian turn'd, and thus replied:
'Mortal, by Folly still beguil'd,
'Thou hast not yet outstripp'd the child;
'Thou, who hast twenty winters seen
'(I hardly think thee past fifteen),
'To ask if happiness can dwell
'With ev'ry dirty imp of hell!
'Go to the school-boy, he shall preach
'What twenty winters cannot teach;
'He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
'That thy pursuit is all a dream;
'That bliss ambitious views disowns,
'And, self-dependant, laughs at thrones;
'Prefers the shades, and lowly seats,
'Whither fair Innocence retreats:
'So the coy lily of the vale
'Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.'

I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train;
Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
With busy looks, and dirty hands.
Amidst these thoughtful crowds, the old
Plac'd all their happiness in gold:
And surely, if there's bliss below,
These hoary heads the secret know.

We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When soon a temple rose to view;
A Gothick pile! with moss o'ergrown;
Strong were the walls, and built with stone.

Without a thousand mastiffs wait;
A thousand bolts secure the gate.
We sought admission long in vain;
For here all favours sell for gain:
The greedy porter yields to gold,
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Assembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around,
Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth
Their honour, conscience, peace, and health;
I saw no charms that could engage;
The god appear'd like sordid age,
With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
But serpent's eyes, and harpy's claws:
Behind stood Fear, that restless sprite,
Which haunts the watches of the night;
And viper Care, that stings so deep,
Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs,
Where the gay tribes sit crown'd with flow'rs;
Here Beauty ev'ry charm display'd,
And Love inflam'd the yielding maid;
Delicious wine our taste employs,
His crimson bowl exalts our joys.
I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found that long I sought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I blest'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:
The seraph disapprov'd my stay,
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas! whene'er we talk of bliss,
How prone is man to judge amiss!
See, a long train of ills conspires
To scourge our uncontroul'd desires.
Like summer swarms diseases crowd,
Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud;
Fever, that thirsty fury, came,
With ipestinguishable flame;
Consumption, sworn ally of Death!
Crept slowly on with panting breath;
Gout roar'd, and shew'd his throbbing feet;
And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat:
Stone brought his tort'ring racks; and near
Sat Palsy, shaking in her chair.

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
A melancholy scene display'd:
His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
Proclaim'd the poison in his veins;
He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
He wept aloud, and thus address'd:

'Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
'Tho' lewdness wear an angel's face;
'Be wise, by my experience taught;
'I die, alas! for want of thought!'

As he who travels Lybia's plains,
Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
Is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,
When the grim foe obstructs his way;
My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
My tot'ring limbs oppos'd my flight;
I call'd on Virtue, but in vain;
Her absence quicken'd ev'ry pain.
At length the slighted angel heard;
The dear resplendent form appear'd.

' Presumptuous youth!' she said, and frown'd
 (My heart-strings flutter'd at the sound);
 ' Who turns to me reluctant ears,
 ' Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
 ' These rivers shall for ever last;
 ' There's no retracting what is past:
 ' Nor think avenging ills to shun;
 ' Play a false card, and you're undone.
 ' Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,
 ' Nor tempt the Syren's fatal snare:
 ' Forego this curs'd, detested place,
 ' Abhor the strumpet, and her race.
 ' Had you those softer paths pursued,
 ' Perdition, stripling, had ensued;
 ' Yes, fly—you stand upon its brink;
 ' To-morrow is too late to think.
 ' Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
 ' But mark my sacred lesson well:
 ' With me whoever lives at strife,
 ' Loses his better friend for life;
 ' With me who lives in friendship's ties,
 ' Finds all that's sought for by the wise.
 ' Folly exclaims, and well she may,
 ' Because I take her mask away;
 ' If once I bring her to the sun,
 ' The painted harlot is undone.
 ' But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,
 ' And leave Deception to her fools.
 ' Ambition deals in tinsel toys,
 ' Her traffick gewgaws, fleeting joys!
 ' An errant juggler in disguise,
 ' Who holds false opticks to your eyes.
 ' But, ah! how quick the shadows pass!
 ' Tho' the bright visions thro' her glass
 ' Charm at a distance; yet, when near,
 ' The baseless fabricks disappear.
 ' Nor riches boast intrinsic worth,
 ' Their charms, at best, superior earth:
 ' These oft the heav'n-born mind enslave,
 ' And make an honest man a knave.
 ' "Wealth cures my wants!" the miser cries:
 ' Be not deceiv'd, the miser lies;
 ' One want he has, with all his store,
 ' That worst of wants—the want of more.
 ' "Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
 ' And where is Happiness?" you say.
 ' 'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know,
 ' I'm all that's happiness below.
 ' To Vice I leave tumultuous joys;
 ' Mine is the still and softer voice,
 ' That whispers peace when storms invade,
 ' And musick thro' the midnight shade.
 ' Come, then, be mine in ev'ry part,
 ' Nor give me less than all your heart;
 ' When troubles discompose your breast,
 ' I'll enter there, a cheerful guest:
 ' My converse shall your cares beguile,
 ' The little world within shall smile;
 ' And then is scarce imports a jot,
 ' Whether the great world frowns or not.
 ' And when the closing-scenes prevail,
 ' When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;

' All that a foolish world admires,
 ' Or Passion craves, or Pride inspires:
 ' At that important hour of need,
 ' Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!
 ' My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
 ' My arms sustain thy drooping head:
 ' And when the painful struggle's o'er,
 ' And that vain thing, the world, no more;
 ' I'll bear my fav'rite son away
 ' To rapture, and eternal day.'

§ 38. *Vision VI. Friendship.*

FRIENDSHIP! thou soft propitious pow'r!
 Sweet regent of the social hour!
 Sublime thy joys, nor understood
 But by the virtuous and the good!
 Cabal and Riot take thy name,
 But 'tis a false, affected claim;
 In heav'n if love and friendship dwell,
 Can they associate e'er with hell?

Thou art the same thro' change of times,
 Thro' frozen zones, and burning climes;
 From the equator to the pole,
 The same kind angel thro' the whole:
 And, since thy choice is always free,
 I bless thee for thy smiles on me.

When sorrows swell the tempest high,
 Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
 For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
 Not soft nepenthe* half so sure!
 And, when returning comforts rise,
 Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.

While these ideas warm'd my breast,
 My weary eye-lids stole to rest;
 When fancy re-assum'd the theme,
 And furnish'd this instructive dream.

I sail'd upon a stormy sea
 (Thousands embark'd alike with me);
 My skiff was small, and weak beside,
 Not built, methought, to stem the tide.
 The winds along the surges sweep,
 The wrecks lie scatter'd thro' the deep;
 Aloud the foaming billows roar,
 Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

While all our various course pursue,
 A spacious isle salutes our view:
 Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,
 This new discover'd world divide;
 A river parts their proper claim,
 And Truth its celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground
 Presents, with living verdure crown'd:
 The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
 And a kind sun that always smil'd.
 Few storms molest the natives here;
 Cold is the only ill they fear.

This happy clime, and grateful soil,
 With plenty crowns the lab'rer's toil.

Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew,
 Her realms were small, her subjects few:

* Nepenthe is an herb which, being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. *Plin. xxi. 21. l. 3.*

A thousand charms the palace grace,
A rock of adamant its base.
Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This structure braves th' inclement sky:
E'en time, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone;
Ripens the beauties of the place,
And calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne in order stand
Four Amazons, a trusty band!
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude, in coat of mail;
There Justice lifts her golden scale!
Two hardy chiefs, who persevere,
With form erect, and brow severe;
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,
And triumph with their latest breath.

Temp'rance, that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the virtues here;
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.

But Prudence most attracts the sight,
And shines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that rise,
She holds a mirror to her eyes;
The mirror, faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.

A Virtue with a softer air
Was handmaid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
Derives from Heav'n her spotless mind:
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the best meaning on the case;
She spreads her arms, and bares her breast,
Takes in the naked and distress'd;
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid, who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity, be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast.

But virtues of inferior name
Crowd round the throne with equal claim;
In loyalty by none surpass'd,
They hold allegiance to the last.
Not ancient records e'er can show
That one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd
Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,
Where poppies shone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
And humble plants*, by travellers thought
With slow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes, the eye descried
A pow'ful realm extended wide;
Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
Here Flatt'ry boasts despotick sway,
And basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in Deception's school,
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;
Elated with th' imperial robe,
She plans the conquest of the globe;
And, aided by her servile trains,
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.
Her darling minister is Pride
(Who ne'er was known to change his side)
A friend to all her interests just,
And active to discharge his trust;
Careless'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and beau:
In ev'ry shape he shews his skill,
And forms her subjects to his will;
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts.
Sure never minister was known
So zealous for his sov'reign's throne!

Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen:
Who farther favours shar'd beside,
As daughters of her statesman, Pride.
The first, Conceit, with tow'ring crest,
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;
Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
Than duchess, in her own esteem.

Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue;
Whose antick shapes, and various face,
Distorted ev'ry native grace.

Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in brussels and brocade;
Fantastick, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.

The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien:
With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he who most obey'd.
While they who fought their own applause,
Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.
The minds of all were fraught with guile,
Their manners dissolute and vile;
And ev'ry tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the rising sun.

But now some clam'rous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies.

Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary deep;
Fancy presided at the helm,
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.
But, oh! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her state;
The Trojan chief could hardly more
His Asiatic tow'rs deplore.

For Flatt'ry view'd those fairer plains
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigns;
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the same.
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.

And, now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow;

* The humble plant bends down before the touch, as the sensitive plant shrinks from the touch; and is said, by some, to be the slow poison of the Indians.

Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.

The river Truth the hosts withstood,
And roll'd her formidable flood:
Her current strong, and deep, and clear;
No fords were found, no ferries near.
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears suggest a thousand graves;
They all retir'd with haste extreme,
And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

Hypocrisy the gulph explores;
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowess fails:
The troops an easy passage find,
And vict'ry follows close behind.

Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiscuous grows;
But Flatt'ry threw a poison'd dart,
And pierc'd the empress to the heart.
The virtues all around were seen
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant stripp'd the mangled fair,
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air;
And mounting next the sufferer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.

'Ah, injur'd maid!' aloud I cried;
'Ah, injur'd maid!' the rocks replied.
But judge my griefs, and share them too,
For the sad tale pertains to you;
Judge, reader, how severe the wound,
When Friendship's foes were mine, I found;
When the sad scene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degen'rate isle!

The Amazons, who propp'd the state,
Haply surviv'd the general fate.
Justice to Powis House is fled,
And Yorke sustains her radiant head.
The virtue, Fortitude, appears
In open day at Ligonier's;
Illustrious heroine of the sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die!
'Twas she our vet'rans breasts inspir'd,
When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd;
For Tournay's treach'rons tow'rs can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial virtue of the plain!
She rous'd the lions of the main:
Hence Vernon's* little fleet succeeds,
And hence the gen'rous Cornwall † bleeds.
Hence Grenville ‡ glorious!—for she smil'd
On the young hero from a child.

Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,
They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
Say, that the mighty and the great
Blaze, like meridian suns of state;
Effulgent excellence display,
Like Hallifax, in floods of day;
Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
Like the mild crescent of the night.
Tho' pale our beams, and small our sphere,
Still we may shine serene and clear.

Give to the judge the scarlet gown,
To martial souls the civic crown:
What then? Is merit theirs alone?
Have we no worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our part,
In the firm breast and upright heart?
Reader, these virtues may be thine,
Tho' in superior life they shine.
I can't discharge great Hardwicke's trust—
True—but my soul may still be just:
And tho' I can't the state defend,
I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.

Two golden virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind;
Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we stray;
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
When Vice and Folly throw the dart:
Each virtue, let the world agree,
Daily resides with you and me.
And, when our souls in friendship join,
We'll deem the social bond divine;
Thro' ev'ry scene maintain our trust,
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
That breast, where Honour builds his throne,
That breast, which Virtue calls her own,
Nor Int'rest warps, nor Fear appals,
When Danger frowns, or Lucre calls.
No! the true friend collected stands,
Fearless his heart, and pure his hands:
Let Int'rest plead, let forms arise,
He dares be honest, tho' he dies!

§ 39. *Vision VII. Marriage. Inscribed to Miss **.*

FAIREST, this vision is thy due;
I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
Your welfare actuates ev'ry page;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble while you read my dream.

Those awful words, 'Till death do part,'
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought, when once a wife,
The die is cast, and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her fire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
Careless with what or whom they mate,
Their ruling passion's all for state.
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind:

* At Porto Bello. † Against the combined fleets of France and Spain.

‡ Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.

Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive god:
'Be joyless ev'ry night,' he said;
'And barren be their nuptial bed!'

Attend, my fair, to wisdom's voice;
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery confess'd:
Yet, if my fair one will be wise,
I will insure my girl a prize,
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth;
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth!

'Tis an important point, to know
There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been since the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul;
And, tho' a slave in love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him;
If few those faults, you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper and of sense:
For when the sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social power,
To form the calm, converseive hour,
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore;
Fondly each generous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to shine;
Shew thee, as really thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid!
When in thy cheek the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his transient passion cool?
And, when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
E'en then thou lovely shalt appear;
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And, weeping, claim the larger part:
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
'Bless'd state! where souls each other draw,
'Where love is liberty and law!
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or Heav'n bestow!
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor fear the varnish of my style;
Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah, me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!

When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lye;

Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
But who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure or applause;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish, and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.
Amidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple rose to sight;
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace:
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignified his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite, Thought,
Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance.

I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For, oh! what thousands were undone!
The sage, when these mad troops he spied,
In pity flew to join their side:
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him to a man;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth.
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain;
At ev'ry house, and all day long,
Repentance plied her scorpion thong:
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And ev'ry wayward child of Spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a numerous train.
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour and in place:
Then came the god, with solemn gate,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore.
Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen:
Youth led the gaily smiling fair,
His purple pinions wav'd in air;
Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw and eagle-eye,
Who threescore years had seen, or more
(Tis said his coat had seen a score);
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd,
Poets alone can paint the maid:
Trust me, Hogarth (tho' great thy fame),
'T would pose thy skill to draw the same;
And yet thy mimick pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before.

Now she was fair as cygnet's down,
Now, as Mat Prior's Emma, brown;
And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress the varied ev'ry hour.

'Twas Fancy, child!—you know the fair—
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.

Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
And sits the arbiter of fate;
His head with radiant glories dress'd,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast.
Love took his station on the right;
His quiver beam'd with golden light:
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy;
Said it was hers to point his dart,
And speed its passage to the heart;
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
I saw a blooming, trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side;
Averse the turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart.
A passion much too foul to name
Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners,
The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry vice his altar stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites prophan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious Heav'n to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust:
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart.
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.

Wealth straight replied, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances.
Poets indeed style love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And love might be delicious fare,
Could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on love
(Those purer essences above)

Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Preferr'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hemm'd applause.
With seeming conquest pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beside,
Op'ning the miser's tape-tied vest,
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast;
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight;
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, tho' grave his temper, smil'd,
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother
In turn is laugh'd at by another.

Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind:
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the face;
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay:
I thought the chit would swoon away.

The god was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;
And therefore issued his decree,
That the two parties straight agree:
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.

If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms ten thousand more:
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain, affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler states her case.

She said that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tallied with her own;
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth:
All which she could on oath depose,
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd thro' the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we straight apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

§ 40. *Vision VIII. Life.*

LET not the young my precepts shun ;
 Who slight good counsels are undone.
 Your poet sung of love's delights,
 Of halcyon days and joyous nights ;
 To the gay fancy lovely themes ;
 And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
 But, if you please, before we part,
 I'd speak a language to your heart.
 We'll talk of Life, tho' much I fear
 Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
 You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
 And hardly know the reason why :
 But say Life's tree bears golden fruit,
 Some canker shall corrode the root ;
 Some unexpected storm shall rise,
 Or scorching suns, or chilling skies ;
 And (if experienc'd truths avail)
 All your autumnal hopes shall fail.

- But, poet, whence such wide extremes ?
- Well may you style your labours dreams.
- A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
- Whose Visions are the brats of Spleen.
- Is bliss a vague, unmeaning name ?—
- Speak then the passions use or aim :
- Why rage desires without controul,
- And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul ?
- Why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,
- And laughs and riots in the breast ?
- Think not my weaker brain turns round ;
- Think not I tread on fairy ground ;
- Think not your pulse alone beats true—
- Mine makes as healthful musick too.
- Our joys, when Life's soft spring we trace,
- Put forth their early buds apace.
- See the bloom loads the tender shoot,
- The bloom conceals the future fruit.
- Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
- Shall ripen what in spring begun.
- Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
- In germinating clusters grow ;
- And only wait the summer's ray,
- To burst and blossom to the day.

What said the gay, unthinking boy ?—
 Methought Hilario talk'd of joy !
 Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
 Or what those mighty joys you prize.
 You'll find (and trust superior years)
 The vale of life a vale of tears.
 Could wisdom teach where joys abound,
 Or riches purchase them when sound,
 Would scepter'd Solomon complain,
 That all was fleeting, false, and vain ?
 Yet scepter'd Solomon could say,
 Returning clouds obscur'd his day.
 Those maxims, which the preacher drew,
 The royal sage experienc'd true.
 He knew the various ills that wait
 Our infant and meridian state ;
 That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
 And diff'rent toys maturer age ;
 That grief at ev'ry stage appears,
 But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years ;
 That vanity is seen, in part,
 Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart ;

In the child's breast the spark began,
 Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
 But when in life we journey late,
 If follies die, do griefs abate ?—

Ah ! what is life at fourscore years ? [and tears !
 One dark, rough road, of sighs, groans, pains,

Perhaps you'll think I act the same,
 As a fly sharper plays his game :

You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,
 He's sure to triumph at the last ;

Who often wins some thousands more
 Than twice the sums you won before.

But I'm a loser, with the rest ;

For life is all a deal, at best ;

Where not the prize of wealth or fame
 Repays the trouble of the game—

(A truth no winner e'er denied,
 An hour before that winner died).

Not that with me these prizes shine,
 For neither fame nor wealth are mine.

My cards, a weak plebeian band,
 With scarce an honour in my hand !

And, since my trumps are very few,
 What have I more to boast than you ?

Nor am I gainer by your fall ;

That harlot, Fortune, bubbles all !

'Tis truth (receive it ill or well)

'Tis melancholy truth I tell.

Why should the preacher take your pence,
 And smother truth to flatter sense ?

I'm sure physicians have no merit,

Who kill thro' lenity of spirit.

That life's a game, divines confess ;

This says at cards, and that at chess :

But, if our views be center'd here,

'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,

And hostile vessels crowd the main,

If they discover from afar

A bark as distant as a star,

Hold the perspective to their eyes,

To learn its colours, strength, and size ;

And, when this secret once they know,

Make ready to receive the foe.

Let you and I from sailors learn

Important truths of like concern.

I clos'd the day, as custom led,

With readings, till the time of bed ;

Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,

Again display'd her magick pow'r—

(For know, that Fancy, like a sprite,

Prefers the silent scenes of night).

She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,

No matter where the thicket stood ;

The Genius of the place was nigh,

And held two pictures to my eye.

The curious painter had portray'd

Life in each just and genuine shade.

They, who have only known its dawn,

May think these lines too deeply drawn ;

But riper years, I fear, will shew

The wiser artists paint too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,

Where not a summer's sun had smil'd :

The

The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side;
Her tears with constant tenor flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Thro' all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape:
Here Av'rice gripes with harpy's claws;
There Malice grins with tiger's jaws;
While sons of Mischief, Art and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.

E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part,
She charms the sense, but stings the heart.
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And, lo! ten thousands breathe their last.
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury, Discord, raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves:
Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls thro' all the land.

'Oh! what a wretch is man!' I cried;
'Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!
'And sure as born to be undone
'By evils which he cannot shun!
'Besides a thousand baits to sin,
'A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
'For, soon as Vice assaults the heart,
'The rebels take the dæmon's part.'

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds:
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before.
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade:
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile.
A group of virtues blossom near;
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart:
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heav'n rewards the struggling soul.

But, while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

§ 41. *Vision the last. Death.*

'TIS thought my visions are too grave;
A proof I'm no designing knave.

Perhaps, if int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing, low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon;
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire:
Then had my paltry visions sold,
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darlings of the town,
And I—a poet of renown!

Let not my awful theme surprise;
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue,
No wreaths of cypress or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or hearse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse.
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.

You know, that moral writers say
The world's a stage, and life a play:
That, in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought and toil indeed!
There still remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind:
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth, or riper age;
To leave the company and place
With firmness, dignity, and grace.

Come, then, the closing scenes survey;
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
But, oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.

Instructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
You part from all we prize so dear,
Nor drop one soft, reluctant tear:
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulph you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.

For foreign ports, and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
Defies the ocean and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.

Is Death a pow'ful monarch? True—
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or swells the object to the sight.
Attend my visionary page,
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghastly form appear,
He's not so terrible when near.

Distance deludes th' unwary eye,
So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
Hold frequent converse with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
Because you shun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frightened eye?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
When the grim lion shakes his crest?
Because these savage fights are new;
No keeper shudders at the view:
Keepers, accusom'd to the scene,
Approach the dens with look serene!
Fearless their grisly charge explore,
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.

' Aye—but to die! to bid adieu!
' An everlasting farewell too!
' Farewell to ev'ry joy around!
' Oh! the heart sickens at the sound.'
Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught—
Joy, didst thou say? discard the thought.
Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
And scorn a sublunary root:
What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name;
Or else, like comets in the sphere,
Shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
Yet still we hope, and still we toil;
Deceive ourselves with wond'rous art,
And disappointment wrings the heart.

Thus when a mist collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded trav'ler spies
Imagin'd trees and structures rise;
But, when the shrouded sun is clear,
The desert and the rocks appear.

' Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
' Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
' To die! and what exalts the gloom,
' I'm told that man survives the tomb!
' O! can the learned prelate find
' What future scenes await the mind?
' Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?
' Some courteous angel point the way!
' That unknown somewhere in the skies,
' Say, where that unknown somewhere lies;
' And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
' That pains and sorrows are no more:
' For doubtless dying is a curse,
' If present ills be chang'd for worse.'

Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
And listen to your poet's dream.

Ere while I took an ev'ning walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep,
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.
The sky, all beauteous to behold,
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold;

But, tho' serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
Then settled on Honorio's breast,
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest:
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil,
Disease eludes the doctor's skill:
The poison spreads through all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles into flame.

From side to side Honorio turns,
And now with thirst insatiate burns:
His eyes resign their wonted grace,
Those friendly lamps expire apace!
The brain's an useless organ grown,
And reason tumbled from his throne.

But, while the purple surges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow:
The blood in ev'ry distant part
Stagnates, and disappoints the heart;
Defrauded of its crimson store,
The vital engine plays no more.

Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell.
I join'd the melancholy bier,
And dropp'd the unavailing tear.

The clock struck twelve—when nature sought
Repose from all the pangs of thought;
And, while my limbs were sunk to rest,
A vision sooth'd my troubled breast.

I dream'd the spectre, Death, appear'd!
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
A state no prince assum'd before:
All nature fetch'd a gen'ral groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.

I gaz'd—when straight arose to fight
The most detested fiend of night.
He shuffled with unequal pace,
And conscious shame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he squinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monster came,
Sin was his fire, and Guilt his name.

This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the sov'reign's chair;
In robes of terror dress'd the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful sting;
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud;
And all, obedient to his will,
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.

A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempestuous air.
Straight to his shoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous size!
Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm:
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqueror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terror and dismay.

Thousands

Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at death before.
Life's records rise on ev'ry side,
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-eyed Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
By Conscience, that impartial scribe!
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe:
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As Guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All shudder'd at the black account,
And scarce believ'd the vast amount!
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
Would Death relent, and sheathe his dart.
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.

So when a wolf, who scours at large,
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild disorder fly,
And cast behind a frequent eye;
But, when the victim's borne away,
They rush to pasture and to play.

Indulge my dream, and let my pen
Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.

Carus, with pain and sickness worn,
Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn,
Soon as he views the eastern ray,
He mourns the quick return of day;
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,
Pines for his dark sepulchral bed,
To mingle with th' unheeded dead.

With fourscore years grey Natho bends,
A burden to himself and friends;
And with impatience seems to wait
The friendly hand of ling'ring Fate.
So hirelings with their labour done,
And often eye the western sun.

The monarch hears their various grief,
Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
On Death with wild surprize they star'd,
All seem'd averse! all unprepar'd!

As torrents sweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief-pursued his course.
No human pow'r can or withstand,
Or shun, the conquests of his hand.

Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And as a guardian angel kind,
With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,
Turn the keen shaft of Death aside,
When would the brave Augustus join
The ashes of his sacred line?

But Death maintains no partial war,
He mocks a sultan or a czar:
He lays his iron hand on all—
Yes, kings, and sons of kings, must fall!

A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre—*!

Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
Would Granville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the fav'rite of a throne.

Could genius save—wit, learning, fire—
Tell me, would Chesterfield expire?
Say, would his glorious sun decline,
And set like your pale star or mine?

Could ev'ry virtue of the sky—
Would Herring †, Butler †, Secker †, die?
Why this address to peerage all?—
Untitled Allen's virtues call!

If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace.
Though high your ranks in heralds rolls,
Know, Virtue too ennobles souls.

By her that private man's renown'd,
Who pours a thousand blessings round,
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his gen'rous heart,
Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
Left unimprov'd it steals away;

While thus he walks, with jealous strife,
Thro' goodness, as he walks through life;
Shall not I mark his radiant path?—
Rise Muse, and sing the Man of Bath!

Publish abroad, could goodness save,
Allen would disappoint the grave;
Translated to the heav'nly shore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.

Nor Beauty's pow'rful pleas restrain—
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with shrieks the air,
Smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair;
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!

Alas! is life our fav'rite theme—
'Tis all a vain or painful dream:
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives, for others ill must groan,
Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
Must journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.

' And shall a man arraign the skies,
' Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
' Impatient reptile! Reason cried;
' Arraign thy passion and thy pride:
' Retire, and commune with thy heart;
' Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art?
' Explore thy body and thy mind,
' Thy station too, why here assign'd.
' The search shall teach thee life to prize,
' And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
' Why do you roam to foreign climes,
' To study nations, modes, and times;
' A science often dearly bought,
' And often what avails you nought?
' Go, man, and act a wiser part,
' Study the science of your heart;

* Referring to the death of his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales.

† Archbishop of Canterbury.

‡ Late Bishop of Durham.

§ Bishop of Oxford.

- * This home philosophy, you know,
 * Was priz'd some thousand years ago *.
 * Then why abroad a frequent guest?
 * Why such a stranger to your breast?
 * Why turn so many volumes o'er,
 * Till Doddsley can supply no more?
 * Not all the volumes on thy shelf
 * Are worth that single volume, self:
 * For who this sacred book declines,
 * Howe'er in other arts he shines,
 * Tho' smit with Pindar's noble rage,
 * Or vers'd in Tully's manly page,
 * Tho' deeply read in Plato's school,
 * With all his knowledge is a fool.
 * Proclaim the truth—Say, what is man?
 * His body from the dust began;
 * And, when a few short years are o'er,
 * The crumbling fabrick is no more.
 * But whence the soul?—From heav'n it
 * O prize this intellectual flame! [came!
 * This nobler self with rapture scan;
 * 'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
 * Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
 * But from the soul derives its birth.
 * Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)
 * Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
 * What makes his entertainments shine,
 * What gives the relish to his wine;
 * He'll tell thee (if he scorns the beast)
 * That social pleasures form the feast.
 * The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
 * Unless the soul exalts the joy.
 * The mind must animate the face,
 * Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.
 * What! must the soul her pow'rs dispense,
 * To raise and swell the joys of sense?
 * Know, too, the joys of sense controul
 * And clog the motions of the soul:
 * Forbid her pinions to aspire,
 * Damp and impair her native fire;
 * And sure as sense (that tyrant!) reigns,
 * She holds the empress, Soul, in chains.
 * Inglorious bondage to the mind,
 * Heav'n-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
 * She's independent, fair, and great,
 * And justly claims a large estate;
 * She asks no borrow'd aids to shine,
 * She boasts within a golden mine;
 * But, like the treasures of Peru,
 * Her wealth lies deep and far from view.
 * Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
 * Debase her dignity and birth?
 * Or e'er repine at Heav'n's decree,
 * Who kindly gave her leave to be?
 * Call'd her from nothing into day,
 * And built her tenement of clay.
 * Hear and accept me for your guide
 * (Reason shall ne'er desert your side):
 * Who listens to my wiser voice,
 * Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
 * Pleas'd with that first and sov'reign cause,
 * Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws;
 * Secure, since sov'reign goodness reigns;
 * Secure, since sov'reign pow'r obtains.
 * Know thyself; a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.
- * With curious eyes review thy frame;
 * This science shall direct thy claim.
 * Dost thou indulge a double view,
 * A long, long life, and happy too?
 * Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
 * To lie down easy in the grave.
 * Know, then, my dictates must prevail,
 * Or surely each fond wish shall fail.
 * Come, then, is Happiness thy aim?
 * Let mental joys be all thy game.
 * Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
 * The capture shall reward the chase.
 * Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
 * Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
 * Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
 * Record thee good as well as wise.
 * While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
 * In a few years you'll live an age.
 * Who measures life by rolling years?
 * Fools measure by revolving spheres.
 * Go thou, and fetch th' unerring rule
 * From Virtue's and from Wisdom's school,
 * Who well improves life's shortest day
 * Will scarce regret its setting ray;
 * Contented with his share of light,
 * Nor fear nor wish th' approach of night:
 * And when disease assaults the heart,
 * When sickness triumphs over art,
 * Reflection on a life well past
 * Shall prove a cordial to the last;
 * This medicine shall the soul sustain,
 * And soften or suspend her pain;
 * Shall break Death's fell tyrannick pow'r,
 * And calm the troubled dying hour.
 * Bless'd rules of cool prudential age!
 * I listen'd, and rever'd the sage.
 * When, lo! a form divinely bright
 * Descends, and bursts upon my sight;
 * A seraph of illustrious birth!
 * (Religion was her name on earth):
 * Supremely sweet her radiant face,
 * And blooming with celestial grace!
 * Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
 * Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain:
 * Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
 * And pinions flutt'ring for the sky;
 * Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
 * And golden anchors grace her hands;
 * There Charity, in robes of white,
 * Fairest and fav'rite maid of light!
 * The seraph spake—'Tis reason's part
 * To govern and to guard the heart;
 * To lull the wayward soul to rest,
 * When hopes and fears distract the breast.
 * Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
 * And steer thy bark thro' various life:
 * But when the storms of death are nigh,
 * And midnight darkness veils the sky,
 * Shall reason then direct thy sail,
 * Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
 * Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
 * Skill that transcends his scanty line.
 * That hoary sage has counsell'd right;
 * Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
- * Revere

' Revere thyself—thou'rt near ally'd
 ' To angels on thy better side.
 ' How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
 ' Angels are but unbodied minds ;
 ' When the partition walls decay,
 ' Men emerge angels from their clay.
 ' Yes, when the frailer body dies,
 ' The soul asserts her kindred skies.
 ' But minds, tho' sprung from heav'nly race,
 ' Must first be tutor'd for the place.
 ' (The joys above are understood,
 ' And relish'd, only by the good.)
 ' Who shall assume this guardian care?
 ' Who shall secure their birthright there?
 ' Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n
 ' To train them for their native heav'n.
 ' Know, then—Who bow the early knee,
 ' And give the willing heart to me ;
 ' Who wisely, when Temptation waits,
 ' Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits ;
 ' Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
 ' Tho' fools deride my sacred laws ;
 ' Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
 ' Tho' Persecution lifts her thong ;
 ' Tho' all the sons of hell conspire
 ' To raise the stake, and light the fire :
 ' Know, that for such superior souls,
 ' There lies a bliss beyond the poles ;
 ' Where spirits shine with purer ray,
 ' And brighten to meridian day ; [rules,
 ' Where Love, where boundless Friendship
 ' (No friends that change, no love that cools!)
 ' Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
 ' And pour, and pour upon the soul !
 ' But where's the passage to the skies ?—
 ' The road thro' Death's black valley lies.
 ' Nay, do not shudder at my tale ;
 ' Tho' dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
 ' This path the best of men have trod,
 ' And who'd decline the road to God ?
 ' Oh ! 'tis a glorious boon to die !
 ' This favour can't be priz'd too high.

While thus she spake, my looks express'd
 The raptures kindling in my breast :
 My soul a fix'd attention gave ;
 When the stern monarch of the grave
 With haughty strides approach'd—amaz'd,
 I stood and trembled as I gaz'd.
 The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
 And kindly wip'd the falling tear ;
 Then hasten'd with expanded wing
 To meet the pale, terrific king.
 But now what milder scenes arise !
 The tyrant drops his hostile guise :
 He seems a youth divinely fair,
 In graceful ringlets waves his hair ;
 His wings their whitening plumes display,
 His burnish'd plumes reflect the day :
 Light flows his shining azure vest,
 And all the angel stands confess'd.

I view'd the change with sweet surprize,
 And, oh ! I panted for the skies ;
 Thank'd Heav'n, that e'er I drew my breath,
 And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

FABLES, by the late Mr. GAY.

*Introduction to the FABLES.**Part the First.*§ 42. *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain ;
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage ;
 In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
 He fed his flock and penn'd the fold ;
 His hours in chearful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew :
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)
 The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
 And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
 Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
 And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
 Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
 By various fates on realms unknown,
 Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
 Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The shepherd modestly reply'd,
 I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
 To read mankind, their laws and arts ;
 For man is practis'd in disguise,
 He cheats the most discerning eyes ;
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,
 When we ourselves can never know?
 The little knowledge I have gain'd,
 Was all from simple nature drain'd ;
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
 Awake my soul to industry.
 Who can observe the careful ant,
 And not provide for future want?
 My dog (the truest of his kind)
 With gratitude inflames my mind.
 I mark his true, his faithful way,
 And in my service copy Tray.
 In constancy and nuptial love,
 I learn my duty from the dove.
 The hen, who from the chilly air,
 With pious wing, protects her care ;
 And every fowl that flies at large,
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
 To shun contempt and ridicule.
 I never, with important air,
 In conversation overbear.
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,
 When men the solemn owl despise?
 My tongue within my lips I rein ;
 For who talks much must talk in vain.

We from the wordy torrent fly :
 Who listens to the chattering pye ?
 Nor would I, with felonious flight,
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right,
 Rapacious animals we hate :
 Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind ?
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints to contemplation ;
 And from the most minute and mean
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.
 Thy fame is just, the sage replies ;
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen,
 Books as affected are as men :
 But he who studies nature's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws ;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

To his Highness William, Duke of Cumberland.

§ 43. Fable I. The Lion, the Tyger, and the Traveller.

ACCEPT, young prince, the moral lay,
 And in these tales mankind survey ;
 With early virtues plant your breast,
 The specious arts of vice detest.
 Princes, like beauties, from their youth
 Are strangers to the voice of truth ;
 Learn to condemn all praise betimes ;
 For flattery's the nurse of crimes :
 Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
 (A virtue never near a throne) ;
 In courts such freedom must offend,
 There none presumes to be a friend,
 To those of your exalted station
 Each courtier is a dedication.
 Must I too flatter like the rest,
 And turn my morals to a jest ?
 The muse disdains to steal from those
 Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
 Or tell you what a nation says ?
 They in your infant bosom trace
 The virtues of your royal race ;
 In the fair dawning of your mind
 Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind :
 They see you grieve to hear distress
 And pant already to redress.
 Go on, the height of good attain,
 Nor let a nation hope in vain.
 For hence we justly may presage
 The virtues of a riper age.
 True courage shall your bosom fire,
 And future actions own your fire.
 Cowards are cruel, but the brave
 Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tyger roaming for his prey,
 Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way ;

The prostrate game a Lion spies,
 And on the greedy tyrant flies ;
 With mingled roar resounds the wood,
 Their teeth, their claws distil with blood ;
 'Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
 The spotted foe extends his length.
 The Man besought the shaggy lord,
 And on his knees for life implor'd,
 His life the gen'rous hero gave :
 Together walking to his cave,
 The lion thus bespoke his guest :

What hardy beast shall dare contest
 My matchless strength ! you saw the fight,
 And must attest my pow'r and right.
 Forc'd to forego their native home,
 My starving slaves at distance roam.
 Within these woods I reign alone,
 The boundless forest is my own.
 Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
 Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
 These carcases on either hand,
 Those bones that whiten all the land,
 My former deeds and triumphs tell,
 Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

True, says the Man, the strength I saw
 Might well the brutal nation awe :
 But shall a monarch, brave like you,
 Place glory in so false a view ?
 Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
 Be lov'd : let justice bound your might.
 Mean are ambitious heroes boasts
 Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.
 Pirates their pow'r by murders gain,
 Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
 To me your clemency hath shown
 The virtue worthy of a throne.
 Heav'n gives you pow'r above the rest,
 Like Heav'n to succour the distress.

The case is plain, the monarch said ;
 False glory hath my youth misled ;
 For beasts of prey, a servile train,
 Have been the flatterers of my reign.
 You reason well : Yet tell me, friend,
 Did ever you in courts attend ?
 For all my fawning rogues agree,
 That human heroes rule like me.

§ 44. Fable II. The Spaniel and the Camelion.

SPANIEL, bred with all the care
 That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
 Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand ;
 Indulg'd to disobey command,
 In pamper'd ease his hours were spent :
 He never knew what learning meant.
 Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
 Were sure to win his lady's heart ;
 Each little mischief gain'd him praise ;
 How pretty were his fawning ways !

The wind was south, the morning fair,
 He ventures forth to take the air.
 He ranges all the meadow round,
 And rolls upon the softest ground ;

When near him a Cameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
What, live with clowns! a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment shall thy talents crown,
Believe me, friend; I know the town.

Sir, says the Sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd an ear to what I said.
My whisper always met success;
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days;
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene.
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He punishes what man rewards.
How different is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd feed on air.

§ 45. *Fable III. The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.*

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.
Sure some disaster has befall:

Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well.
Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Invisible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.

The woman's blind, the Mother cries;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a Pigmy Sprite
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain conceited lye,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we doat upon our own.

Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

§ 46. *Fable IV. The Eagle, and the Assembly of Animals.*

AS Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For ev'ry thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs, which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause:
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon four Dog I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the Hound replies,
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The Hound is slow, but always sure.
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart.
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd:
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The Beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of heav'n then cried aloud,
Jove bids disperse the murmur'ing croud;
The God rejects your idle prayers:
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What, silent all, and none consent!
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

§ 47. *Fable V. The Wild Boar and the Ram.*

AGAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd:
E a The

The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight.
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood :

All cowards should be serv'd like you:
See, see, your murd'rer is in view ;
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life :
Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race !
The heart that wants revenge, is base.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes ;
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame ;
Insensible of ev'ry ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue
Give to themselves the vengeance due ;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war ;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

§ 48. *Fable VI. The Miser and Plutus.*

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes ;
Along the silent room he stalks ;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks !
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard,
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.
By conscience stung, he wildly stares ;
And thus his guilty soul declares :

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods ! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice !
O bane of good ! seducing cheat !
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat ?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind ;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill ;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill :
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?
Virtue resides on earth no more !
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest ;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd :

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant ?
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind ?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind,
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd ?

Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade ;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast ;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heav'n :
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes ;
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay ?
Let braves then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

§ 49. *Fable VII. The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese.*

A LION, tir'd with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd ; the day was set :
Behold the gen'ral council met.

The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new Regent humbly bow'd.

Wolves, bears, and mighty tygers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.

He strait assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.

The crowd admire his wit, his sense :
Each word hath weight and consequence.

The flatt'rer all his art displays :
He who hath power, is sure of praise.

A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address'd :

How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school !

What clemency his temper sways !
How uncorrupt are all his ways !

Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.

His brain hath stratagem and art ;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart ;

What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration !

He said. A Goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood :

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.

What praise ! what mighty commendation !
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.

Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise ;

If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.

What havoc now shall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,

To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night !

§ 50. *Fable VIII. The Lady and the Wasp.*

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear!
 What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
 Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
 Impertinence around her swarms.
 Did not the tender nonsense strike,
 Contempt and scorn might soon dislike.
 Forbidding airs might thin the place,
 The slightest flap a fly can chase.
 But who can drive the num'rous breed?
 Chace one, another will succeed.
 Who knows a fool, must know his brother;
 One fop will recommend another:
 And with this plague she's rightly curst,
 Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
 Sat meditating on her beauty,
 She now was pensive, now was gay,
 And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
 A giddy Wasp around her flies.
 He now advances, now retires,
 Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
 Her fan in vain defends her charms;
 Swift he returns, again alarms;
 For by repulse he bolder grew,
 Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good gods! she cries,
 Protect me from these teasing flies!
 Of all the plagues that heav'n hath sent,
 A Wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd,
 Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
 Can such offence your anger wake?
 'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
 Those cherry lips, that breathe perfume,
 That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
 Made me with strong desire pursue
 The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
 Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies:
 For though he's free (to do him right)
 The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posts;
 Where'er he came the favour boasts;
 Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
 And siews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew,
 Sure of success, away they flew.
 They share the dainties of the day,
 Round her with airy music play;
 And now they flutter, now they rest,
 Now soar again, and skim her breast.
 Nor were they banish'd, till she found
 That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

§ 51. *Fable IX. The Bull and the Mastiff.*

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?
 Each caution, ev'ry care employ:
 And ere you venture to confide,
 Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
 Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
 On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
 A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
 A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
 His eye-balls shot indignant fire;
 He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,
 And roar'd aloud, Suspend the fight;
 In a whole skin go sleep to-night:
 Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
 What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
 Is it ambition fires thy breast,
 Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?
 From these alone unjustly springs
 The world-destroying wrath of kings.

The surly Mastiff thus returns:
 Within my bosom glory burns.
 Like heroes of eternal name,
 Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
 The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
 To daily war my youth inclin'd;
 He train'd me to heroic deed;
 Taught me to conquer, or to bleed.

Curs'd Dog! the Bull reply'd, no more
 I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
 For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
 Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
 His daily murders in thy view)
 Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
 Take then thy fate. With goring wound,
 At once he lifts him from the ground;
 Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
 Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

§ 52. *Fable X. The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

THE man who with undaunted toils
 Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
 With various wonders feasts his sight:
 What stranger wonders does he write!
 We read, and in description view
 Creatures which Adam never knew:
 For, when we risk no contradiction,
 It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
 Those things that startle me or you
 I grant are strange; yet may be true.
 Who doubts that Elephants are found
 For science and for sense renown'd?
 Borri records their strength of parts,
 Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
 How they perform the law's decrees,
 And save the state the hangman's fees;
 And how by travel understand
 The language of another land.
 Let those, who question this report,
 To Pliny's ancient page resort:
 How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
 Who now like them the Greek can read!

As one of these, in days of yore,
 Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er;
 Not, like our modern dealers, minding
 Only the margin's breadth and binding;
 A book his curious eye detains,
 Where, with exactest care and pains,
 Were ev'ry beast and bird portray'd,
 That e'er the search of man survey'd?

Their natures and their powers were writ,
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:

Man with strong reason is endow'd;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd.

But let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the power of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!

He the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, Man, the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder;
From courtiers tricks, and lawyers arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tyger's brood,
He curses, for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus address'd, with bow profound:

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity.

When, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wise:
Leave man on man to criticise;
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fly:
Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

§ 53. *Fable XI. The Peacock, the Turkey,
and the Goose.*

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.

As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the Poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes;
Which, like the heav'n's o'erarching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight;

On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!

But, were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkies have the whiter skin.

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
And next was heard the hissing Goose:
What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.

Then what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frightened at the note.

True. Those are faults, the Peacock cries;
My scream, my thanks you may despise:

But such blind critics rail in vain:
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)

The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found!

To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in Assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien
Wake envy in each ugly face;
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

§ 54. *Fable XII. Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of love;
Some shape the bow, or fit the string;
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the God: Thou purblind cit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,

At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction:
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she t'other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause,
Nothing can save him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's feed;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus

Plutus appear'd, and said, 'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view;
They seek no beauty, wit, or sense;
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my thrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more.
Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

§ 55. *Fable XIII. The Tame Stag.*

As a young Stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast;
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Acrois the horns his halter flung.
Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tip'd with half a crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming!

At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe, presumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines;
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands;
Examines every fift for meat,
And though repuls'd disdains retreat:
Attacks again with levell'd horns;
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a red-coat is in sight;
Behind the door he hides her face;
Next time at distance eyes the lace,
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And ev'ry soldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

§ 56. *Fable XIV. The Monkey who had seen the World.*

A Monkey, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes:
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,

There sold. How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other Gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal:
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;
But all with envy and desire
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth, support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lye whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

§ 57. *Fable XV. The Philosopher and the Pheasants.*

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way;
E 4 Drawn

Drawn by the music of the groves,
 Along the winding gloom he roves:
 From tree to tree the warbling throats
 Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
 But where he past he terror threw,
 The song broke short, the warblers flew;
 The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
 And nightingales abhor'd his sight;
 All animals before him ran,
 To shun the hateful sight of man.

Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
 Fly they our figure, or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
 His ear imperfect accents caught;
 With cautious step he nearer drew:
 By the thick shade conceal'd from view,
 High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
 Around her all her list'ning brood;
 Proud of the blessings of her nest,
 She thus a mother's care express'd:
 No dangers here shall circumvent,
 Within the woods enjoy content.
 Sooner the hawk or vulture trust,
 Than man, of animals the worst;
 In him ingratitude you find,
 A vice peculiar to the kind.

The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
 To guard his health, and serve his pride,
 Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
 Is in the cruel shambles slain.

The swarms, who, with industrious skill,
 His hives with wax and honey fill,
 In vain whole summer days employ'd,
 Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd.
 What tribute from the goose is paid!
 Does not her wing all science aid?
 Does it not lovers hearts explain,
 And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
 What now rewards this general use?
 He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
 Man then avoid, detest his ways;
 So safety shall prolong your days.
 When services are thus acquitted,
 Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

§ 58. *Fable XVI. The Pin and the Needle.*

A Pin, who long had serv'd a beauty,
 Proficient in the toilet's duty,
 Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
 Or giv'n her knot a smarter air,
 Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
 Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd:
 But could the partial fortune blame,
 Who saw her lover serv'd the same?
 At length, from all her honours cast,
 Through various turns of life she pass'd;
 Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm;
 Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
 Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
 Contributes to his yearly groat;
 Now, rais'd again from low approach,
 She visits in the doctor's coach;
 Here, there, by various fortune tost,
 At last in Gresham-hall was lost.

Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
 On every side, above, below,
 She now of this or that enquires,
 What least was understood admires.
 'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
 Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir;
 A needle, says the interpreter.
 She knew the name. And thus the fool
 Address'd her as a taylor's tool.

A needle with that filthy stone,
 Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!
 You better might employ your parts,
 And aid the sempstress in her arts.
 But tell me how the friendship grew
 Between that paltry flint and you?

Friend, says the Needle, cease to blame;
 I follow real worth and fame.
 Know'st thou the loadstone's pow'r and art,
 That virtue virtues can impart;
 Of all his talents I partake,
 Who then can such a friend forsake?
 'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
 To shun the rocks and treacherous sand;
 By me the distant world is known,
 And either India is our own.
 Had I with milliners been bred,
 What had I been? the guide of thread,
 And drudg'd as vulgar Needles do,
 Of no more consequence than you.

§ 59. *Fable XVII. The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.*

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
 Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
 Deep in the wood secure he lay,
 The thefts of night regal'd the day.
 In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
 Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare:
 In vain the dog pursu'd his pace,
 The fleetest robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
 By chance his foe's retreat he found.

A truce, replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
 The Dog the parley thus begun:

How can that strong intrepid mind
 Attack a weak defenceless kind?
 Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
 And drink the boar's and lion's blood,
 Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
 Which coward tyrants never felt.
 How harmless is our fleecy care!
 Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh;
 Nature design'd us beasts of prey;
 As such, when hunger finds a treat
 'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
 If, mindful of the bleating zeal,
 Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
 Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
 To him repeat the moving speech:
 A Wolf eats sheep but now and then,
 Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
 An open foe may prove a curse,
 But a pretended friend is worse.

§ 60. *Fable XVIII. The Painter who pleased nobody and every body.*

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ler leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted:
But flatt'ry never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem juit;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So juit, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length.
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please
Whoever sat, he drew from these,
From these correct'd ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd; and seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My Lord reply'd,
'Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.

Oh! pardon me, the artist cry'd,
In this the painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examined it a-new;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A Lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

§ 61. *Fable XIX. The Lion and the Cub.*

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs:
An ass in every thing, but ears!
If e'er his highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His highness brays; the Lion starts:
Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe? the Cub replies;
Our senate always held me wise.
How weak is pride! returns the sire;
All fools are vain, when fools admire!
But know what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.

§ 62. *Fable XX. The Old Hen and the Cock.*

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe
The text which says, 'Wesprung from Eve.'

As an old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to shew the grain;
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met; her son she knew,
And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.

I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; the fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast;
To the just gods I leave the rest.

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey;
And ev'ry time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

Why was this idle charge? he cries:
Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and from below
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew,
Headlong to meet the war he flew,
But when the wat'ry death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:

I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition.

§ 63. *Fable XXI. The Rat-Catcher and Cats.*

THE rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was ev'ry morning chid.
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her pasties fenc'd with thickest paste
Were all demolish'd, and laid waste.
She curs'd the Cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.
An Engineer of noted skill
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.

An envious Cat from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace.
She saw, that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone;
So secretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
And Puss again the labour foils.

What foe (to frustrate my designs)
My schemes thus nightly countermines?
Incens'd, he cries: this very hour
This wretch shall bleed beneath my power.

So said. A pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fast poor Puss was caught.

Smuggler, says he, thou shalt be made
A victim to our loss of trade.

The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues.

A sifter of the science spare;

One int'rest is our common care.

What insolence! the man reply'd;
Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life.

In ev'ry age and clime we see

Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;

'Squire stigmatizes 'quire for poaching;

Beauties with beauties are in arms,

And scandal pelts each others charms;

Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,

In hope to make the world their own.

But let us limit our desires;

Not war like beauties, kings, and 'quires;

For though we both one prey pursue,

There's game enough for us and you.

§ 64. *Fable XXII. The Goat without a Beard.*

'TIS certain that the modish passions
Descend among the croud, like fashions.
Excuse me then; if pride, conceit
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monies, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I say that these are proud: what then?
I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity.

Whene'er a thynny bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

I hate my frowzy beard, he cries;
My youth is lost in this disguise.

Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this rev'rend figure.

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by profess'd the dapper art;
His pole with pewter basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides:
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

I hope

I hope your custom, Sir, says pug;
Sure never face was half so smug.

The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws;
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd:

Heighday! what's here without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?

When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn:
Are beards by civil nations worn?

Ev'n Moscovites have mow'd their chins.

Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load!

Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way;
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?

Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,
Replies a bearded chief. Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? affected fool!
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

§ 65. *Fable XXIII. The Old Woman and her Cats.*

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,

Is judg'd a partner in the trade.

The matron who conducts abroad

A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;

And if a modest girl is seen

With one who cures a lover's spleen,

We guess her not extremely nice,

And only wish to know her price.

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends

Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled Hag of wicked fame,

Beside a little smoaky flame

Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost;

Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,

Upon her knees her weight sustains;

While palsy-shook her crazy brains:

She mumbles forth her backward pray'rs,

An untam'd scold of fourscore years.

About her swarm'd a num'rous brood

Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.

Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,

And thus she sputter'd: Hence, ye crew.

Fool that I was, to entertain

Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!

Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd

I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.

To you I owe that crouds of boys

Worry me with eternal noise;

Straws laid across my pace retard,

The horse-shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard)

The stunted broom the wenches hide,

For fear that I should up and ride;

They stick with pins my bleeding seat,

And bid me show my secret teat.

To hear you prate would vex a saint;

Who hath most reason of complaint?

Replies a Cat. Let's come to proofs

Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,

We had, like others of our race,

In credit liv'd, as beasts of chace.

'Tis infamy to serve a hag;

Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;

And boys against our lives combine,

Because 'tis said your cats have nine.

§ 66. *Fable XXIV. The Butterfly and Snail.*

ALL upstarts insolent in place.

Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sunshine of the morn,

A Butterfly (but newly born)

Sat proudly perking on a rose,

With pert conceit his bosom glows;

His wings (all glorious to behold)

Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,

Wide he displays; the spangled dew

Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,

Beneath his house, with slimy trail

Crawls o'er the grass; whom, when he spies,

In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:

What means yon peasant's daily toil,

From choking weeds to rid the soil?

Why wake you to the morning's care?

Why with new arts correct the year?

Why glows the peach with crimson hue?

And why the plumb's inviting blue?

Were they to feast his taste design'd,

That vermin of voracious kind?

Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race;

So purge thy garden from disgrace.

What arrogance! the Snail replied;

How insolent is upstart pride;

Had'st thou not thus, with insult vain,

Provok'd my patience to complain,

I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,

Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.

For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,

To swell the fruit and paint the flow'rs,

Since I thy humbler life survey'd,

In base and sordid guise array'd;

A hideous insect, vile, unclean,

You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;

And from your spider-bowels drew

Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.

I own my humble life, good friend;

Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.

And what's a Butterfly? At best

He's but a caterpillar dress'd;

And all thy race (a numerous seed)

Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

§ 67. *Fable XXV. The Scold and the Parrot.*

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife:

Who deals in slander lives in strife.

Art thou the herald of disgrace,

Denouncing war to all thy race?

Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,

Which spares no friend, nor sex, nor age?

That

That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmur'ing flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going.

Heighday! the flippant tongue replies,
How solemn is the fool, how wise!
Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not, for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong.

Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, huffy, drunkard, flatterer, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:
All join their forces to confound her;
Puffs spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpye blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out-scream'd her rage:
A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues;
One slander must ten thousand get,
The world with int'rest pays the debt.

§ 68. *Fable XXVI. The Cur and the Mastiff.*

A Sneaking Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lye,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puffs to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supply'd her place;
The Hound was beat, the Mastiff chid,
The Monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid,
The thief with love seduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd.
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur, with indignation
The master took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting stand;

The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cry'd,
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treach'ry can be just,
Take not informers words on trust.
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke. And all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

§ 69. *Fable XXVII. The Sick Man and the Angel.*

IS there no hope? the sick man said,
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath;
I feel the chilling wound of death:

Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;

'Tis self-defence in each profession,
Sure self-defence is no transgression.

The little portion in my hands
By good security on lands
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;

If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.

When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shown.

An angel came. Ah friend! he cry'd,
No more in flat'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?

What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.

This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.
But why such haste the sick man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs?

Perhaps I may recover still,
That sum and more are in my will.
Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain,
From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.
While there is life there's hopes, he cry'd;
Then why such haste? so groan'd, and dy'd.

§70. *Fable XXVIII. The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud.*

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite,
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:

Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of providence,
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd aloud,
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:

Weak is this gaudy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
It was that God, who claims my prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapour tost
(The sport of winds) in air was lost?
The glorious orb the day refines,
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

§71. *Fable XXIX. The Fox at the point of Death.*

A Fox in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;

All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:

Ah, sons! from evil ways depart,
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?

The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons! says the drooping fire,
Restrain inordinate desire.
Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost, redeem.

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed;
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The charge shall never be believ'd,
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But hark! I hear a hen that crows)
Go, but be mod'rate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good.

§72. *Fable XXX. The Setting-Dog and the Partridge.*

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches ev'ry breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men, in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudulent preparation spies:
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood;
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But ere her certain wing she tries,
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:

Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,
Dogs shall disown thee of their race!
For if I judge their native parts,
They're born with open honest hearts;
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes, or real friends.

When thus the Dog, with scornful smile:
Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind,
How ign'rant is the rustic mind!
My worth, sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts;
Friend sets his friend, without regard;
And ministers his skill reward:

Thus

Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days.

I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed ;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say ; adieu :
She said, and to the covey flew.

§ 73. *Fable XXXI. The Universal Apparition.*

ARAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd ;
Disease his tainted blood assails ;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails :
With secret ills at home he pines,
And like infirm old age declines.

As twing'd with pain he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits ;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began :

My name, perhaps hath reach'd your ear ;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a chearful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise :
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantom disappears,
The wary counsel wak'd his fears :
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins ;
And to procure a sober life
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks his ear attends ;
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail ;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.

Strait all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more ;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew ;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest ?
Power may perhaps protect his rest.

To pow'r he rose : again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night ;
Talks of Ambition's tott'ring seat,
How Envy persecutes the great ;
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air :
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours ;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his steps pursues ;
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,

Of plund'ring insects, snails and rains,
And drougths that starv'd the labour'd plains,
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there :
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the ghost address'd ;
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more ;
For Care by right should go before.

§ 74. *Fable XXXII. The Two Owls and the Sparrow.*

TWO formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat :
How is the modern taste decay'd !
Where's the respect to wisdom paid ;
Our worth the Grecian sages knew ;
They gave our fires the honour due ;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And prey'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name ;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th'Athenian bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes ;
Right. Athens was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit ;
But now, alas ! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more respected.

A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat :

Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant, you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd ;
But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show ;
That we should never look esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroy'd :
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by Nature taught ;
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care ;
So shall sleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

§ 75. *Fable XXXIII. The Courtier and Proteus.*

WHENE'ER a courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace ;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth,
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign ;
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive, along the winding strand

Employ'd

Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r;
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began:

Came you from Court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the God, by matchless skill
I change to ev'ry shape at will;
But yet I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said—a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Balk in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice his, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the God a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprise;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each abler courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the bear's and fox's part;
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.

So said, upon the God he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, Proteus, now (to truth compell'd)
Speak and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprize, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasions still:
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

§ 76. *Fable XXXIV. The Mastiff.*

THOSE who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end;
He gloried in his limping pace;
The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In ev'ry limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:

A cudgel shall correct your manners,
Whence sprung this cur'd hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite.
To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarse screaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud:

Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my Dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour or the shame.

Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below.
He rose, and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled sneak'd away.

§ 77. *Fable XXXV. The Barley-Mow and the Dunghill.*

HOW many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street?
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd, and leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cry'd:

Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing so mean must give offence.

The humble Dunghill thus replied,
Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.

§ 78. *Fable XXXVI. Pythagoras and the Countryman.*

PYTHAGORAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day.
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps mislaid him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmost round,
A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?

The Clown, with surly voice replies,
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens annoy, my turkeys dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd,
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
For public good the murd'rer dies.
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton man devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O, impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou perhaps, carniv'rous finner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!

Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,
Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater lux'ry to sustain;
For "Petty rogues submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state."

§ 79. *Fable XXXVII. The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.*

WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?

Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death apply'd?

Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is spilt, to me it sell.

Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;

On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!

Last night (I vow to heav'n 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.

Next post some fatal news shall tell,
God send my Cornish friends be well!

Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears.

Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging panniers load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And jogging on, with thoughtful care
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream:

That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good. No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

§ 80. *Fable XXXVIII. The Turkey and the Ant.*

IN other men we faults can spy,
And blame the moat that dims their eye,
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold, the busy Negro race,
See, millions blacken all the place!

Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How blest'd, how envy'd were our life,
Could we but 'scape the potter's knife!

But man, curs'd man, on turkey preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days;
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine.

From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech,
Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within.

Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.

§ 1. *Fable XXXIX. The Father and Jupiter.*

THE man to Jove his suit preferr'd ;
He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing ;
For how precarious is the blessing !

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries Heav'n with prayers.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view ;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my prayer ;

Make my lov'd progeny thy care.

Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,

All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.

My next with strong ambition fire :

May favour teach him to aspire ;

Till he the step of pow'r ascend,

And courtiers to their idol bend.

With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,

My daughter's perfect features arm.

If Heav'n approve, a Father's blest'd.

Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,

Studious of every griping art,

Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain ;

And all his life devotes to gain.

He feels no joy, his cares increase,

He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace ;

In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)

He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew :

The thriving art of courts he knew ;

He reach'd the height of power and place,

Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies

His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.

The vain coquette each suit disdains,

And glories in her lover's pains.

With age she fades, each lover flies,

Contemn'd, forlorn, the pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,

And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,

Thus spoke the God : By outward show

Men judge of happiness and woe :

Shall ignorance of good and ill

Dare to direct th' Eternal Will ?

Seek virtue ; and, of that possess,

To Providence resign the rest.

§ 2. *Fable XL. The Two Monkeys.*

THE learned, full of inward pride,

The Fops of outward show deride :

The Fop, with learning at defiance,

Scorns at the pedant, and the science :

The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,

Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter ;

While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,

Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.

Britain, a medley of the twain,

Aspert as France, as grave as Spain,

In fancy wiser than the rest,

Laughs at them both, of both the jest.

Is not the poet's chiming close

Censur'd by all the sons of prose ?

While bards of quick imagination

Despise the sleepy prose narration.

Men laugh at apes, they men contemn ;

For what are we, but apes to them ?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,

No critics had a sorer air :

They forc'd their way through draggled folks,

Who gap'd to catch Jack-pudding's jokes ;

Then took their tickets for the show,

And got by chance the foremost row.

To see their grave, observing face,

Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,

The rabble's monstrously ill-bred.

Now through the booth loud hisses ran ;

Nor ended till the show began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,

With somersets he shakes the ground ;

The cord beneath the dancer springs ;

Aloft in air the vaulter swings ;

Distorted now, now prone depends,

Now through his twisted arms ascends :

The crowd, in wonder and delight,

With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles quoth Pug, If pranks like these

The giant apes of reason please,

How would they wonder at our arts !

They must adore us for our parts.

High on the twig I've seen you cling,

Play, twitt, and turn in airy ring :

How can those clumsy things, like me,

Fly with a bound from tree to tree ?

But yet, by this applause, we find

These emulators of our kind

Discern our worth, our parts regard,

Who our mean mimics thus reward.

Brother, the grinning mate replies,

In this I grant that man is wise.

While good example they pursue,

We must allow some praise is due ;

But when they strain beyond their guide,

I laugh to scorn the mimic pride,

For how fantastic is the sight,

To meet men always bolt upright,

Because we sometimes walk on two !

I hate the imitating crew.

§ 3. *Fable XLI. The Owl and the Farmer.*

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,

Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,

Within a barn had chose his station,

As fit for prey and contemplation.

Upon a beam aloft he sits,

And nods, and seems to think, by fits.

So have I seen a man of news,

Or Post-boy or Gazette peruse ;

Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,

And fix the fate of Europe round.

Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor.

At dawn of morn, to view his store,

The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest :

Reason in man is mere pretence :
How weak, how shallow is his sense !
To treat with scorn the Bird of night,
Declares his folly, or his spite.
Then, too, how partial is his praise !
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays,
To his ill-judging ears are fine,
And nightingales are all divine.
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train !
Like slaves, they croud my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind.

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd :
Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou, with that harsh grating tongue,
Depreciate birds of warbling song ?
Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee as thou art, an Owl.
Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.
Few follow wisdom, or her rules ;
Fools in derision follow fools.

§ 84. *Fable XLII. The Jugglers.*

A Juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown ;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud :

Is this then he so fam'd for slight ?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight ?
Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'Tis done ;
In science I submit to none.

Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd ;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.

The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain :
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair ;
His fingers spread, and nothing there ;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold :
And now his iv'ry eggs are told ;
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stepped forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing,
See this bank-note ; observe the blessing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pa's ! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.

A second puff the magic broke ;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd ;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled ;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand ;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows :
Blow here ; and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smoaks a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address :
This picture see ; her shape, her breast !
What youth, and what inviting eyes !
Hold her, and have her. With surprise
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his illis.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape, but Charity ;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art :
Can I such matchless slight withstand !
How practice hath improv'd your hand !
But now and then I cheat the throng ;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

§ 85. *Fable XLIII. The Council of Horses.*

UPON a time a neighing steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stepped forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address :

Good gods ! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace !
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain ?
Consider, friends, your strength and might ;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach !
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load ?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind !
What force is in our nerves combin'd !

Shall

Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back belstride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, Heav'n's! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first controul,
And still the tyger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.

A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanc'd before the race;
With age and long experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes.
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:

When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains.
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's grain;
We share the toil, and share the gain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heav'n assign'd.

The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

§ 86. *Fable XLIV. The Hound and the Huntsman.*

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chase.
Now, scatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!

Ringwood, a Dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies;
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan:

I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.

When puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd,
They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

§ 87. *Fable XLV. The Poet and the Rose.*

I Hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister aukward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in, the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd:

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there:

I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
Of all mankind, you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

§ 88. *Fable XLVI. The Cur, the Horse, and the Shepherd's Dog.*

THE lad of all-sufficient merit
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;

His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friends and foes;
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace.
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
Or if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A Village-cur, of snappish race,
The pertest Puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with music's sweetest note;
In the mid-road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature pass'd along,
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he scow'rs, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
With thrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way:
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing trav'ler sprung.
The Horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward: rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus: When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadst not, like a Puppy, dy'd.

§ 89. *Fable XLVII. The Court of Death.*

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Croud the vast Court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:

This night our minister we name,
Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.—
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd:

I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems suppress'd,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy:

My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack, secure, though slow,

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand;
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:

Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
Forego your claim; no more pretend:
Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And, as a courted guest, destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

§ 90. *Fable XLVIII. The Gardener and the Hog.*

A Gard'ner of peculiar taste
On a young Hog his favour plac'd;
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd;
Who fondly strok'd him ev'ry day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus address'd the Swine:

My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease;
If the potatoe's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers;
My tulips are my garden's pride;
What vast expence those beds supply'd!

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd.
He munches now the streaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then, stagger'ing, through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spy'd;
Villain, suspend thy rage, he cry'd.

Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What all my flowers! No more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.

The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns:
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown,
For I devour'd the roots alone.

At this the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears his veins.

Ah! foolish swain, too late you find,
That flies were for such friends design'd!
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace:
Who cherishes a brutal mate
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.

§ 91. *Fable XLIX. The Man and the Flea.*

WHETHER in earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!

Does not the hawk all fowls survey
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?

When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands;
Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who gave all these to pleasure me!

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend;
The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, All these were made for me!

What dignity's in human nature!
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eyes,
And view'd the sea and arch'd skies;
The sun was sunk beneath the main,
The moon, and all the starry train,
Hung the vast vault of heav'n. The Man
His contemplation thus began:

When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by Heav'n design'd
As gifts to pleasure human-kind;
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!

Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose:
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for Man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What, heav'n and earth for thee design'd!
For thee! made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed,

§ 92. *Fable L. The Hare and many Friends.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went, at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies,
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
'Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend:
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burthen's light.

The Horse reply'd: Poor honest Pufs,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus.
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep, as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu,
For, see, the hounds are just in view.

§ 93. *Sleep.* YOUNG.

THIRD Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles! the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.

§ 94. *Address to the Deity.* YOUNG.

THOU, who didst put to flight [stars,
Primæval Silence, when the morning
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball; [struck
O THOU, whose word from solid darkness
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my
soul; [treasure,
My soul which flies to Thee, her trust, her
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of Nature, and of Soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of Life and Death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my Conduct, than my Song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

§ 95. *Time.* YOUNG.

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of
Time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours: [stood.
Where are they? With the years beyond the
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

§ 96. *Reflection on Man.* YOUNG.

HOW poor, how rich, how abject, how
august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Whocentred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvelously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, fully'd and absorb'd!
Tho' fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,

And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd,
aghast,

And wond'ring at her own: How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

§ 97. *Life and Eternity.* YOUNG.

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his
thoughts;

Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more! [expire!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

§ 98. *Time and Death.* YOUNG.

EACH moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample
sweep [plays
Strikes empires from the root; each moment
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss. [vain!
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words and
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of Heav'n!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air,
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had mis'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the star.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;

And

And, one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?

Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace
was slain; [her horn.

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy
wheel

Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from fortune's
Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure, [smile,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Thro' the dark postern of time long laps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament:
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain? or why complain for
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me, [one?
The single man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of pain.

§ 99. *Oppression, Want, and Disease.* YOUNG.

WAR, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and
Fire,

Intestine broils, Oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind,
God's image disinherited of day, [made.
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was
There beings, deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lapt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd:
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom,
Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye sicken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here, [duce
And breathe from your debauch; give, and re-

Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
Disease invades the chafest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of
Man's caution often into danger turns, [peace.
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills, [sigh.
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to

§ 100. *Death.* YOUNG.

BEWARE, Lorenzo! a slow sudden death.

How dreadful that deliberate surprize!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live."
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverision takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their future selves ap-
plauds;

How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone;
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man, [deed,
And that thro' ev'ry stage: when young, in-
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself im-
mortal.

All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sud-
den dread;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded
air, [found.
Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted way no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

§ 101. *Inconsistency of Man.* YOUNG.

AH! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless Art! our furious charioteer
(For Nature's voice unlist'ned would recall)
Drives headlong tow'rd the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death thus more dread-
O what a riddle of absurdity! [ful made:
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Best leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful Time if prisons set us free.
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd
To man's false optics (from his folly false),
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepid with his age:
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.
We rave, we wrestle, with Great Nature's
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed, [plan;
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their
own.

Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broils;
We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Lavish of lustions, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and short; Death seek,
and shun;
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part,

§ 102. *Vanity.* YOUNG.

OH the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible when
gone! [us fill;
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns,

Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possest, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who consecrates his
hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with Nature; and her paths are
peace.

§ 103. *Paternal Love.* YOUNG.

FATHERS alone, a Father's heart can know;
What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
When brothers love! But if their hate succeeds,
They wage the war; but 'tis the Father bleeds.

§ 104. *Conscience.* YOUNG.

OTREACH'ROUS Conscience! while she
seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to
drop
On headlong Appetite the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The spy informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills,
Not the gross Act alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp;
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal [heirs;
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable Time;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
Writes our whole history; which Death shall
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear: [read
And Judgment publish; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound,

§ 105. *Old Age.* YOUNG.

WHEN men once reach their Autumn,
sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows;
Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire,
This is the common lot.

§ 106. *Self Love.* YOUNG.

WHO venerate themselves, the world despise,
For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd
world,
Which hangs out Death in one eternal night?
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the
Life's little stage is a small eminence, [throud,
Inch-

Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot! [thee;
Is death at distance? No: He has been on
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow. [now?
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all
drown'd

In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: How fleet their
Already has the fatal train took fire; [flight!
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

§ 106^a. *Communion with Past Hours.* YOUNG.

'TIS greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to
heav'n; [news.
And how they might have borne more welcome
Their answers form what men experience call;
If Wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them! Kind Experience cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing
weighs; [vain;
"The more our joy, the more we know it
"And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but must be so.
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

§ 106^b. *Conscience.* YOUNG.

CONSCIENCE, what art thou? Thou tremendous pow'r!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves, another self;
A master self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
Make the past, present; and the future, frown?
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life?

§ 106^c. *Life.* YOUNG.

LIFE speeds away
From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; Gnomons,
As these are useless when the sun is set; [time;
So those, but when more glorious Reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard,
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,

'Tis later with the wife than he's aware:
A *Wilmington goes slower than the sun;
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment lure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

§ 106^d. *Bliss.* YOUNG.

MUCH is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
Of such as have the world in their possession,
To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
For envy to small minds is flattery.
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
Against their consciences? And this we know;
Yet, knowing, disbelieve; and try again [tion;
What we have try'd, and struggle with convic-
Each new experience gives the former credit,
And reverend grey Threescore is but a voucher,
That Thirty told is true.

§ 106^e. *Friendship.* YOUNG.

KNOW'ST thou, Lorenzo! what a friend
contains? [flow'rs,
As bees mixt Nectar draw from fragrant
Somen from Friendship, Wisdom and Delight;
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad?
Good Sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut
up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been
deny'd; [terion too!
Speech thought's canal! Speech, thought's cri-
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold,
or dross;
When coin'd in words, we know its real
If sterling, store it for thy future use; [worth.
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament, and whets, for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
If born blest heirs of half their mother's
tongue! [nate puff
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alter-
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.

§ 106^f. *Wisdom, Friendship, Joy, and Happiness.* YOUNG.

WISDOM, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial
hive,

What is she, but the means of Happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom
Nature, in zeal for human amity, [wise.
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.

Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: It calls for Two; [One.
Rich fruit! Heav'n-planted! never pluckt by
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.

Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense, is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft.
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

Beware the counterfeit: In Passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder
froze. [foe:

True love strikes root in Reason; passion's
Virtue alone entenders us for life:

I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.
Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most
Is Virtue kindling at a rival fire, [fair
And, emulously, rapid in her race.

O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity. [themes,

From Friendship, which outlives my former
Glorious survivor of old Time and Death!
From Friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly
seed,

The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elysian flower?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.

Tho' choice of follies fasten on the Great,
None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafure of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile. [throw out

Their smiles, the Great, and the Coquette,
For others hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.

Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye pow'rs of wealth!
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!

As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.

Lorenzo! pridelrepress; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.

All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

§ 106^g. *Friendship.* YOUNG.

DELIBERATE on all things with thy
friend. [bough,

But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;

First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sit; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;

Judge before friendship, then confide till death,
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;

How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

"Poor is the friendless master of a world:
"A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,

For twenty summers ripening by my side;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;

All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!

Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.

High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare!

§ 106^h. *Happiness.* YOUNG.

THRICE happy they, who sleep in hum-
ble life,

Beneath the storm ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The Great should have the same of happiness,

The consolation of a little envy,
'Tis all their pay for those superior cares, [feel.

Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can

§ 106ⁱ. *Dissolution of a Virtuous Man.* YOUNG.

THE chamber where the good man meets
his fate,

Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n.

Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,

That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.

For, here, restless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

Here tir'd dissimulation drops her masque,
Thro' life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!

Here real, and apparent, are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heav'n;

If sound his virtue; as Philander's, sound.
Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her
friends

On this side death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!

To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,

Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns,

§ 106^k. *Love.* YOUNG.

LOVE calls for Love. Not all the pride of
beauty; [of;

Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made
Those

Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life; [felt:

Those hills of driven snow, which seen are
All these possess are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart,

§ 106^l. *Pleasures of Meditation.* YOUNG.

FROM Dreams, where thought in fancy's
maze runs mad,

To Reason, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude, to be alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our Reason, Guardian Angel, and our God!
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote, but these.
How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! un approv'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy
To win thy wish, creation has no more, [breast;
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend—
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

§ 106^m. *Beauty.* YOUNG.

BEAUTY alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike; then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions.

§ 106ⁿ. *Passions.* YOUNG.

WHEN Reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant track of glory; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reason,
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence; and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame, for high renown.

§ 106^o. *Picture of Narcissa, Description of
her Funeral, and a Reflection upon Man.*

YOUNG.

SWEET harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plumage,
Transfixt by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy!
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise, [this group
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all
Weguests of heav'n: and these were all her own,
And she was mine; and I was—*was!*—most
Gay title of the deepest misery! [blest—
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;
Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd,
in joy.

Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame,
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat; and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,
That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Deny'd his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks
to glow,

And out-blush (mine excepted) every fair:
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coëval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile at him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Mild, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath di-
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste, [vine,
While here, presuming on the rights of Heav'n,
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence be wise;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the
heart;

A broken reed, at best; but, oft, a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope
expires. [Thought repell'd,

Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—
Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy fresh op'ning
joys! [complete!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss
And

And on a foreign shore; where strangers wept!
 Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,
 Strangers to kindness, wept: Their eyes let
 fall [down
 Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled
 From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
 While nature melted, superstition rav'd;
 That mourn'd the dead; and this deny'd, a
 grave. [will!

Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the
 Their will the tyger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
 For oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
 While sinful flesh relented, spirit, nurs'd
 In blind infallibility's embrace,
 The faintest spirit petrify'd the breast;
 Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread
 O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do? What succour? What re-
 With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole; [source?
 With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
 Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
 With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
 I whisper'd what should echo thro' their realms;
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce
 the skies. [foes,

Prefumpruous fear! How durst I dread her
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
 Half execration mingled with my prayer;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
 Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
 Stamp'd the curst soil; and with humanity
 (Deny'd Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow's my resentment into guilt? What
 Can equal violations of the dead? [guilt
 The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!
 This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.
 When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
 When man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
 Then, spleen to dust? the dust of innocence?
 An angel's dust?—This Lucifer transcends;
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking in a race
 Most wretched, but from streams of mutual
 And uncreated, but for love divine; [love;
 And, but for love divine, this moment, lost,
 By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
 Man hard of heart to man! Of horrid things
 Most horrid! Most stupendous, highly strange!
 Yet oft his countess are smoother wrongs;
 Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
 And contumelious his humanity: [stars!
 What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye

And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the
 Man is to man the forest, surest ill. [sound;
 A previous blast foretells the rising storm;
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
 Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue;
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
 And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
 Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
 Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
 Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

§ 106P. *Jealousy.* YOUNG.

IT is Jealousy's peculiar nature
 To swell small things to great; nay, out of
 nought
 To conjure much; and then to lose its reason
 Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

§ 106Q. *Passions.* YOUNG.

WHILE passions glow, the heart, like
 heated steel, [sure.
 Takes each impression, and is work'd at plea-

§ 106R. *Cowards.* YOUNG.

COWARDS in ill, like cowards in the field,
 Are sure to be defeated. To strike home,
 In both, is prudence. Guilt, begun, must fly
 To guilt consummate, to be safe.

§ 106S. *Dying Friends.* YOUNG.

OUR dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
 To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
 That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
 Our rugged path to death; to break those bars
 Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
 Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
 Pluckt from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
 And, damp't with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
 Are angels sent on errands full of love;
 For us they languish, and for us they die:
 And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering
 shades,
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
 Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd
 graves,
 Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their
 deaths?

Lorenzo!

Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
Auspicious Æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.

§ 106^t. *Thanks to the Deity.* YOUNG.

BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms:
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the Fear of Death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;
I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

§ 106^u. *Passions.* YOUNG.

PASSIONS, if great, tho' turn'd to their
reverse,
Keep their degree, and are great passions still.
And she who, when she thinks her lover false,
Retains her temper, never lost her heart.

§ 106^w. *Human Life.* YOUNG.

—AH! what is human life?
How like the dial's tardy-moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd!
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen:
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.

§ 106^x. *Man.* YOUNG.

MAN! know thyself. All wisdom centres
there!

To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long shall human nature be their book,
Degen'rate mortal! and unread by thee?
The beam dim reason sheds shews wonders
there;

What high contents! Illustrious faculties!
But the grand comment, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the Cross.

Who looks on That, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm;
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul

Catches strange fire, Eternity! at Thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys;
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!
It is another scene! another self!
And still another, as time rolls along;
And that a self far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising fate!

How nature opens, and receives my soul [gods
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where
Encounter and embrace me! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
Where what now charms, perhaps, what'er
Old time, and fair creation, are forgot! [exists,

Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just: [him;
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain; pour'd Himself
Thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream,
Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they continue rational, as made,
Reforms them all into Himself again; [crown.
His throne their centre, and his smile their

§ 106^y. *Feeling.* YOUNG.

WHO never lov'd ne'er suffer'd; he feels
nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone;
And when we feel for others, reason reels,
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
As love alone can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain;
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

§ 106^z. *Religion.* YOUNG.

RELIGION's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and, in her right, the
Religion! the sole voucher man is man; [next;
Supporter sole of man above himself;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After-state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise.
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;

As

As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To Reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And groaning Calvary, of thee! There shine
The noblest truths; there strongest motives sting;
There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There nothing but compulsion is forborn.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation
If in his love so terrible, what then [shakes.
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can pray'r, can praise avert it?—Thou, my All!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition! pleasure! wealth!—my world!

My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast thro' time! bliss thro' eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man;
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me:
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!

§ 107^a. *Jealousy*. YOUNG.

O JEALOUSY, each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counter-
poize
For all the transports beauty can inspire!

§ 107^b. *Faith and Reason*. YOUNG.

FOND as we are, and justly fond, of faith,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair faith is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
When faith is virtue, reason makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian; think not reason
your's:

'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear;
'Tis reason's injur'd rights His wrath repents;
'Tis reason's voice obey'd His glories crown;
To give lost reason life, He pour'd his own:
Believe, and shew the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Thro' reason's wounds alone thy faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

§ 107^c. *Misfortune*. YOUNG.

MISFORTUNE stands with her bow ever
bent
Over the world; and he who wounds another,
Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,
Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

§ 107^d. *Vanity and Adulation*. YOUNG.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no
more.

As just thy second charge. I grant the muse
Has often blusht at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by sense to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' pow'rful charm
'Twas given, to make a civet of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of pleasure, and of pride.
These share the man; and these distract him too;
Draw diff'rent ways, and clash in their com-
mands.

Pride like an eagle builds among the stars;
But pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, pride repents;
Pleasure embraces: Man would both enjoy,
And both at once: A point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when stung by strong
desire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of sense can't rise to reason's taste;
In subtle sophistry's laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with ap-
plause.

Wit calls the graces the chaste zone to loose;
Nor less than a plump god to fill the bowl:
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which shock'd the judgment, shocks
no more;

That which gave pride offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and pride, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
By wit's address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art! wipes off th' indebted blush
From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise.

All writ by man in favour of the soul,
These sensual ethics far, in bulk transcend,
The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can pow'rs of genius exercise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song?

§ 107^e. *Generosity*. YOUNG.

A GENEROUS soul is not confin'd at home,
But spreads itself abroad o'er all the public,
And feels for ev'ry member of the land.

§ 107^f. *Reflection on the World.* YOUNG.

WHAT is this world?—Thy school, O misery!
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer; [thing.
And he who knows not that, was born for no-

§ 107^g. *Ingratitude.* YOUNG.

HE that's ungrateful has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

§ 107^h. *Darkness and Solitude.* YOUNG.

LET Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
To settle on Himself, our point supremel
There lies our theatre! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis reason's reign,
And virtue's too; these tutelary shades
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian
It no less rescues virtue, than inspires. [too;

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the croud,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange: Light, motion, concourse,
noise, [bound,
All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home-
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.
We see, we hear, with peril; safety dwells
Remote from multitude; the world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; this wounds our
peace. [smite

From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been
With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Vice sinks in her allurements, is unguilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, thro' ev'ry distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall,
On contemplation's eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In private audience: All the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
(Rude drunkard, rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black
waste

Of murder'd time! Auspicious midnight! hail!
The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with Heav'n,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders past,
Predestines future action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm;
All her lyes answers, and thinks down her
charms.

§ 107ⁱ. *Reflections in a Church-yard.* YOUNG.

THE man how blest, who, sick of gaudy
scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo! read with me Narcissa's stone;
(Narcissa was thy fav'rite) let us read
Her moral stone; few doctors preach so well;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date?
Apt words can strike: and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we, here, enjoy.
What cause have we to build on length of life?
Temptations seize, when fear is laid asleep;
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess! fallies on my soul,
And puts delusion's dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mists our sultry passions raise,
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene;
And shews the real estimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from virtue's rising charms;
Detects temptation in a thousand lyes.
Truth bids me look on men, as autumn leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's duit,
Driv'n by the whirlwind: Lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new pow'rs,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys possess;
Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in her sight;
Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms;
In pompous promise, from her schemes pro-
found.

If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
At the first blast it vanishes in air. [and yet,

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's;
From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage?
Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.

Why are friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,
By soft affection's ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which reason, too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens there.

Nor reaſon, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand! [world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!

And to forget it, the chief aim of life,
Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

§ 107^k. *Reflection.* YOUNG.

A Soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

§ 107^l. *Inattention to the Voice of Death.*
YOUNG.

TELL me, ſome god! my guardian angel!
tell,

What thus inſatuates? what inchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thouſand
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd? [quivers
We ſtand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal ſtill!
We ſee time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his aſſault;
How few themſelves, in that juſt mirror, ſee!
Or, ſeeing, draw their inference as ſtrong!
There death is certain; doubtful here: He muſt,
And ſoon; We may, within an age, expire.
Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims
are green; [ſent;

Like damag'd clocks, whoſe hand and bell diſ-
Folly ſings Six, while nature points at Twelve.

What folly can be ranker? Like our ſhadows,
Our wiſhes lengthen, as our ſun declines,
No wiſh ſhould loiter, then, this ſide the grave,
Our hearts ſhould leave the world, before the
Calls for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil. [knell
Enough to live in tempeſt, die in port;
Age ſhould fly concurrence, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment; and the will's ſubdue;
Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That ſhortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If unconfider'd too, a dreadful ſcene!

All ſhould be prophets to themſelves; foreſee
Their future ſate; their future fate foretaſte;
This art would waſte the bitterneſs of death.
The thought of death alone, the fear deſtroys.
A diſaffection to that precious thought
Is more than midnight darkneſs on the ſoul,
Which ſleeps beneath it, on a precipice,
Puff'd off by the firſt blaſt, and loſt for ever.

§ 107^m. *Prosperity, Content, and Ambition.*
YOUNG.

O How portentous is proſperity! [ſhines!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it
Few years but yield us proof of death's am-
bition,

To cull his victims from the faireſt fold,
And ſheath his ſhafts in all the pride of life.
When flood'd with abundance, purpl'd o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliſs,
Set up in oſtentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When fortune thus has toſs'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble ſtate,
How often have I ſeen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our ev'ning's ſigh!
As if her bounties were the ſignal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the ſacrifice,
And call Death's arrows on the deſtin'd prey.

High fortune ſeems in cruel league with fate.
Ask you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illuſtrious ſpoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns Lorenzo ſtill for the ſublime
Of life? to hang his airy neſt on high,
On the ſlight timber of the topmoſt bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim death at equal diſtance there;
Yet peace begins juſt where ambition ends.
What makes man wretched? Happineſs deny'd?
Lorenzo! no: 'Tis happineſs diſdain'd.
She comes too meanly dreſt to win our ſmile;
And calls herſelf Content, a homely name!
Our flame is tranſport, and content our ſcorn.
Ambition turns, and ſhuts the door againſt her,
And weds a toil, a tempeſt, in her ſtead;
A tempeſt to warm tranſport near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal ſtate admits,
Life's modeſt joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
And all our extaſies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And ſince thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtleſs of thy fate!
As late I drew death's picture, to ſtir up [ſee
Thy wholeſome fears; now, drawn in contraſt,
Gay fortune's, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the ſportive goddeſs hangs,
Unlocks her caſket, ſpreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All ruſh rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings,
Priſts o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still more ador'd) to ſnatch the golden ſhow'r.

Gold

Gold glitters most, where virtue shines no more;

As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennell'd from the prisons, and the stews,
Pour in, all open in their idol's praise;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
Untasted, thro' mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.
Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch,
they fly,

O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

§ 107ⁿ. *Lyfander and Aspasia*. YOUNG.

LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aspasia: She was kind:
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest:

All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering
spires

Float in the wave, and break against the shore:
So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.

§ 107^o. *Genius connected with Ignominy*.

YOUNG.

HEART merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,

Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold,
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once compassion soft, and envy, rise—
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

§ 107^p. *Exalted Station*. YOUNG.

WHAT is station high?

'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;

It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave; all more is merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right:
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His own, descending fairly from his fires.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps:
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

§ 107^q. *Ambition and Fame*. YOUNG.

AMBITION's boundless appetite out-speaks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take
At high presumptions of their own desert, [fire
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names eternally to live: [thought,
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter:
But our blind reason sees not where it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Condemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
'And is This all? cry'd Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate;
Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown.
And why? Because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls:
It calls in whisper, yet the dearest hear.

§ 107^r. *Human Praise*. YOUNG.

NOR absolutely vain is human praise,
When human is supported by divine.
I'll introduce Lorenzo to himself; [hearts,
Pleasure and pride (bad masters!) share our
As love of pleasure is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of praise is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.

G

What

What is it, but the love of praise, inspires,
Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
Earth's happiness? From that, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous; of civil life,
Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
The basis, on which love of glory builds.
Nor is thy life, O virtue! less in debt
To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
Were men not proud, what merit should we miss!
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good.
Thirst of applause is virtue's second guard;
Reason, her first; but reason wants an aid;
Our private reason is a flatterer;
Thirst of applause calls public judgment in,
To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

§ 107^s. *Hope.* YOUNG.

HOPE, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears; and transport has her death:
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits, and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attempter'd! a chastis'd delight!
Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild, and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

§ 107^t. *Human Life compared to the Ocean.* YOUNG.

OCEAN! Thou dreadful and tumultuous
home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
(Tho' lately feasted high at * Albion's coast)
Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblance tempts me farther still;
And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer, and stream-
ers gay,

We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All, in some darling enterprize embark;
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: With hearts of
proof,
Full against wind and tide, some win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!

Tho' strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike; and while they triumph, they ex-
pire.

In stress of weather, most; some sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows
close;

To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond fate's elect!)
With swelling sails make good the promis'd
port,

With all their wishes freighted! Yet ev'n these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless
escapes

In ruin end: And, now, their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

§ 107^u. *Humility true Greatness.* YOUNG.

DOST thou demand a test,
A test, at once infallible, and short,
Of real Greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall de-
If this a true criterion, many courts, [spair.
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth
surveys [Heart;
Nought greater, than an honest, humble
An humble Heart, His residence! pronounc'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!

§ 107^w. *Pleasure.* YOUNG.

PLEASURE's the mistress of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
And well it was for man, that pleasure charms:
How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray!
How would the frozen stream of action cease!
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of pleasure: That, thro' ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death
from life.

Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family hold all in chains:
Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
Some honest pleasure court; and some, obscene.
Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
Of passions, that can err in human hearts;

Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom? Whoredom, all,

But when our reason licenses delight. [more.
Dost doubt, Lorenzo? Thou shalt doubt no
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others gold!
And that hag vengeance, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
Where horrid epicures debauch in blood.

Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
For Her, the black assassin draws his sword:
For Her, dark statesmen trim their midnight
To which no single sacrifice may fall; [lamp,
For Her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
For Her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears:
For Her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.
Thus universal her despotic power!

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
Patron of pleasure! doater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name:
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower;
And honest Epicurus' foes were fools. [fence;

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wife of—
If o'er-strain'd wisdom still retains the name.
How knits austerity her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the praise
Of pleasure, to mankind, unprais'd, too dear!
Ye modern Stoics! hear my soft reply;
Their senses men will trust: We can't impose;
Or, if we could, is imposition right?
Own honey-sweet; but, owning, add this sting:
"When mixt with poison, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but virtue to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before disease?
What nature loves is good, without our leave.
And where no future drawback cries, "Be-
ware,"

Pleasure, tho' not from virtue, should prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heaven;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wisdom, her younger sister, tho' more grave,
Was meant to minister, and not to mar,
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

§ 107^x. *Piety.* YOUNG.

ON piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;

A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the Great God that instant joins
The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

§ 107^y. *Earthly Happiness.* YOUNG.

NO man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than him—
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all; [self;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels, all, intitled to repose
On Him who governs fate: Tho' tempest
frowns,

Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven!
To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heav'n:
Hence, are they studious of sequester'd scenes;
While noise, and dissipation, comfort thee.

§ 107^z. *Joy.* YOUNG.

VAIN are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fixt state; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but unprecious bliss:
That is the gem: Sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;
And nought, but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

§ 108. *Worth.* YOUNG.

WORTH, conscious worth! should absolute-
ly reign;
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-
bound, [pleasure;
Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise fur
If gain'd, dear bought; and better mis'd than
gain'd. [cur'd.
Much pain must expiate what much pain pro-
fancy and sense, from an infected shore,

Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize.
Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst!)
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!
Fancy still cruizes, when poor sense is tir'd.

§ 108^a. *Picture of a Good Man.* YOUNG.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed;
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye;
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!

His full reverse in all! What higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and flues their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs: Where
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity; [they
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.*
Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe; [heaven,
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds
his peace.

A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees!
While their broad foliage testifies their fall!
Their no-joys end, where his full feast begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.

To triumph in existence, his alone:
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

§ 108^b. *Night.* YOUNG.

O majestic Night!

Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns, [loom
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine, [throughout,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heav'n
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.

§ 108^c. *The Contrast.* YOUNG.

MOROSE is sunk with shame, whene'er
surpris'd

In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valu'd, like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling rent:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
"And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out*."

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature; that, the prim:
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.

§ 108^d. *Reflection on Death.* YOUNG.

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's
scene; [plume?
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their
How many sleep, who kept the world awake?
With lustre, and with noise! has death pro-
claim'd

A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"Profest diversions! cannot these escape?"—
Far from it: These present us with a shroud;

* Milton.

And

And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime: from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: How like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? Thy world—A grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.

§ 108^c. *Solitude.* YOUNG.

O SACRED solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are innocence and peace:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore;
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest'd with health, with business un-
perplex'd,

This life we relish, and ensure the next;
There to the Muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

§ 108^f. *The Day of Judgment.* YOUNG.

LO! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At Heav'n's all-pow'ful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
To fix a hero's birth day or descent? [spent,
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of antient days?
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands.
Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in number more,
The waves that break on the resounding shore.
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above;

Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, Fall; another, Stand:
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking
dawn

Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's
field, [yield,

Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air:
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men, pre-
pare!"

Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms
resound. [earth,

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my muse,
How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou
chule?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in
worlds of light,

Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! Where time,
and place,

Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the
world,

And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.

A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:

But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the
source

Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings
play;

Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the strings, some strike the sound-
ing shell,

And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!

O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of him in Bethlem born;
A needl's, helpless, unaccounted, guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate
laid,

Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted,
groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd
below?

And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd,—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blasphem'd;
Thou or thy Pris'ner? which shall be con-
demn'd? [exclaim;

Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd
for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns
raise

Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the
columns fly.

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is
plac'd,

With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff, of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flashes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood,

Oh formidable Glory! dreadful bright!

Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.

Ah turn, unwary must, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell,
Say not, (to make the Sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.

But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe its own offence to find?

By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of Pray'r?

Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

"O Thou! whose balance does the moun-
tains weigh,

"Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
"Whose breath can turn those watry worlds
"to flame,

"That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
"Earth's meanest son, all trembling, pro-
"strate falls,

"And on the boundless of thy goodness calls,
"O! give the winds all past offence to sweep,

"To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:

"Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,

"And wholly dedicate my soul to thee: [flow

"Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and

"At thy command, nor human motive know!

"If anger boil, let anger be my praise,

"And sin the graceful indignation raise.

"My love be warm to succour the distress'd,

"And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

"Oh may my understanding ever read [made!

"This glorious volume, which thy wisdom

"Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry

"pride? [bride?

"Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling

"Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to

"crown?

"And bids old Winter lay her honours down?

"Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,

"Not Europe's arbiters of peace and war.

"May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be

"join'd,

"To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!

"When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,

"May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance

"shake my soul! [shine,

"When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly

"Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!

"Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,

"Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!

"Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?

"Thine is the vintage, and the conquest Thine:

"Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends

"the bow;

"The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:

"'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies

"forth, [north,

"And giv'st great Anne Thy sceptre o'er the

"Grant

" Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
 " Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
 " Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 " And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
 " As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 " And glow with ardour of consummate love;
 " Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
 " My endless worship shall be still begun.

" And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
 " To sacred thought may forcibly invite. [rise,
 " When this world's shut, and awful planets
 " Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies:
 " Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
 " And shew all nature in a milder light; [sides!
 " How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calms sub-
 " How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
 " O how divine! to tread the milky way,
 " To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
 " His court admire, or for his favour sue,
 " Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
 " Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep;
 " While I long vigils to its Founder keep!

" Can'st thou not shake the centre? Oh
 " controul,

" Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul;
 " Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
 " Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
 " Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
 " Alluring pleasure, and assailing pain.
 " O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
 " And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
 " Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the
 " Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies! [prize,
 " At the Great Day of recompence behold,
 " Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
 " Then waded upward to the blissful feat,
 " From age to age my grateful song repeat;
 " My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour
 " And rival angels in the praise of Thee!" [see,

FABLES for the Female Sex. MOORE.

§ 109. Fable I. The Eagle and the Assembly of Birds.

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
 I write, Fair Excellence, to you;
 Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
 Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
 Truth under fiction I impart,
 To weed out folly from the heart,
 And shew the paths that lead astray
 The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.

I flatter none. The great and good
 Are by their actions understood;
 Your monument if actions raise,
 Shall I deface my idle praise?
 I echo not the voice of Fame,
 That dwells delighted on your name;
 Her friendly tale, however true,
 Were flatt'ry if I told it you,

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
 The jilt, the prude, demand my strain;
 To these, detesting praise, I write,
 And vent in charity my spite:

With friendly hand I hold the glass
 To all, promiscuous as they pass;
 Should folly there her likeness view,
 I fret not that the mirror's true;
 If the fantastic form offend,
 I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in every clime and age,
 Spurns at the folly-soothing page,
 While satire, that offends the ear
 Of vice and passion, pleases her.

Premising this, your anger spare,
 And claim the fable, you who dare.

The birds in place, by factions press'd,
 To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd;
 By specious lyes the state was vex'd;
 Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
 They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
 A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
 Jove grants their suit. The Eagle fate
 Decider of the grand debate.

The Pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
 Demands permission to be heard.

Says he, Prolixity of phrase

You know I hate. This libel says,

" Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,

" Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice,

" And, skill'd to chatter out the hour,

" Rise by their emptiness to pow'r."

That this is aim'd direct at me,

No doubt you'll readily agree;

Yet well this sage assembly knows,

By parts to government I rose;

My prudent counsels prop the state;

Magpies were never known to prate.

The Kite rose up. His honest heart

In virtue's suff'rings bore a part.

That there were birds of prey he knew;

So far the libeller said true;

" Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,

" Who knew no int'rest but their own;

" Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,

" Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd."

This might be true, but if apply'd

To him, in troth the slanderer ly'd.

Since ign'rance then might be misled,

Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.

The Crow was vex'd. As yester-morn

He flew across the new-sown corn,

A screaming boy was set for pay,

He knew, to drive the crows away;

Scandal had found him out in turn,

And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.

The Owl arose, with solemn face,

And thus harangu'd upon the case:

That magpies prate, it may be true,

A kite may be voracious too,

Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;

He libels not, who strikes at these;

The slander's here—" But there are birds,

" Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words;

" Blunderers, who level in the dark,

" And always shoot beside the mark."

He names not me; but these are hints,

Which manifest at whom he squints;

I were indeed that blundering fowl.

To question if he meant an owl.

Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,
 'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
 The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
 Secur'd by innocence from harm;
 While guilt, and his associate fear,
 Are startled at the passing air.

§ 110. *Fable II. The Panther, the Horse, and other Beasts.*

THE man who seeks to win the fair
 (So custom says) must truth forbear;
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lye,
 And raise the goddess to the sky.
 For truth is hateful to her ear,
 A rudeness which she cannot bear.
 A rudeness! Yes. I speak my thoughts;
 For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Chloe, then am I,
 Who love you, and yet cannot lye!
 And still, to make you less my friend,
 I strive your errors to amend!
 But shall the senseless fop impart
 The softest passion to your heart,
 While he, who tells you honest truth,
 And points to happiness your youth,
 Determines, by his care, his lot,
 And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
 Your taste for flattery I could please,
 And similes in each dull line,
 Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine,
 What if I say your lips disclose
 The freshness of the opening rose?
 Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
 Enrich'd by refreshing show'rs?
 Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
 Time every beauty will invade.
 The butterfly, of various hue,
 More than the flow'r resembles you;
 Fair, flitting, fickle, busy thing,
 To pleasure ever on the wing,
 Gayly coquetting for an hour,
 To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last?
 'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
 An easy carriage, wholly free
 From sour reserve, or levity;
 Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
 And looks unskill'd in any art;
 Humility, enough to own
 The frailties, which a friend makes known,
 And decent pride, enough to know
 The worth, that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,
 Though youth and beauty fade away,
 And time, which all things else removes,
 Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask, To what intent
 This blunt address to you is sent?
 I'll spare the question, and confess
 I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less;
 But rail, be angry, or complain,
 I will be rude, while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
 When beasts met friendly on the plain,
 A Panther of majestic port,
 (The vainest female of the court)
 With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
 Fill'd every bosom with desire.
 Where-e'er she moved, a servile crowd
 Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:
 Assemblies every week she held,
 (Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
 Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
 And lyes and scandal fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
 Encircled by the spacious ring.
 Low-bowing, with important look,
 As first in rank, the Monkey spoke:
 "Gad take me, madam, but I swear,
 "No angel ever look'd so fair:
 "Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,
 "You were not quite divine till now;
 "Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!
 "O, close them, or the gazer dies!"
 Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush,
 I vow and swear you make me blush;
 I shall be angry at this rate;
 'Tis so like flattery, which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
 The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
 And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
 To which the fair have vast pretence!
 Yet well he knew them always vain
 Of what they strive not to attain,
 And play'd so cunningly his part.
 That pug was rival'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
 And burnt—for what he durst not name;
 Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
 Might make his meaning understood.
 Half angry at the bold address,
 She frown'd; but yet she must confess
 Such beauties might inflame his blood,
 But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd;
 The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd;
 While all to feed her folly strove,
 And by their praises shar'd her love.

The Horse, whose generous heart disdain'd
 Applause, by servile flattery gain'd,
 With graceful courage silence broke,
 And thus with indignation spoke:

When flattery monkeys fawn and prate,
 They justly raise contempt, or hate;
 For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
 Applauded by the grinning fool.
 The artful fox your wit commends,
 To lure you to his selfish ends;
 From the vile flatterer turn away,
 For knaves make friendships to betray.
 Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
 And learn to live by wisdom's rules;
 Such beauties might the lion warm,
 Did not your folly break the charm;
 For who would court that lovely shape,
 To be the rival of an ape?

He said, and snorting in disdain,
 Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

§ 111. *Fable III. The Nightingale and Glow-worm.*

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glittering train,
Cry'd, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects, that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In business, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn,
For grandeur only I was born,
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
Those lights, that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forbore his lay;
He saw the shining morfel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

§ 112. *Fable IV. Hymen and Death.*

SIXTEEN, d'ye say? Nay then 'tis time,
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay—the settlement! "That's made."
Why then's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
Behind him, through the green-wood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd;
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Out-went his pace, and join'd his side.
The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began:

Relentless Death, whose iron sway
Mortal reluctant must obey,
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over stuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.

Shall not the bloody and the bold,
The miser, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle and the kind
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd:
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
That friend of yours you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be justly laid:
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus sends;
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me; more than all mankind
Your vot'ries my compassion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
Who seek the wretched to release,
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble but for me.

'Tis I intice him to the yoke;
By me your crowded altars smoke:
For mortals boldly dare the noose,
Secure that Death will set them loose.

§ 113. *Fable V. The Poet and his Patron.*

WHY, Cælia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace,
As Nature every morn bestows
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, Madam, are you married?—Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then, and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But every woman is the same.

Then

Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty pow'r to bleis?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
A Poet sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
Apollo, and the Muses there;
Thro' all the town his praises rung,
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddess Want her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble Youth, of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,
Who but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the generous wines;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddess flew,

Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muse,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.

With just contempt his Patron saw,
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke:

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the sun of favour shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart,
But idly thou reject'st the charm
That gave it birth, and keep it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts that taught them first to rise.

§ 114. *Fable VI. The Wolf, the Sheep, and the Lamb.*

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that is due obedience shewn;
To chuse belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,

Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife,
His purpose known, the savage race,
In num'rous crowds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'ring whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.]

It happen'd, as at early dawn
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb
Skipt wanton by her fleecy Dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew,
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And, courteous, thus the Dam bespoke:
Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near;
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder business brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter—Sweet, forgive
A Wolf's address—In her I live;
Love from her eyes like light'ning came,
And set my marrow all on flame;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep.

Discourse like this attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;
And, of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma best knew
What unexperienc'd girls should do,
So, to the neigh'ring meadow carry'd,
A formal ass the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,

Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat,
As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought;
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling he grinds his empty jaws:
Food must be had, and Lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudulent lye.
Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou trait'ers vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!
So saying, on the Lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

§ 115. *Fable VII. The Goose and the Swans.*

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.
With what superior grace enchants
The face, which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good-humour sit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder, more than love;
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.
Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom, that emulates the rose,
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form, Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glittering jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At ev'ry public shew are seen,
With look awry, and awkward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;
Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend,
A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest
Precedence claim'd above the rest.
Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say geese hobble in their pace;
Look here!—the staid'rous lye detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stript, I'd pawn my word
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.
Thus vaunting, cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
Again, what arrogance we see!—
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim!
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.
So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.
A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd:
Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride:
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest, hobbling goose.
Learn hence to study wisdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

§ 116. *Fable VIII. The Lawyer and Justice.*

LOVE! thou divinest good below!
Thy pure delights few mortals know;
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills, and heighten joy,

To weaker woman he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
That can, by sympathy, impart
It's likeness to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould,
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resists to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's Author thus declar'd
The woman's sovereign and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness, he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence.

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted trav'ler's guard;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray;
His strength against the weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the studious Lawyer ply'd;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lye.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
Loose every joint, and pale his look;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Justice grown so strange a name?
Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee I did elect,
My sacred temple to protect,
That thou, and all thy venal tribe,
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe.

Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Justice has neither ears, nor eyes;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
And rarely issues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd,
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:

I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see
If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lyes,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes;
O'er conscience rides without controul,
And robs the man, to save his foul.

The doctor, with importance face,
By sly design mistakes the case;
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.

The soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others faults excuse thy own?
For sickly souls the priest was made;
Physicians for the body's aid;
The soldier guarded liberty;
Man, woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
'Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

§ 117. *Fable IX. The Farmer, the Spanish,
and the Cat.*

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?

What rude offence alarms you now?

I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,

But did I say the equal'd you?

Can't I another's face commend,

Or to her virtues be a friend,

But instantly your forehead frowns,

As if her merit lessen'd yours?

From female envy never free,

All must be blind because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the wood-bine grows,
That vies in sweetness with the rose;

Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That these are neither sweet, nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays,
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;
And fops will say, the di'mond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a Farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
Till, sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the Master knew,
And straight the fat'ning morsel threw:
Enrag'd, the snarling Cur awoke,
And thus, with spiteful envy, spoke:

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat;
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or, plunged in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breast with kindness glows;
For this, his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you?

I own (with meekness Pufs reply'd)
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompenc'd so well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain?

From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?
Thy words are just, the Farmer cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

§ 118. *Fable X. The Spider and the Bee.*

THE nymph, who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,
With silken line, my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took
To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd,
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Lest, heedless, we approach too near?
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you with inferior art
To captivate the human heart?

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike;
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art like nature forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring, struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began: Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
Is all the conquest thou canst boast;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to gaze;

That

That points her charms at all she sees,
 And yields to every wanton breeze,
 Attracts not me; where blushing grows,
 Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
 Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
 Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
 Reluctant she my ardour meets,
 And bashful renders up her sweets:
 To wiser heads attention lend,
 And learn this lesson from a friend:
 She, who with modesty retires,
 Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
 While such incautious jilts as you
 By folly your own schemes undo.

§ 119. *Fable XI. The Young Lion and the Ape.*

TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
 Though flatter'd by the public voice,
 And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
 His exclamations, O how fair!
 I listen not to wild delights,
 And transports of expected nights;
 What is to me your hoard of charms?
 The whiteness of your neck and arms?
 Needs there no acquisition more,
 To keep contention from the door?
 Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find
 All beauty cloyed, but of the mind.
 Sense and good-humour ever prove
 The surest cords to fasten love.
 Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
 You never think but to perplex;
 Coquetting it with ev'ry ape
 That struts abroad in human shape;
 Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
 But that it stings your lover's breast.
 To-morrow you resign the sway,
 Prepar'd to honour and obey,
 The tyrant mistress change for life,
 To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
 And learn instruction from a friend.

Reluctant hear the first address,
 Think often, ere you answer Yes;
 But, once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
 And wear your wishes in your eyes;
 With caution ev'ry look forbear,
 That might create one jealous fear,
 A lover's ripening hopes confound,
 Or give the gen'rous breast a wound.
 Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
 Nor use your pow'r, unless to please;
 For fools alone with rigour sway,
 When, soon or late, they must obey.

The king of brutes, in life's decline,
 Resolv'd dominion to resign;
 The beasts were summon'd to appear,
 And bend before the royal heir.
 They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
 Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
 Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train:

Why cringe my friends, with slavish awe,
 Before this pageant king of straw?
 Shall we anticipate the hour,
 And, ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
 The counsels of experience prize,
 I know the maxims of the wise;
 Subjection let us cast away,
 And live the monarchs of to-day;
 'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
 And play the tyrant each in turn.
 So shall he right from wrong discern,
 And mercy from oppression learn;
 At others' woes be taught to melt,
 And loath the ills himself has felt.

He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride.
 The youthful Lion thus reply'd:

What madness prompts thee to provoke
 My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?
 Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
 Compassion to the feeling heart?
 Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
 The hand to give, or eye to flow?
 Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
 From women thou hast drawn thy rules;
 To them return; in such a cause,
 From only such expect applause;
 The partial sex I don't condemn,
 For liking those who copy them.

Would'st thou the gen'rous lion bind?
 By kindness bribe him to be kind;
 Good offices their likeness get,
 And payment lessens not the debt;
 With multiplying hand he gives
 The good, from others he receives;
 Or, for the bad makes fair return,
 And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn.

§ 120. *Fable XII. The Colt and the Farmer.*

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
 Why so averse, so coy to man?
 Did nature, lavish of her care,
 From her best pattern form you fair,
 That you, ungrateful to her cause,
 Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
 And, miser-like, with-hold that store,
 Which, by imparting, blesses more?

Beauty's a gift, by Heaven assign'd
 The portion of the female kind;
 For this the yielding maid demands
 Protection at her lover's hands;
 And though by wasting years it fade,
 Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,
 For age to rust, or time to steal?
 The summer of your youth to rove,
 A stranger to the joys of love?
 Then, when life's winter hastens on,
 And youth's fair heritage is gone,
 Down-ribs to court some peasant's arms,
 To guard your wither'd age from harms,
 No gratitude to warm his breast,
 For blooming beauty once possess'd;

How will you curse that stubborn pride,
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And, sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind!

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you I write my tale.

A Colt, for blood, and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrained with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where-e'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropt the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.
As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliverance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat;
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
And, friendly, to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In slothful ease all night he lay;
The servants rose at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road
His back must bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he struggles, or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;
While scanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
By arrogance and folly led:
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson nature taught,
Then had I, like my sires of yore,
The prize from every courser bore;
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now lasting servitude's my lot,
My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot;

Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.

§ 121. *Fable XIII. The Owl and the Nightingale.*

TO know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;

If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When Miss comes in with boisterous shout,
And drops no curt'sy going out,
Depend upon't, mamma is one
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.

If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit,
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy, but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet to such a wife.
At home, superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground;
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order but of soul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate space.
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
Is never still, and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands with truth and sense at bay.

If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, Lord help us!—what a creature!

Melissa, if the moral strike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

An Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip, for science, every pye.
For modern poetry, and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ:
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press,
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art, and science,
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom with that haste
That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
One evening, as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A Nightingale began his lay.

Sudden

Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And screeching interrupts the song:

Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplations soar.
What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance, and noise?
Be wise. True harmony thou'lt find
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go, read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little Warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance and pride,
Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.
No senseless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a song;
Make short the weary traveller's way,
And warble in the poet's lay.

Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause;
While, nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

§ 122. *Fable XIV. The Sparrow and the Dove.*

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.

For every she his bosom burns,
And this, and that he woos by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill,
And here—Those eyes, so form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows, and dem-me's skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better;
But these he held as specious arts,
To shew his own superior parts,

The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!—pray Sir, explain your meaning—
Go prate to those that may endure ye—
To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!—
Then off she glided, like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.

Hist, love!—the male companion cry'd,
Retire a while, I fear we're spy'd.
Nor was the caution vain; he saw
A Turtle, rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young:

Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion dares to bleed.

Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare:
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive to see the day
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that Heaven could give,
The life by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who in the thought already die!

Ye pow'rs, whom men, and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess
Enervates every pow'r to bless;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
And, life! what art thou, without love?

Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart,
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue, rising in his breast;

And

And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd:

Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come thro' pure good-nature—
(Upon my soul a charming creature!)
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moping life?
No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other—
The greatest ill in the creation,
Is sure the want of education.

But think ye—tell me without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment,
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment;
Where time by circling bliss we measure:
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure;
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wife, be happy, and be free.

Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be blest'd
Is a deep thirst in every breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not, should Heav'n give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.

Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spok'd, and smil'd superior.
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;
That sly decoy, with vary'd snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband, and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting;
The sin, by Heav'n's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd, through a life's repentance.
It is the double snake, that weds
A common tail to different heads,
That lead the carcase still astray,
By dragging each a different way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!

Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;

Delights still vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddesses of the hills! are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer;
Away, cast every care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.

Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A question more, or so—and then, Sir.
You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?
“No, no.” How then? “Why, dare I tell,
“What does the business full as well.”
Do you ne'er love? “An hour at leisure.”
Have you no friendships? “Yes, for pleasure.”
No care for little ones? “We get 'em,
“The rest the mothers mind, and let 'em.”

Thou wretch, rejoind'd the kindling Dove,
Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortune surely must;
In the dread season of dismay,
In that, your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?

Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times at no persuasion stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
That soul of pertness, whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest'd;
No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall seek thy cold, unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers, to delight
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.

Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course,
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union every creature
Subsists, through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primæval clay,
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The Source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enlivening flame,
Then motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its separate clais,
Through many a fair, enamour'd mass;

H

Love

Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form and order o'er the sky
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The sun display'd his orb to light,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
And seal'd the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems, of various use,
Imbib'd her soft, maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form, and hue;
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloath'd their parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind.
Caught in the fond, celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire,
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever blest'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast,
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad,
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound,
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart, and spirit live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty-fold.
Their union, firm and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade,
But as the stem and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wintry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
Fan and support the mutual fire,
Whose flame, perpetual as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
Like Nile it opens, and descends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life and love,

And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondness down on sons below:
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremest verge they glide,
While kindred streams, on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no sleeping babe shall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice,
With partial eyes no parents see,
And bless their years restor'd in thee.

In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side,
Thy name shall like thy carcase rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving Pow'r! great source of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
To those, from whom my days I drew,
To these, in whom those days renew,
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd,
To friends, with steely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!

But chief, the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my fire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name;
O spare him, spare him, gracious Pow'r!
O give him to my latest hour!
Let me my length of life employ
To give my sole enjoyment joy.
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And every needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.
When he with graceful action woos,
And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own,
And in my circling wings carels'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste, connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blisful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose,
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him, with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond what'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.
Let one untruss'd, calm delight,
The loving and belov'd unite;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform;

Through

Through life, one mutual aid sustain,
In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While, swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
Quick drop'd the music of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy, she sprung.
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings their souls embracing meet,
Their hearts with answering measure beat;
Half lost in sacred sweets, and blest'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Straight to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
Transported, to their fire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand;
The fire, his life-sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, tho' won with toil;
While, all collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord, and infants smiles.

The Sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little flights disarm'd,
And from himself, by virtue, charm'd,
When now he saw, what only seem'd,
A fact so late a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind,
In secret wish'd a turtle too,
And, sighing to himself, withdrew.

§ 123. *Fable XV. The Female Seducers.*

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame;
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;

'Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous, from her late disgrace,
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death, and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from every latent root
The bladed stem and tendrils shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendour burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls—to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground,
A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there, the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,

An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect, as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For Heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just opening to the view)
Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambskins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd:

O! joyful cause of many a care!
O! daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo, there the arduous paths in view
Which Virtue, and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'n'g earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands' dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health, with chearful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright, celestial shore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness leading up to light;
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train,
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
And endless bliss, for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There, sweet to sense, and fair to shew,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And fees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wise, and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink—and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And every foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd,
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, hand-maid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd,

Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where-e'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to Heav'n are paid.

'Twas on an ever-bliſſome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dies;
And looks kind things from chasteſt eyes;
The sun with healthier viſage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' etherial plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.

And now, for momentary reſt,
The nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſs'd,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.

Out-ſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey
The realms of ſweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe,
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtraight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently waſted from beneath,
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſs'd,
The very triumph of the bleſs'd.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens ſung:

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte
What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told;
Taſte what extaſies they give,
Dying raptures taſte and live.

In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
Nature empties all her treaſure,
Soft deſires, that ſweetly languish,
Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty come away.

Liſt not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry, and pride,
Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
April's ſunſhine is offence;
Age and envy will adviſe
Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.

Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,

Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, paſt the painting;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.

So ſung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;
And O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulyſſes on the main,
That ſo our Fair One might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity, with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy, bold empriſe;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet;
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,
Taſteleſs of every good poſſeſs'd,
And but in expectation bleſs'd.

With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien, all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kiſſing winds around.
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone,
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying ſind,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd.
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd;
While, half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidſt a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding Fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous ſand;
The pilot warns, with ſail and oar
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
'Till ſound'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to ſin,
And Heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,
Along the devious, ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,

And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd?
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The servant of her better fate,
With Honour, left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all-enquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store;
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topp'd hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd!

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd, and blasted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her side.
And ev'ry lewd, insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the Mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd.
Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine,
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,

Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth, thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n, not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant fate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden-harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd,
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the sitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life! like all its circles—vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?

Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way.
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure; sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a scepter grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorers own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest'd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleasure knows:
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest'd;
On my toils, eternal rest.

Come, with Virtue at thy side,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more.

§ 124. *Fable XVI. Love and Vanity.*

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,

Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health, and lusty labour rose,
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale:
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd roof'd cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A Nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye,
He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
Her study'd negligence, and ease;
And curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettiness, and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The Lady, slightly,—Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace;
At court no doubt the public care,
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring Dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honour centers;
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives it's weight and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in, where nature fails,
And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still, where Heav'n is sparing.

But chief in all their arts, and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolicks, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love and meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign,
But be the sphere of beauty mine.

For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuse to live, and chuse to reign.

Far-sighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong;
And chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;

And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And innocence, array'd in light;
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three;
And rosy peace, the cherub blest'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And as a better soul, inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confess'd,
And like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt,
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul,
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by Heav'n assign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The Nymph impatient stood,
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told;
And next demand, without a caviel,
What new Utopia do you travel?—
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning—in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for softening, and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Thro' the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,

On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Trackless, and shifting as the wind,
A sea, whose fathom none can find,
A moon, still changing, and revolving,
A riddle, past all human solving.
A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
A—something that no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your council, and attend.

Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex, nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the difference of a name,
And ev'ry woman is the same.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms, and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste for all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad.
Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending lize,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
High on the floating lappet sail,
Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale.
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And shew the lovely idol there,
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And numbering every beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.

Then all for parking, and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what passion!
And churches, sometimes—if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right and wrong
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims, the straw of ev'ry stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects;

Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly her wisest acquisition,
And ev'n from pity, and disdain,
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form, and feature,
The wealth, and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire;
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.
Those shining virtues, which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honour and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!

Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, who'er makes sinners;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees, still mounts the higher,
And virtue, so extremely nice,
Demands long toil, and mighty price;
Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tott'ring state,
Sap these, and in a moment's space
Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles, and from toys,
I spring, the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss;
For them each tropic I explore,
I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
To them uniting Indias sail,
Sabæa breathes her farthest gale:
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention
Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sovereign balm of woe;
Beyond the stoic's boasted art,
I sooth the heavings of the heart;
To pain give splendor, and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign;
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill, and empty bags,
Flutter in finery, and rags,
With light coquettes thro' folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run aground,
And folly tir'd thro' many a round,

The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church, or cloyster;
Then on I lead her, with devotion
Conspicuous in her dress, and motion,
Inspire the heav'nly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Softens the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony, and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head,
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not, with her parting breath;
Then do I set, in order bright,
A length of funeral pomp to fight,
The glitt'ring tapers, and attire,
The plumes, that whiten o'er her bier;
And last, presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle God,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And strange, in all the toilsome way
No house of kind refreshment lay,
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her sex exempted.

For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected,
And so my system stands protected.

O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd.
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypsipyle, who sav'd her fire,
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire,
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine, smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades, or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient thing call'd fables!
And thus the Goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view
A Goddess whom our grandames knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,

As heav'n's autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related.
The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion:
When thus the Goddess answering mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd;

Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
But from their presence long precluded,
Or held as one whose form intruded,
Full fifty annual suns can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, still bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperience'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world, beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

Now, now! cry'd love's triumphant Child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence soon may be decided;
Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our Goddess seem'd contented,
Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the Dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to sight,
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone;

Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centers ev'ry fond desire.

§ 125. *The Young Lady and Looking-Glass.*
WILKIE.

YE deep philosophers, who can
Explain that various creature, Man,
Say, is there any point so nice,
As that of offering an advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend:
Tho' you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good; admit him wise;
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse.
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply;
Without a name reprove and warn;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn:
This too must fail; the picture shewn,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base;
In conversation, none will bear it;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science, with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is, and vice,
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims:
They wou'd by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise;
Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end, when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows makes it out.

There was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Refrive, by long indulgence, grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And, sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.

Papa all softer arts had try'd,
And sharper remedies apply'd;
But both were vain, for every course
He took still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit.
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,

Will

Will err, and measures false pursue—
 'Tis very strange, I own, but true.—
 Mamma observ'd the rising lass
 By stealth retiring to the glass,
 To practise little airs, unseen,
 In the true genius of thirteen:
 On this a deep design she laid
 To tame the humour of the Maid;
 Contriving, like a prudent mother,
 To make one folly cure another.
 Upon the wall, against the seat
 Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
 Whene'er by accident offended,
 A looking-glass was straight suspended,
 That it might show her how deform'd
 She look'd, and frightful, when the storm'd;
 And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
 To bend her humour to her duty.
 All this the looking-glass achiev'd,
 Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The Maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
 Grew tame and gentle in a trice:
 So, when all other means had fail'd,
 The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, Fable to the human-kind
 Presents an *image* of the mind;
 It is a *mirror*, where we spy
 At large our own deformity;
 And learn of course those faults to mend,
 Which but to mention would offend.

§ 126. *The Boy and the Rainbow.* WILKIE.

DECLARE, ye sages, if ye find
 'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
 Of each condition, sort, and size,
 From whales and elephants to flies,
 A creature that mistakes his plan,
 And errs so constantly as man.
 Each kind pursues his proper good,
 And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,
 As nature points, and never errs
 In what it chooses and prefers;
 Man only blunders, though possessor
 Of talents far above the rest.

Descend to instances, and try;
 An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
 Or leave his pasture in the wood,
 With fishes to explore the flood.
 Man only acts, of ev'ry creature,
 In opposition to his nature.
 The happiness of human-kind
 Consists in rectitude of mind,
 A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
 And passions practis'd to obey;
 An open and a gen'rous heart,
 Refin'd from selfishness and art;
 Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
 And wisdom never sad nor sour:
 In these consist our proper bliss;
 Else Plato reasons much amiss:
 But foolish mortals still pursue
 False happiness in place of true;
 Ambition serves us for a guide,
 Or Lust, or Avarice, or Pride;

While Reason no assent can gain,
 And Revelation warns in vain.
 Hence through our lives, in every stage,
 From infancy itself to age,
 A happiness we toil to find,
 Which still avoids us like the wind;
 Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
 At once 'tis vanish'd, lost and gone.
 You'll ask me why I thus rehearse
 All Epictetus in my verse?
 And if I fondly hope to please
 With dry reflections, such as these,
 So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale?
 I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.

One ev'ning as a simple swain
 His flock attended on the plain,
 The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
 Which warns us when a show'r is nigh;
 With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
 Its distance eighty yards or so.
 This humpkin had, it seems, been told
 The story of the cup of gold,
 Which fame reports is to be found
 Just where the Rainbow meets the ground;
 He therefore felt a sudden itch
 To seize the goblet and be rich;
 Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
 No more to toil thro' wind and rain,
 But sit indulging by the fire,
 'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire:
 He mark'd the very spot of land
 On which the Rainbow seem'd to stand,
 And stepping forwards at his leisure,
 Expected to have found the treasure.
 But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
 Still chang'd its place, and slipt away,
 As seeming his approach to shun:
 From walking he began to run,
 But all in vain, it still withdrew
 As nimbly as he could pursue;
 At last thro' many a bog and lake,
 Rough craggy road, and thorny brake,
 It led the easy fool, till night
 Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
 And left him to compute his gains,
 With nought but labour for his pain.

§ 127. *The Rake and the Hermit.* WILKIE.

A Youth, a pupil of the town,
 Philosopher and atheist grown,
 Benighted once upon the road,
 Found out a hermit's lone abode,
 Whose hospitality in need
 Reliev'd the trav'ler and his steed,
 For both sufficiently were tir'd,
 Well drench'd in ditches, and bemin'd.
 Hunger the first attention claims;
 Upon the coals a rasher flames,
 Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
 Were added to make up a meal;
 At which our trav'ler as he sat
 By intervals began to chat.—
 'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what strains
 Of folly governs some folks brains:

What

What makes you choose this wild abode?
 You'll say, 'tis to converse with God;
 Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim;
 You never saw or spoke with him.
 They talk of Providence's pow'r,
 And say it rules us ev'ry hour;
 To me all nature seems confusion,
 And such weak fancies mere delusion.
 Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
 Cou'd there be such a thing as night;
 Which, when the sun has left the skies,
 Puts all things in a deep disguise?
 If then a trav'ler chance to stray
 The least step from the public way,
 He's soon in endless mazes lost,
 As I have found it to my cost.
 Besides, the gloom which nature wears
 Assists imaginary fears,
 Of ghosts and goblins from the waves
 Of sulph'rous lakes and yawning graves;
 All sprung from superstitious seed,
 Like other maxims of the creed.
 For my part, I reject the tales
 Which faith suggests when reason fails;
 And reason nothing understands,
 Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
 These subtle essences, like wind,
 Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,
 It ne'er admits; nor joins the lye
 Which says men rot, but never die.
 It holds all future things in doubt,
 And therefore wisely leaves them out:
 Suggesting what is worth our care,
 To take things present as they are,
 Our wisest course: the rest is folly,
 The fruit of spleen and melancholy.—

Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree
 That reason still our guide shou'd be:
 And will admit her as the test
 Of what is true, and what is best:
 But reason sure wou'd blush for shame
 At what you mention in her name;
 Her dictates are sublime and holy;
 Impiety's the child of folly:
 Reason with measur'd steps and slow
 To things above from things below
 Ascends, and guides us thro' her sphere
 With caution, vigilance, and care.
 Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
 And reason puts us in her hands,
 But not till her commission giv'n
 Is found authentic, and from heav'n.
 'Tis strange that man, a reas'ning creature,
 Shou'd miss a God in viewing nature:
 Whose high perfections are display'd
 In ev'ry thing his hands have made:
 Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
 When found again, we see them most.
 The night itself, which you would blame
 As something-wrong in nature's frame,
 Is but a curtain to invest
 Her weary children, when at rest:
 Like that which mothers draw to keep
 The light off from a child asleep.

Beside, the fear which darkness breeds
 (At least augments) in vulgar heads,
 Are far from usefess, when the mind
 Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
 They make the worldling think with pain
 On frauds, and oaths, and ill-got gain;
 Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
 Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;
 And in defence of virtue's cause
 Assist each sanction of the laws.
 But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
 And superstitious dread expels,
 The silent majesty of night
 Excites to take a nobler flight;
 With saints and angels to explore
 The wonders of creating pow'r;
 And lifts on contemplation's wings
 Above the sphere of mortal things:
 Walk forth, and tread those dewy plains
 Where night in awful silence reigns;
 The sky's serene, the air is still,
 The woods stand list'ning on each hill,
 To catch the sounds that sink and swell,
 Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
 While foxes howl and beetles hum,
 Sounds which make silence still more dumb:
 And try if folly, rash and rude,
 Dare on the sacred hour intrude.
 Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
 Attempt to quote those lights by name,
 Which shine so thick and spread so far;
 Conceive a sun in every star,
 Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
 While comets shoot athwart the whole.
 From system still to system ranging,
 Their various benefits exchanging,
 And shaking from their flaming hair
 The things most needed every where.
 Explore this glorious scene, and say
 That night discovers less than day;
 That 'tis quite usefess, and a sign
 That chance disposes, not design:
 Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
 Him either mad, or else a dunce.
 For reason, tho' 'tis far from strong,
 Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
 From signs and evidences clear,
 Of wise contrivance every where.
 The Hermit ended, and the youth
 Became a convert to the truth;
 At least he yielded, and confess'd
 That all was order'd for the best.

§ 128. *The Youth and the Philosopher.*
 W. WHITEHEAD.

A Grecian youth, of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and example too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill,
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong.

The

The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would shew
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs started at the sight;
The Muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire.
How'er the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car,
The lash resounds, the couriers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain
The self-same track he marks again,
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd).
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the state.

§ 129. *The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow.*
Address'd to Phebe and Kitty C. at Boarding-School.

MY dears, 'tis said in days of old,
That beasts could talk, and birds could scold.
But now it seems the human race
Alone engross the speaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtless grant
That Phe's the wise industrious Ant;
And all with half an eye may see
That Kitty is the busy Bee.
Here then are two—but where's the third?
Go search your school, you'll find the bird.
Your school! I ask your pardon, Fair,
I'm sure you'll find no sparrow there.

Now to my tale—One summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to husband every hour,
And make the most of every flow'r.

Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artist builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home;
Or from the cowslip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells:
Or every tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lily's fragrant dew;
Yet never robs the shining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus she discharg'd in every way
The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whose brow was wrinkled o'er by care;
A great economist was she,
Nor less laborious than the Bee;
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth depends,
On poverty the loss of friends.
Hence every day the Ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground;
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw
The Ant fulfil her parents' law.
Ah! sister-labourer, says she,
How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.
Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn, before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?
Doth not the sun, with constant pace,
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
Renew their courses every night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous steed
Withhold his labour or his speed?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is man.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their sage discourse, and straight drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert, and very proud;
As worthless and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme:
Such talk was hateful to her breast,
She thought them arrant prudes at best.
When to display her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,

She

She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,
And hopt and hopt to snatch her prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill;
Ask'd her from what her anger rose,
And why she treated Ants as foes?

The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the conversation ran:
Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the emmet-brood,
For emmets are delicious food:
And oft, in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day.
For truth it is, without disguise,
That I love mischief as my eyes.

Oh! fie, the honest Bee reply'd,
I fear you make base man your guide;
Of every creature sure the worst,
Though in creation's scale the first!
Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile administration,
And so do all the emmet-nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the Eagle from the Wren!
O! do not men's example take,
Whô mischief do for mischief's sake;
But spare the Ant—her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.
A mind with every virtue blest,
Must raise compassion in your breast.

Virtue! rejoind'd the sneering bird,
Where did you learn that gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But say it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns disavow the name;
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r?
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags,
At best 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides,
Indeed you make me burst my sides.
Trust me, Miss Bee—to speak the truth,
I've copied men from earliest youth;
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule.
And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes:
Near and more near Grimalkin draws,
She wags her tail, protends her paws:
Then springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus, in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked wanton Sparrow dy'd.

§ 130. *The Bears and Bees.* MERRICK.

AS two young Bears in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighbouring wood,
Came where th' industrious Bees had stor'd
In artful cells their luscious hoard;
O'erjoy'd they seiz'd with eager haste
Luxurious on the rich repast.
Alarm'd at this, the little crew
About their ears vindictive flew.
The beasts, unable to sustain
Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
Half-blind with rage, and mad with pain,
Their native shelter they regain;
There sit, and now, discreeter grown,
Too late their rashness they bemoan;
And this by dear experience gain,
That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
So when the gilded baits of vice
Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill;
But when experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancy'd pleasure flies.
It flies, but oh! too late we find
It leaves a real sting behind.

§ 131. *The Camoleon.* MERRICK.

OF has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen:
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times pertter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop,
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've seen—and sure I ought to know."—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Camoleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:
"A lizard's body, lean and long,
"A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
"Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
"And what a length of tail behind!
"How slow its pace! and then its hue—
"Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
"Tis green,—I saw it with these eyes,
"As late with open mouth it lay,
"And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
"Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
"And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
"And must again affirm it blue.

"At

" At leisure I the beast survey'd,
 " Extended in the cooling shade."
 " 'Tis green, tis green, Sir, I assure ye"—
 " Green!" cries the other in a fury—
 " Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
 " 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
 " For, if they always serve you thus,
 " You'll find 'em but of little use."
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows:
 When luckily came by a third—
 To him the question they refer'd;
 And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
 " Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother,
 " The creature's neither one nor t' other.
 " I caught the animal last night,
 " And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
 " I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
 " You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
 " And can produce it." " Pray, Sir, do:
 " I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."
 " And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 " The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 " Well then, at once, to ease the doubt,
 " Replies the man, I'll turn him out:
 " And when before your eyes I've set him,
 " If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
 He said; then full before their sight
 Produc'd the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
 Both star'd, the man look'd wond'rous-wise—
 " My children," the Cameleon cries,
 (Then first the creature found a tongue)
 " You all are right, and all are wrong:
 " When next you talk of what you view,
 " Think others see, as well as you:
 " Nor wonder, if you find that none
 " Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

§ 132. *The Monkeys. A Tale.* MERRICK.

WHOE'ER, with curious eye, has rang'd
 Through Ovid's tales, has seen
 How Jove, incens'd, to Monkeys chang'd
 A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon th' offending race
 Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
 To give them back the human face,
 And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their pray'r!
 But t'other half he bade the wind
 Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
 That shook the vaulted skies,
 With haughtier air the creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
 Around their temples spread;
 The tail, that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face;

It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd and half the same,
 Jove bade them take their place,
 (Restoring them their ancient claim)
 Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
 Nor would a name bestow;
 But woman lik'd the motley breed,
 And call'd the thing a beau.

§ 133. *Happiness to be found in Virtue alone.*

POPE.

KNOW then this truth (enough for Man to
 " Virtue alone is Happiness below." [know])
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good, from each object, from each place ac-
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd; [quir'd,
 Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
 know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God;
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense
 design,

Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals all began,
 All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.

For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing
 Is this too little for the boundless heart? [thine.
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

Grasp

Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and
In one close system of Benevolence : [Sense,
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss, but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts : but human
Must rise from Individual to the Whole. [soul
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next ; and next all human race ;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ; [mind
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty
blest,

And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

§ 134. *On the Eternity of the Supreme Being.*

SMART.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in power
supreme

Exists from everlasting, whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
In undecyph'rd characters is wrote—

INCOMPREHENSIBLE !—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
Thro' the vast concave of th' ætherial round) ?
If to the Heaven of Heavens they wing their way
Adventurous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

May then the youthful, uninspired Bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal ; may he soar
Where Seraph and where Cherubin on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice ?

He may—if Thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign't t'assist,
Great Poet of the Universe, his song.

Before this earthly Planet wound her course
Round Light's perennial fountain ; before Light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day ;
Before "the Morning-Stars together sang,"
And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds ;
Thou art—all-glorious, all-beneficent,
All Wisdom and Omnipotence thou art.

But is the æra of Creation fix'd [retard
At when these worlds began ? Could aught
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth ? [ever,
Avant the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And Bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action—
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous power,
Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.

But yet (if still to more stupendous heights

The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of Beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, Scope immense
Th' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' omniscient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme !
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few,
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime Pillars of the Universe,
Creation and Redemption—and a while
Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory.

Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,
Whom to describe's presumption (all we can—
And all we may—) be glorified, be prais'd.

A day shall come, when all this Earth shall
perish,

Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph ; it shall come
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void ; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the center, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now ? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell ; will a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire ? [cedars
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual ; Athos, where ;
Where, Tenerif, 's thy stateliness to-day ?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these ?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

Nor shall the verdant vallies then remain
Safe in their meek submission ; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia ; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion, O my country ! Thou must join,
In vain dis sever'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day ;
Nor thou, fair queen of night ; nor you, ye stars,
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day ; Ye must submit,
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.

But tho' the earth shall to the center perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream ; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield ;
Tho' the gilt Sun, and silver-tressed Moon
With all her bright retinue, must be lost ;
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal,

Eternal, as thou wert : Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys. [hear ;

He comes ! He comes ! the awful trump I
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see ! He comes ! th' Archangel from above.

" Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,

" Awake incorruptible, and arise :

" From east to west, from the Antarctic pole

" To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,

" Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heav'n—

" Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,

" Awake incorruptible, and arise."

'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home ; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain-top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life ;
And, winds and waves, and rocks and tempests
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven : [past,
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise :

'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd shall
Praises more worthy the Eternal ear. [give

Yet what we can, we ought ;—and therefore
Thou,

Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good !
Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest like Cain
I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
Offend and not propitiate the Ador'd.

Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers
Her bursting heart could long for, tho' the swift,
The fiery-wing'd Imagination soar'd
Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak Him as he is, who is ineffable.

Yet still let Reason thro' the eye of Faith
View Him with fearful love ; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee

With heaven-directed hands confess His reign.
And let the angelic, archangelic band,

With all the hosts of Heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trumps

And golden lyres attend :—" For Thou art holy,
" For Thou art One, th' Eternal, who alone

" Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise !"

§ 135. *On the Immensity of the Supreme Being.*
SMART.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The Poet of my God—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird—
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

Lift ye ! how Nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field !
My fellow-subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.

O Thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory's immense the Orphan's mite exclude.

What tho' the Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unken'd—where East, nor West,

Nor South, nor blustering North has breath to
Albeit He there with angels and with saints [blow ;
Hold conference, and to his radiant host

Ev'n face to face stand visibly confest ;

Yet know, that nor in presence or in power

Shines He less perfect here ; 'tis man's dim eye

That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,

Alike in all his universe the same.

Whether the mind along the spangled sky

Measures her pathless walk, studious to view

The works of vaster fabric, where the planets

Weave their harmonious rounds, their march di-

Still faithful, still inconstant to the sun ; [recting

Or where the comet, thro' space infinite

(Tho' whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)

Darts, like a javelin, to his distant goal ; [vens,

Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Hea-

Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll

With satellites more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the ocean's boisterous back

Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm

Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,

The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief,

His only help—When Thou rebuk'st the storm—

It ceases—and the vessel gently glides

Along the glassy level of the calm.

O ! could I search the bosom of the sea,

Down the great depth descending ; there thy works

Would also speak thy residence ; and there

Would I, thy servant, like the still profound,

Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise !

Behold ! behold ! the unplanted garden round

Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay, [tom

And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bot-

Rise richly varied, where the finny race

In blithe security their gambols play :

While high above their heads Leviathan,

The terror and the glory of the main,

His pastime takes with transport, proud to see

The ocean's vast dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth

Easy may fancy pass ; till at thy mines,

Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,

And from the adamant's imperial blaze

Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.

Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,

Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old

Of sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,

And blushes into flames. Thence will I go

To undermine the treasure-fertile womb

Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect

The agat and the deep-intrenched gem

Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both

Delights to play the mimic on herself ;

And in their veins she oft portrays the forms

Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams

Now stealing softly on, now thundering down

In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,

And all the living landscape of the vale :

In vain thy pencil, Claudio or Poussin,

Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay

Such skill to imitate—it is the hand

Of God himself—for God himself is there. [vance

Hence with the ascending springs let me ad-

Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,

Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge

Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and the expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence, he stands
So simple! and so great! the under-wood
Of meaner rank an awful distance keep.
Yet Thou art there, yet God himself is there
Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd).
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chaunts she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for, in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where th' unbounded pro-
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range, [spect
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears
Chequer'd Variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract, and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring man and clumsy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's nest?—On that tall
beech

Her penile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
With such due poize the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and stedfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot, that asserts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come [cherry
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the
To blush with just vermilion—Hence away—
Hence, ye prophane! for God himself is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious, to trace
Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its maker;
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame,
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
O infinite of Goodness and of Glory! [Thee;
Thee the knee, that thou hast shap'd, shall bend to
The tongue, which thou hast tun'd, shall chaunt
thy praise;
And, thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

§ 136. *On the Omniscience of the Supreme Being.*

SMART.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,

Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump!
All glory to the Omniscent, and praise,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silvery so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love re-
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself [plete,
A living sacrifice before his throne!
And may th' eternal, high mysterious tree,
That in the center of the arched Heavens [branch
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!

When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay,
A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st,
Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint idea yet unform'd.

When up the imperceptible ascent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Insensibly to day, thou didst vouchsafe,
And taught me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in Thee is wond'rous,
Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
And estimable solely by itself. [brutes,

What is that secret power, that guides the
Which Ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from Thee,
It is the operation of thine hands

Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom,
That glorious shines transparent thro' thy works.
Who taught the pye, or who forewarn'd the jay
To shun the deadly nightshade? Tho' the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taste is fatal, whence alarm'd
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their
Go to, proud reas'ner, philosophic Man, [way.
Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?
Full many a race has fell into the snare [—No.
Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface;
And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim,
By forms of fruit, and luscious taste beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
Of slow Experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable sage, that nightly trims
The learned lamp, t'investigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the fossil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;
Studious in vain! till haply, at the last
He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds:
While the domestic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd
By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
Begs not that aid his services might claim,
But is his own physician, knows the case,
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark! from afar the feather'd matron * screams,
And all her brood alarms! The docile crew

* The Hen Turkey.

Accept

Accept the signal one and all, expert
In th' art of Nature and unlearn'd deceit:
Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionless they lie; full well appriz'd,
That the rapacious adversary's near.
But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger?
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?
Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled Winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her passage thro' the pathless void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her science is the science of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the North
E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon:
She, Heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
Courts nor coy West nor East, but instant knows
What Newton † or not sought, or sought in vain.

Illustrious name! irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew his works
Before creation form'd them, long before
He measur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting Ocean, and the highest Heavens
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden scales;
Who shone supreme, who was himself the light,
Ere yet refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

When Knowledge at her father's dread com-
Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key, [mand
O! to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes,
O! how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good-will to man,
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare.
How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons
Of bloated Ease, by placing to their view
The sage industrious Ant, the wisest insect,
And best economist of all the field!
Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb
To measure times and seasons, nor consults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet, conscious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
Against the churlish Winter's fiercest blow.
For when as yet the favourable Sun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
While all her subterranean avenues, [meet
And storm-proof cells, with management most
And unexampled housewifery she forms:
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,

And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home:
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, left from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought,
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The chemist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils out-done by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.

Avaunt, Conceit, Ambition, take thy flight
Back to the Prince of vanity and air!
O! 'tis a thought of energy most piercing; [force
Form'd to make Pride grow humble; form'd to
Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woeful vicissitude! when man, fall'n man, [self
Who first from Heaven, from gracious God him-
Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, must know,
by brutes

Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,
And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring!
Yet murmur not, but praise—for tho' we stand
Of many a godlike privilege amerc'd
By Adam's dire transgression; tho' no more
Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
Hang in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the earth
With pleasures populous, and with riches
crown'd.

Still is there scope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their last exertion—showers of blessings
Far more than human virtue can deserve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people, O ye sons of men,
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itself his Wisdom
Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide, [chaunt
And praise him more and more; nor cease to
" All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
" And power, and domination in the height!
" And thou cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
" To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet, [gifts,
" Come with thy precious incense, bring thy
" And with thy choicest stores the altar crown."

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

§ 137. *On the Power of the Supreme Being.*

SMART.

" TREMBLE, thou Earth!" th' anointed
poet said, [mountains!
" At God's bright presence, tremble, all ye
" And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!"
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
The Muse with transport hears ye; once again

Convulse the solid continent! and shake,
 Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles!
 'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of power,
 'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it
 Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force;
 In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
 And every movement of her vast machine.
 Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
 Athos; and all the hoary-headed Alps
 Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.
 But what is this, celestial tho' the note,
 And proclamation of the reign supreme,
 Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
 Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
 Should Ocean to his congregated waves
 Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
 And with the watry world down an huge rock
 Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
 'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
 When zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,
 'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
 When the last lingering undulation
 Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
 So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aerial vault
 Does He the dread theocracy maintain;
 For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
 He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
 And shocks the central magnet—Cities then
 Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
 Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
 What tho' in haughty eminence erect
 Stands the strong citidel, and frowns defiance
 On adverse hosts, tho' many a bastion jut
 Forth from the rampart's elevated mound,
 Vain the poor providence of human art,
 And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
 Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
 Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
 With clamour inconceivable upturn,
 And hurl'd adown th' abyss. Sulphureous pyrites
 Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
 With din outrageous and destructive ire,
 Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
 Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye,
 And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we felt,
 Within Augusta's walls twice have we felt
 Thy threaten'd indignation; but even Thou,
 Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
 Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us
 With mercy-blended wrath: O spare us still,
 Nor send more dire conviction! We confess
 That thou art He, th' Almighty: we believe.
 For at thy righteous power whole systems quake,
 For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.

Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
 Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
 On th' hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides
 Invincible, and oaks, and pines, and cedars,
 And forests are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
 The West encounters East, and Notus meets
 In his career the Hyperborean blast.
 The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
 And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
 Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing, [preme
 And faints, and falls, and dies;—while He su-

Stands steadfast in the center of the storm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
 Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught
 Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes, [wombs
 And boiling billows, hail, in chorus join
 To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
 Who yet in works of a minuter mould
 Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
 That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
 Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
 Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
 Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
 Shew me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
 By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
 Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
 And stands, with all his circling wonders round
 Like heavy Saturn in th' etherial space [her,
 Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
 Which at all seasons and in every place
 (Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
 Arrest th' attention; who! O who shall tell
 His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
 Repeals he, or suspends, when by the hand
 Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
 Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought,
 Before th' astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
 That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
 The fate of Pharoah and his numerous band
 Lost in the reflux of the watry walls,
 That melted to their fluid state again?
 Need I recount how Sampson's warlike arm
 With more than mortal nerves was strung t'
 Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell [o'erthrow
 How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
 —But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
 O love unequal'd, mystery immense, [tion
 Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemp-
 That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
 Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
 When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
 Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,
 And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
 "Let there be peace!" (he said) and all was calm
 Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
 When, "O be still, ye boisterous winds!" he cried,
 And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
 His was a life of miracles and might,
 And charity and love, ere yet he taste
 The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
 Victorious o'er the universal foe,
 And death, and sin, and hell in triumph lead.
 His by the right of conquest is mankind,
 And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
 We're ty'd to him for ever.—O how easy
 Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
 'Tis ecstasy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd,
 His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life,
 And shades that tend to day-spring from on
 And as the radiant roses, after fading, [high;
 In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
 Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
 With those that love him—for sweet is their
 And all Eternity shall be their spring. [favour,
 Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,

At which the King of Glory enters in, [sure
Be to the faints unbarr'd: and there, where plea-
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
And in immortal prowess King of Kings,
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

§ 138. *On the Goodness of the Supreme Being.*
SMART.

ORPHEUS, for so the Gentiles * call'd thy
name,

Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could'st wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods, with musical persuasion drew;
Thou who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel:—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself, each thought impure
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal Being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
Where shall the timorous Bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song, [light,
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.

Hail to the chearful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky East, and blithsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for Thee
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy glad some beams
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their
flight,

And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his Life of David.

He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his sweet musicians,—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide:
And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man,—
But not to all,—for hark the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles and the manly base
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song.
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
The Sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully with-holds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the narcissus's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
O He is good, He is immensely good! [man;
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best
In order and in beauty:—rise, attend,
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To Him, who made the mite! Tho' Asia's pride!
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.
Approach, and bring from Araby the Bles't,
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, fable Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
T' adorn his temples; hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursu'd thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Re-murmur to the glorious, furly sound.
And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the Hemisphere extends,
Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and
flowers,

Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant
crown

And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.

But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace
 And Christian excellence, his Goodness own,
 Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise.
 Clad in the armour of the living God
 Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
 Faith's shield, Salvation's glory, — compass'd helm
 With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
 Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
 Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
 And let the song of Charity begin
 In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer.
 "O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
 Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
 Thou, who to lowliest minds dost condescend,
 Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
 Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
 Thou, who resign'd humility uphold'st,
 Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
 But quell'd its tyrannic pride with peerless power,
 Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak:
 O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
 Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
 Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
 To heaven, to immortality, and THEE!"

§ 139. *Ode to Wisdom.* MISS CARTER.

THE solitary bird of night
 Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
 And quits the time-shook tow'r,
 Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
 In philosophic gloom he lay,
 Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
 Which midnight echoes waft around,
 And sighing gales repeat:
 Fair'st of Pallas! I attend,
 And, faithful to thy summons, bend
 At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
 Where no false shows of life deceive,
 Beneath the lunar ray:
 Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
 Nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
 As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art
 "That glads the sense, or mends the heart,"
 Blest source of purer joys:
 In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
 That captivates the mental sight
 With pleasure and surprize;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
 Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
 That breathes no wild desires:
 But, taught by thy unerring rules,
 To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
 To nobler views aspire.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
 Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
 Be objects of my pray'r:
 Let avarice, vanity, and pride,
 These glitt'ring env'y'd toys divide,
 The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
 Each moral beauty of the heart,
 By studious thought refin'd:
 For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
 For pow'r, it's amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
 When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
 And wither in the tomb,
 Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
 Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
 In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
 The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
 Of ignorance and spite;
 Alike condemn the leaden fool,
 And all the pointed ridicule
 Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
 The dull impertinence of life,
 In thy retreat I rest;
 Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
 Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
 In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
 Convey the philosophic theme
 Of perfect, fair, and good:
 Attentive Athens caught the sound,
 And all her list'ning sons around
 In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
 Confest the potent voice of truth,
 And felt it's just controul:
 The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
 And Virtue's soft persuasive charms
 O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
 The patriot's free unbiased tongue,
 The hero's gen'rous strife:
 Thine are retirement's silent joys,
 And all the sweet endearing ties
 Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
 To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
 My thoughts direct their flight:
 Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
 From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
 Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
 To regulate my doubtful way,
 Thro' life's perplexing road:
 The mists of error to controul,
 And thro' it's gloom direct my soul
 To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
 The visionary shadows fly,
 Of folly's painted show;
 She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
 That all, but Virtue's solid joys,
 Is vanity and woe.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN VERSE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE, AND PATHETIC.

§ 1. *The Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society.*

Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. H. Goldsmith.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where chearful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plentycrown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms
appear;

Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain [vain?
That good which makes each humbler bosom
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor
crown'd;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, [plies;
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man sup-
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arpo's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. [fails;
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
It's uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
At her command the palace learn'd to rise, [state:
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
It's former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The palteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all it's rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
He sees his little lot the lot of all; [small,
Sees no contiguous palace rear it's head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Chearful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
 Yet let them only share the praises due;
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
 For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science
 That first excites desire, and then supplies; [flies,
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
 Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
 For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play [the way,
 Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm
 These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
 How often have I led thy sportive choir, [please,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmur'ing Loire!
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
 And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days [maze;
 Have led their children through the mirthful
 And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest'd a life these thoughtless realms dis-
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away: [play,
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest'd, they grow to what they
 seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise;
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest'd,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
 While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation, rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; [parts
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmy bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western
 spring;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
 Extremes are only in the master's mind!
 Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great:
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul,
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man. [here,

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;

Too

Too blest'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy;
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
It's motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her
charms,

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for
One sink of level avarice shall lie, [fame,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favour's soft'ning sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
It's double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warns:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste;

Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous
There, while above the giddy tempest flies, [aim;
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind!
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

§ 2. *The Deserted Village.* GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid, [swain,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd, [round,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;

The

The dancing pair that simply fought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustful of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove.

[these,
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed,

[fled.
These were thy charms—But all these charms are
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
Far, far away thy children leave the land. [hand,

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hanlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
scene,

Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—

I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shade like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surley porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose; [close,
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soft'ning from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain. [smil'd,

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his
place,

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'ring, but reliev'd their pain,
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims al-
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, [low'd;
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were

won. [glow,
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd, [smile.
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, [storm,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. [spread,

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:

In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring
found,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-
found,

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly fooms to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glitten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrustful asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;

Yet

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
His seat, where solitary sports are seen, [growth;
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are
When time advances, and when lovers fail, [frail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the counter glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade; [play,
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps dis-
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight
reign,

Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles ere annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy! [eyes
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,

When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? [train,
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance
crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that
parting day,

That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, [last,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old fire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his hapless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill 'exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
A every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even

Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
 And piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymphs, neglected and decry'd,
 My shame in crouds, my solitary pride.
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
 Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

§ 3. *Day. A Pastoral in Three Parts.*
 By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

—Carpe diem.

HOR.

M O R N I N G.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.
 Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire;
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.
 Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she prates at night;
 And the lark, to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.
 From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
 See the chaff-ring swallow spring;
 Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.
 Now the pine-tree's waving top
 Gently greets the morning gale;
 Kidlings, now, begin to crop
 Daisies, on the dewy dale.
 From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
 (Restless till her task be done)

Now the busy bee's employ'd,
 Sipping dew before the sun.
 Thrickling through the crevice'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream distils,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.
 Colin's for the promis'd corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious;—whilst the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.
 Sweet—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

N O O N.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
 Now the noontide radiance glows:
 Drooping o'er it's infant bud,
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.
 By the brook the shepherd dines,
 From the fierce meridian heat
 Shelter'd by the branching pines,
 Pendant o'er his grassy seat.
 Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.
 Echo, in her airy round,
 O'er the river, rock, and hill,
 Cannot catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.
 Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool;
 Or with languid silence stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.
 But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a fluttering zephyr springs;
 Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
 Scorch it's soft, it's silken wings.
 Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.
 Languid is the landscape round,
 Till the fresh-descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises ev'ry fainting flower.
 Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
 Now the warblers throats in tune;
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

E V E N I N G.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
 Free—(the furrow'd task is done);
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.
 Now he sets behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky;

Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with vary'd tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twilted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from it's bosom springs;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale.
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well-pois'd milking pail!

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow-bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

§ 4. *Windfor-Forest.*

POPE.

To the Rt. Hon. George Lord Lansdown.

THY forests, Windfor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn. [corn,

Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves).
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?

Both doom'd alike for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious
swains, [fanes:

From men their cities, and from Gods their
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin talk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain,
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains
fed,

O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
Foir Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments
your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great com-
pare)

When Albion sends her eager sons to war, [blest,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant
springs,

And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with
gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo) [roves,
With slaughter'ring guns th' unwearied fowler
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their courfers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana fray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be
But by the crescent, and the golden zone. [known,
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her wait, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits fray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling
doves;

As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid. [vain;
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
"Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
"My native shades—there weep, and murmur
She said, and melting as in tears she lay, [there."
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies [skies,
The headlong mountains and the downward
The wat'ry landkip of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green,
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the
Thames.

Thou,

Thou, too, great father of the British floods !
 With joyful pride survey'ſt our lofty woods ;
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours
 And future navies on thy ſhores appear, [rear,
 Not Neptune's ſelf from all his ſtreams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
 No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear ;
 Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling Poet's lays,
 While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
 As thine, which viſits Windſor's ſam'd abodes,
 To grace the manſion of our earthly Gods :
 Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
 Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal paſſion ſtill,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court ap-
 proves,

His ſov'reign favours, and his country loves :
 Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe
 inſpires ;

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
 Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.

He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
 And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields :

With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic ſouls of flow'rs :

Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high ;
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
 Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er :

Or wand'ring thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wiſe and good,

T' obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end ;

Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,

Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confeſs her home !

Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.

Ye ſacred Nine ! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
 Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions

bleſs,
 Bear me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,

The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens ;
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,

Or where ye Muſes ſport on Cooper's Hill.
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths ſhall grow,

While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall
 I ſeem thro' conſecrated walks to rove, [flow.)

I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove :
 Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,

By god-like poets venerable made :
 Here his firſt lays maſteſic Denham ſung ;

There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's
 O early loſt ! what tears the river ſhed, [tongue.

When the ſad pomp along his banks was led !
 His drooping ſwans on ev'ry note expire,

And on his willows hung each Muſe's lyre.

Since fate relentleſs ſtop'd their heav'nly
 voice,

No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice ;

Who now ſhall charm the ſhades, where Cowley
 ſtrung

His living harp, and lofty Denham ſung ?
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the foreſt rings !

Are theſe reviv'd ? or is it Granville ſings ?
 'Tis yours, my lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,

And call the Muſes to their ancient ſeats ;
 To paint anew the flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes,

To crown the foreſts with immortal greens,
 Make Windſor hills in lofty numbers riſe,

And liſt her turrets nearer to the ſkies ;
 To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,

And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.
 Here noble Surrey felt the ſacred rage,

Surrey, the Granville of a former age :
 Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance,

Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance :
 In the ſame ſhades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,

To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire :
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,

Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.
 Oh would'ſt thou ſing what heroes Windſor

bore, [shore,

What kings firſt breath'd upon her winding
 Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains

In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
 With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,

Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious

The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield : [ſield,
 Then from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,

And leave inanimate the naked wall, [appear,
 Still in thy ſong ſhould yanquish'd France

And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.

Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.

Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,
 And, ſaſt beſide him, once-fear'd Edward

ſleeps :
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,

From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites ; where ev'n the great find reſt,

And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt !
 Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known,

(Obſcure the place, and un-inſcrib'd the ſtone)
 Oh fact accurs'd ! what tears has Albion ſhed,

Heav'n's, what new wounds ! and how her old
 have bled !

She ſaw her ſons with purple deaths expire,
 Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,

A dreadful ſeries of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs, and diſhoneſt ſcars.

At length great Anna ſaid, — ' Let diſcord ceaſe !'
 She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that bleſt moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.

His treſſes drop'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
 His ſhining horns diffuſ'd a golden gleam :

Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides ;

The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
 And on her banks Auguſta roſe in gold,

Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood
 Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood !

First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame :
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears ;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise !
Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !
Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itself the seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train ;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall die with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood :
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain,
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace ;
The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are
blown,

And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold ! th' ascending villas on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold ! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend !
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come ;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.
Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their
And half thy forests rush into the floods, [woods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day :
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole :
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide ;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to
shore,

Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more ;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves,
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell :
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there :
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel :
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light :
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise ;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

§ 5. *Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad.*
GOLDSMITH.

TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
' And guide my lonely way
' To where yon taper cheers the vale
' With hospitable ray.
' For here forlorn and lost I tread,
' With fainting steps and slow ;
' Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
' Seem length'ning as I go.
' Forbear, my son, the Hermit cries,
' To tempt the dang'rous gloom ;
' For yonder phantom only flies
' To lure thee to thy doom.
' Here to the houseless child of want
' My door is open still ;
' And tho' my portion is but scant,
' I give it with good will.
' Then turn to-night and freely share
' Whate'er my cell bestows ;
' My rushy couch and frugal fare,
' My blessing and repose.
' No flocks that range the valley free
' To slaughter I condemn ;
' Taught by that Power that pities me,
' I learn to pity them :
' But from the mountain's grassy side
' A guiltless feast I bring ;

' A scrip

' A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
' And water from the spring.

' Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
' All earth-born cares are wrong;
' Man wants but little here below,
' Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath it's humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smil'd;
And, skil'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
It's tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd:
' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cry'd,
' The sorrows of thy breast?

' From better habitations spurn'd,
' Reluctant dost thou rove?
' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
' Or unregarded love?

' Alas! the joys that fortune brings
' Are trifling, and decay;
' And those who prize the paultry things
' More trifling still than they.

' And what is Friendship but a name,
' A charm that lulls to sleep;
' A shade that follows wealth or fame,
' And leaves the wretch to weep?

' And Love is still an emptier sound,
' The modern fair-one's jest;
' On earth unseen, or only found
' To warm the turtle's nest.

' For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
' And spurn the sex!' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,

Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

' And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
' A wretch forlorn,' she cry'd,
' Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
' Where Heaven and you reside!

' But let a maid thy pity share,
' Whom love has taught to stray;
' Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
' Companion of her way.

' My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
' A wealthy lord was he;
' And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
' He had but only me.

' To win me from his tender arms
' Unnumber'd suitors came;
' Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
' And felt, or feign'd a flame.

' Each hour a mercenary crowd
' With richest proffers strove;
' Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
' But never talk'd of love.

' In humble, simplest habit clad,
' No wealth or power had he;
' Wisdom and worth were all he had,
' But these were all to me.

' The blossom opening to the day,
' The dews of heaven refin'd,
' Could nought of purity display
' To emulate his mind.

' The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
' With charms inconstant shine:
' Their charms were his; but, woe to me!
' Their constancy was mine.

' For still I try'd each fickle art,
' Importunate and vain;
' And while his passion touch'd my heart,
' I triumph'd in his pain:

' Till quite dejected with my scorn,
' He left me to my pride;
' And sought a solitude forlorn,
' In secret, where he died.

' But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
' And well my life shall pay;
' I'll seek the solitude he sought,
' And stretch me where he lay!

' And there forlorn, despairing hid,
' I'll lay me down and die;
' 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
' And so for him will I!

' Forbid it, Heaven! the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

' Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
' My charmer, turn to see

- ' Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 ' Restor'd to love and thee.
 ' Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ' And every care resign :
 ' And shall we never, never part,
 ' My life—my all that's mine !
 ' No, never from this hour to part ;
 ' We'll live and love so true,
 ' The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 ' Shall break thy Edwin's too !

§ 6. *Ode on the Spring.* GRAY.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckow's note,
 The untaught harmony of spring :
 While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
 Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.
 Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade ;
 Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade ;
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think,
 (At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great !
 Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.
 To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In fortune's varying colours dress'd :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
 Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
 They leave in dust to rest.
 Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply ;
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

§ 7. *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.* GRAY.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dy'd
 The azure flowers, that blow ;
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima reclin'd,
 Gaz'd on the lake below.
 Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws ;
 Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw ; and purr'd applause.
 Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream :
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
 Thro' richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.
 The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What cat's averse to fish ?
 Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulph between :
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in.
 Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
 Some speedy aid to lend.
 No dolphin came, no nereid stir'd,
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard :
 A fav'rite has no friend !
 From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
 Nor all that glisters, gold.

§ 8. *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.* GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade ;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.
 Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
 Ah fields belov'd in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !

I feel,

I feel, the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet, which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmur'ing labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn,
Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The tings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,

That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

§ 9. *Ode to Adversity.* GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unselt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern-nur'd nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others
woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd, [believ'd.
To her they vow their truth, and are again
Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immer'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tears,
Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan, [a man.
What others are to feel; and know myself

§ 10. *The Progress of Poesy. A Pindaric Ode.*
GRAY.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake, [strings.
And give to rapture all thy trembling
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour: [the roar.
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet. [declare:
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach
Where-e'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light
of love,

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train, [Fate!
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar [shafts of war.
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road, [roam,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame, [flame.
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost, [coast.
They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears,

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:

The

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two couriers of ethereal race, [sounding pace.
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-re-

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ev'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate, [Great!
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the

§ 11. *The Bard. A Pindaric Ode. GRAY.*

I. 1.

‘RUIN seize thee, ruthless King;
‘ Confusion on thy banners wait;
‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
‘ They mock the air with idle state!
‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twitted mail,
‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!’
Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo’ster stood agiaist in speechless trance!
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch’d his
quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
Rob’d in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream’d, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)
And with a master’s hand, and prophet’s fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
‘ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
‘ Sigh to the torrent’s awful voice beneath!
‘ O’er thee, oh King! their hundred arms
‘ they wave,
‘ Revenge on thee in hoarse murmurs breathe;
‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
‘ To high-born Hucl’s harp, or soft Llewel-
‘ lyn’s lay.

I. 3.

‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,

‘ That hush’d the stormy main:
‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
‘ Modred, whose magic song [head.
‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d
‘ On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale:
‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens sail;
‘ The famish’d eagle screams, and passes by.
‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
‘ Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
‘ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—
‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
‘ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,
‘ Avengers of their native land:
‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of
‘ thy line.’

II. 1.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
“ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
“ Give ample room, and verge enough
“ The characters of hell to trace.
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berklev’s roofs,
“ Shrieks of an agonizing King! [that ring,
“ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
“ That tear’d the bowels of thy mangled
“ mate,
“ From thee be born, who o’er thy country
“ hangs [round him wait!
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What terrors
“ Amazement in his van, with flight combin’d,
“ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude
“ behind.

II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
“ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.
“ Is the fable warrior fled?
“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead,
“ The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were
“ born?
“ Gone to salute the rising morn. [blows,
“ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
“ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
“ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
“ Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
“ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s
“ sway, [evening prey.
“ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
“ The rich repast prepare,
“ Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
“ Close by the regal chair
“ Fell thirst and famine scowl
“ A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
“ Heard ye the din of battle bray,
“ Lance to lance, and horse to horse?

" Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their
" way.

" Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
" And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the rose of snow,
" Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread!
" The bristled boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny shade. [loom
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify
" his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
" Half of thy heart we consecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
" Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
" Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
" In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
" They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
" But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's
" height
" Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
" Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
" Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
" No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
" All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue,
" hail!

III. 2.

" Girt with many a Baron bold
" Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
" And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
" In bearded majesty, appear.
" In the midst a form divine!
" Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
" Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
" Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
" What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
" What strains of vocal transport round her play!
" Hear from the grave, great Talieffin, hear;
" They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
" Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as the sings,
" Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-co-
" lour'd wings.

III. 3.

" The verse adorn again
" Fierce War, and faithful Love,
" And Truth severe, by fairy fiction dress'd.
" In buskin'd measures move
" Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
" With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
" A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
" Gales from blooming Eden bear;
" And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
" That lost in long futurity expire.
" Fond impious man, think'st thou yon san-
" guine cloud, [of day?
" Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb
" To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
" And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
" Enough for me: with joy I see
" The different doom our fates assign.

" Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care;
" To triumph, and to die, are mine." [height,
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain's
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to end-
less night.

§ 12. *The Fatal Sisters. An Ode.* GRAY.

NOW the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron fleet of arrowy shower
Hurries in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory,

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes mult shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war,)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow sleep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease: The work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands !
Songs of joy and triumph sing ;
Joy to the victorious bands ;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed !
Each her thundering faulchion wield ;
Each bestride her fable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field !

§ 13. *The Descent of Odin. An Ode.* GRAY.

UPROSE the King of men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed :
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied :
His shaggy throat he opened wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme ;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead ;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb ?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night ?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain !
Let me ; let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest ?

ODIN.

A Traveller to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee ;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold :
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.

Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n !
Unwilling I my lips uncloseth :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate.

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey ;
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey ;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha ! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now ;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood !

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her antient right ;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

§ 14. *The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.*

GRAY.

O WEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong ;

Fairest

Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours:
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talmalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Despair, and honourable Death.

* * * * *

§ 15. *Ode for Music. Irregular.* GRAY.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
"Comus, and his midnight-crew,
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
"Mad Sedition's cry profane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain,
"Nor in these consecrated bowers [flowers.
"Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in
"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
"Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
"While bright-eyed Science watches round:
"Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the faintest Sage, the Bard divine,
The few, whom Genius gave to shine
Thro' every unhorned age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardor stole.

'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the
rhyme.

"Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
"That Contemplation loves,
"Where willow Camus lingers with delight!
"Oft at the blush of dawn
"I trod your level lawn,
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
"In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
"With Freedom by my side, and lost-ey'd
"Melancholy."

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
And mitred Fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's Heroine, and the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies.

"What is Grandeur, what is Power?
"Heavier toil, superior pain.
"What the bright reward we gain?
"The grateful memory of the Good.
"Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
"The bee's collected treasures sweet,
"Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
"The still small voice of Gratitude."

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret see!
"Welcome, my noble Son, (she cries aloud)
"To this, thy kindred train, and me:
"Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
"A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
"Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
"The flower unheeded shall descry,
"And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
"The fragrance of its blushing head:
"Shall raise from earth the latent gem
"To glitter on the diadem.

"Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming hand,
"Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
"No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
"Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
"Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
"She reveres herself and thee. [brow
"With modest pride to grace thy youthful
"The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she
"And to thy just, thy gentle hand [brings,
"Submits the fates of her sway.
"While Spirits blest above and Men below [lay,
"Join with glad voice the loud symphonious
"Thro'

" Thro' the wild waves as they roar
 " With watchful eye and dauntless mien
 " Thy steady course of honour keep,
 " Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
 " The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 " And gilds the horrors of the deep."

§ 16. *Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke.* GRAY.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
 A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;
 A Heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
 Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
 And soft Humanity were there.
 In agony, in death resign'd,
 She felt the wound she left behind.
 Her infant image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe:
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days?
 A pang to secret sorrow dear;
 A sigh; an unavailing tear;
 Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,
 With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

§ 17. *Edwin and Emma.* MALLET.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
 An humble cottage stood :
 There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
 Beneath a mother's eye ;
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her bless'd, and die.
 The softest blush that Nature spreads,
 Gave colour to her cheek :
 Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n,
 When vernal mornings break.
 Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains :
 That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
 To paint our lily deigns.
 Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair ;
 And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair :
 Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art ;
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.
 A mutual flame was quickly caught,
 Was quickly too reveal'd ;
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.
 What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where Fortune proves a foe.
 His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,

To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.
 The father too, a fordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the clod
 From whence his riches grew.
 Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd ;
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.
 In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
 Of diff'rent passions strove :
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.
 Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept ;
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.
 Oft, too, on Stanemore's wint'ry waste,
 Beneath the moon-light shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight mourner stray'd.
 His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast :
 So fades the fresh rose in it's prime,
 Before the northern blast.
 The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed ;
 And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrow shed.
 'Tis past ! he cry'd ; ' but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold
 What they must ever love !'
 She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bath'd with many a tear ;
 Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
 So morning dews appear.
 But, oh ! his sister's jealous care,
 (A cruel sister she !)
 Forbade what Emma came to say ;
 ' My Edwin, live for me !'
 Now homeward as she hopeless wept
 The church-yard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
 Her lover's funeral song.
 Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
 In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
 His groan in ev'ry sound.
 Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale ;
 When lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad sounding in the gale !
 Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door :
 ' He's gone !' she cry'd ; ' and I shall see
 That angel face no more !'
 ' I feel, I feel, this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side !'—

From

From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

§ 18. *Hengist and Mey.* MICKLE.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

IN ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer!
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won ev'ry heart at Arthur's court,
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move:
Yet at the evening hour of pray'r
Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,
And urg'd her to explain:
'O name the gentle youth to me,
'And his consent I'll gain.'

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,
'His name how can I say?
'An angel from the fields above
'Has rapt my heart away.

'But once, alas! and never more,
'His lovely form I spy'd,
'One evening, by the sounding shore,
'All by the greenwood side.

'His eyes to mine the love confess'd
'That glow'd with mildest grace;
'His courtly mein and purple vest
'Bespoke his princely race.

'But when he heard my brother's horn,
'Fast to his ships he fled:
'Yet, while I sleep, his graceful form
'Still hovers round my bed.

'Sometimes, all clad in armour bright,
'He shakes a warlike lance;
'And now, in courtly garments dight,
'He leads the sprightly dance.

'His hair is black as raven's wing,
'His skin as Christmas snow;
'His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
'His lips like rose-buds glow.

'His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
'By Nature's finest hand;
'His sparkling eyes declare him born
'To love and to command.'

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopeless pining love:
But when the balmy spring return'd,
And summer cloath'd the grove;

All round, by pleasant Humber side,
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's castle-gates
The spearman came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn when Mey look'd o'er
The castle-wall so then;

And, lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Lean'd on his burnish'd lance;
And all the armed youth around
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
Adown his shoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes:
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While big with love he sighs.

'O thou, for whom I dar'd the seas,
'And come with peace or war;
'Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
'Relieve thy lover's care!

'For thee I'll quit my father's throne,
'With thee the wilds explore;
'Or with thee share the British crown,
'With thee the cross adore.'

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows:
So, blushing thro' the dews of morn,
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning pray'r,
When men their sins bewail;
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn
Shrill sounding thro' the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd her snowy breast,
With pray'rs to Heav'n, her lily hands
Have fix'd on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd across the plain,
Till with his gallant yeomandrie
He join'd King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glitt'ring down the hill,
And with their shouts and clang of arms
The distant vallies fill.

Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
Assum'd the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop it's course young Hengist flew
Like lightning o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire;

And

And all his martial heat before,
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front
With whirlwind speed he press'd;
And, glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedless rage pursu'd;
Till, trembling in his cloven helm,
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head, slow dropp'd his spear,
The reins slipp'd through his hand;
And, stain'd with blood, his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

'O bear me off!' Sir Elmer cry'd:
'Before my painful fight
'The combat swims—Yet Hengift's vest
'I claim, as victor's right.'

Brave Hengift's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled.

The bowmen to his castle gates
The bold Sir Elmer led.

'Oh! wash my wounds, my sister dear,
'O pull this Saxon dart,
'That whizzing from young Hengift's arm
'Has almost pierc'd my heart.

'Yet in my hall his vest shall hang;
'And Britons yet unborn
'Shall with the trophies of to-day
'Their solemn feasts adorn.'

All trembling Mey beheld the vest;
'Oh, Merlin!' loud she cry'd,
'Thy words are true—my slaughter'd love
'Shall have a breathless bride!

'Oh! Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
'That low my Hengift lies!
'Oh, Hengift, cruel was thine arm;
'My brother bleeds and dies!'

She spake—the roses left her cheek,
And life's warm spirits fled:
So, nipp'd by winter's ling'ring blasts,
The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave;
She lifts her, languid eyes:

'Return, my Hengift; oh! return,
'My slaughter'd love!' she cries.

'Oh—still he lives—he smiles again;
'With all his grace he moves:
'I come—I come, where bow nor spear
'Shall more disturb our loves.'

She spake—she dy'd. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's side;
And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,
And thrice he groan'd, and dy'd.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross
Oershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengift's corse
Were by the spearmen borne:

And there, all clad in robes of white,
With many a sigh and tear,

The village maids to Hengift's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighb'ring groves,
The turtles wail in widow'd notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

§ 19. *Dirge in Cymbeline.* COLLINS.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and bearing rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

§ 20. *A Prayer for Indifference.* GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary;
For once I'll try my wish to gain
Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurk'st in woods unseen,
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Tripp'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient stories tell,
And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell;

Oh! deign once more t' exert thy power;
Haply some herb or tree,
Sov'reign as juice of western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to please:
Far from the heart those gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree :
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound ;
Beyond, is agony.

Take then this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart ;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pains new pangs impart.

Oh ! haste to shed the sacred balm !
My shatter'd nerves new string ;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring.

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly ;
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the promis'd joy.

The tear which pity taught to flow,
The eye shall then disown ;
The heart that melts for others woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close,
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of calm repose.

O fairy elf ! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send ;
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flow'ry paths attend !
So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heav'n's ambrosial dew ;
From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
I'll pass in sober ease ;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to please.

§ 21. *The Beggar's Petition.* ANON.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.
Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.
Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome ;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of Pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes ; why should we re-
pine ?

'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see ;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of Sorrow and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn ;
But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, [door,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

§ 22. *Pollio. An Elegiac Ode; written in
the Wood near R——— Castle, 1762.*

MICKLE.

Hæc Jovem sentire, Deosque cunctos.

Spem bonam certamque domum reporto. HOR.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy
store, [green :
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn Meditation let me stray ;
This is the hour when, to the wise and good,
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-waving boughs among :
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad
height,

The silver empress of the night appears !
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound ;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade ;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky
ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers ;
Dull

Dull through the roofs rebounds the whistling
Dark Solitude among the pillars lours. [gale,
Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
Where yon scath'd poplar through the window
waves,

And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;
There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer,
High o'er the pines, that with their darkening
shade

Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
It's crumbling turrets: still it's towery head
A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers
creep, [have led;

Where oft the knights the beauteous dames
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our fires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the
lea,

Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight!
Now lost to them!—and, ah! how chang'd
to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring; [trees,
So shone the moon through these soft nodding
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours
dy'd:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd;

Him, with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought ally'd;
The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms: he saw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'er-
Bids each endearment, fair as once to rise, [flows:
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes:

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river, crown'd with pines,
And fainted well, have lost their cheering
powers;

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh,
where, [hind!

Where hast thou fled, and left me here be-
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repals'd!
Dread separation! on the depth untry'd,
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast!

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes:
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire!
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies!
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire!

Far be the thought! The pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The towering wish that scorns the bounds of
time,

Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.
So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies:
Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native skies!

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
With chearful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no
more!

Oh, that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead, [grove,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at
pain,

And wings his spirit with sublime desire!
To fan this spark of Heaven, this ray divine,
Still, O my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd;
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising extasies their bosoms fir'd:

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning desarts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountain sung, 'Messiah reigns!'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene;
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire, [tween:
What time the moonshine dimly gleams be-

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'er shade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And soothes me wandering o'er my kindred
bones;

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall
All Nature smiling, and by angels borne, [rise,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies!

§23. *Mary, Queen of Scots. An Elegy.* MICKLE.

Quod tibi vitæ fors detrahit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor. BUCH.

THE balmy Zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
Now thro' the gloomy park their revels take.
Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north,
The wood grows yellow'd by the evening rays;
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Aman murmuring thro' the willows
strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick
boy?

Why cease in Mary's Bower the songs of Love;
The songs of Love, of Innocence, and Joy?

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flow'ry green;
Here by the moon, full oft in cheerful May,
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs, that thro' the copse ap-
pear,

In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flow'rs they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the lady of th' ærial train;

Tall as the sylvan goddesses of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
Wand'ring by Judah's flow'ry mountains,
wept;

And with fair Iphis, by the hallow'd strand
Of Siloe's brook, a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent crosses with thistles twin'd,
'Tis Mary's guardian Genius lost in woe:

' Ah! say, what deepest wrongs have thus
' combin'd [snow!

' To heave with restless sighs thy breast of
O stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly [fane:

' Your solemn rites; here comes no foot pro-
The Muses' son, and hallow'd is his eye,

' Implores your stay, implores to join the
strain!

' See, from her cheek the glowing life blush flies;
' Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be
these! [eyes,

' Ye nymphs, who fondly watch her languid
' O say, what music will her soul appease!

' Resound the solemn dirge,' the nymphs reply,
' And let the turtles moan in Mary's Bow'r;

' Let Grief indulge her grand sublimity,
' And Melancholy wake her melting pow'r:

' For Art has triumph'd; Art, that never flood
' On Honour's side, or gen'rous transport
' knew,

' Has dy'd it's haggard hands in Mary's blood,
' And o'er her fame has breath'd its blight-
' ing dew.

' But come, ye nymphs, ye woodland spirits,
' come;

' And with funereal flow'rs your tresses braid:
' While in this hallow'd grove we raise the tomb,

' And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.
' O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore!

' Her's ev'ry charm, and ev'ry loveliest grace:
' When Nature's happiest touch could add no
' more,

' Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face.
' O! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,

' Where from the oak depends the mistletoe,
' Where creeping ivy shades the Druid's cell,

' Where from the rock the gurgling waters
' flow;

' Or whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
' You thro' the fairy dales of Teviot glide;

' Or brush the primrose banks, while Cynthia
' sheds

' Her silv'ry light o'er Esk's translucent tide:
' Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,

' By Virtue's tears, by weeping Beauty, come;
' Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,

' And wave the cypress bough at Mary's tomb.
' And come, ye fleet magicians of the air!

' (The mournful lady of the chorus cry'd;)
' Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare, [glide:

' And thro' this grove bid Mary's fortunes
' And let the song, with solemn harping join'd,

' And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe!
She spoke; and, waking thro' the breathing
wind,

From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.
The song began: ' How bright her early morn!

' What lasting joys her smiling fate portends!
' To wield the awful British sceptres born,

' And Gaul's young heir her bridal-bed af-
' cends.

' See, round her bed, light-floating on the air,
' The little Loves their purple wings display;

' When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare
' Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

' Far with the Loves each blissful omen speeds;
' Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd
' moan:

' The bridal-bed the sable hearse succeeds,
' And struggling factions shake her native
' throne.

' No more a goddess in the swimming dance,
' May'st thou, O queen, thy lovely form dis-
' play;

' No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
' Nor in Versailles' proud bow'rs outline the
' day.

' For

* For the cold north the trembling sails are
 ' spread: [breast,
 ' Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy
 ' While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
 ' Thy future woes in boding sighs confess'd*!
 ' A nation stern and stubborn to command,
 ' And now convuls'd with Faction's fiercest
 ' Commits it's sceptre to thy gentle hand, [rage,
 ' And asks a bridle from thy tender age.'
 As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
 Her native shore receives the mournful queen;
 November wind o'er the bare landscape blows;
 In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene:
 The house of Holy Rood, in fullen state,
 Bleak in the shade of rude pil'd rocks appears;
 Cold on the mountain's side, the type of Fate,
 It's shatter'd walls a Romish chapel rears.
 No nodding grove here waves the shelt'ring
 bough;
 O'er the dank vale, prophetic of her reign,
 Beneath the curving mountain's craggy brow,
 The dreary echoes to the gales complain:
 Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
 The high pil'd city rears her Gothic tow'rs;
 The stern-brow'd castle, from his lofty rock
 Looks scornful down, and fix'd defiance
 lours†.
 Domestic bliss, that dear, that sov'reign joy,
 Far from her hearth was seen to speed away;
 Straight dark-brow'd factions entering in, de-
 stroy [prey.
 The seeds of peace, and mark her for their
 No more by moon-shine to the nuptial bow'r
 Her Francis comes, by Love's soft fetters led:
 Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour†,
 Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.
 ' Ah, draw the veil! ' shrill trembles thro' the air:
 The veil was drawn, but darker scenes arose;
 Another nuptial couch the Fates prepare‡,
 The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.
 The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd;
 Far from the couch offended Prudence fled:
 Of deepest crimes deceitful Faction rav'd,
 And rouz'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glitt'ring spears,
 Instead of crooks, the Grampian shepherds
 wield;
 Fanatic rage the plowman's visage wears,
 And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.
 From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,
 The beauteous queen, all tears, is seen to fly:
 Now thro' the streets a weeping captive borne ||,
 Her woes the triumph of the vulgar eye!
 Again the vision shifts the woeful scene:
 Again, forlorn, from rebel arms she flies;
 And, unsuspecting, on a sister queen
 The lovely injur'd fugitive relies.
 When Wisdom, baffled, owns th' attempt in vain,
 Heav'n oft delights to set the virtuous free;
 Some friend appears, and breaks Affliction's
 chain—
 But, ah! no gen'rous friend appears for thee!
 A prison's ghastly walls, and grated cells,
 Deform'd the airy scenery as it pass'd;
 The haunt where little's Melancholy dwells,
 Where ev'ry genial feeling shrinks aghast.
 No female eye her sickly bed to tend ¶!
 ' Ah, cease to tell it in the female ear!
 ' A woman's stern command! a proffer'd friend!
 ' Oh, gen'rous passion, peace! forbear, for-
 bear!
 ' And could, O Tudor! could thy breast retain
 ' No soft'ning thought of what thy woes had
 been, [vain
 ' When thou, the heir of England's crown, in
 ' Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant queen?
 ' And could no pang from tender memory wake,
 ' And feel those woes that once had been thine
 own!
 ' No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake;
 ' For Mary's sake, the heir of England's
 throne?
 ' Alas! no pleading touch thy memory knew;
 ' Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had
 ' Dark politics alone engag'd thy view; [flow'd
 ' With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd.
 ' And say, did Wisdom own thy stern command?
 ' Did Honour wave his banner o'er the deed?

* The unhappy Mary in her infancy was sent to France, to the care of her mother's family, the House of Guise. The French court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the Princess of Scotland was educated, with all the distinctions due to her high rank; and, as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. On the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the House of Guise required the return of the young queen to Scotland. She left France with tears and the utmost reluctance; and, on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

† These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy Rood House, are local. Yet, however dreary the unimproved November view may appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive that plantation, and the other efforts of art, could easily convert the prospect into an agreeable and most romantic summer landscape.

‡ Lord Darnly; the handsomest man of his age, but a worthless debauchee of no abilities.

§ Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell; an unprincipled politician of great address.

|| When she was brought prisoner through the streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity which an enraged mob could offer. Her person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear insulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan, when he relates these circumstances, seems to drop a tear over them.

¶ A fact.

' Ah!—Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand;
' And ever, o'er her woes, shall Pity bleed!
' The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
' When first thy woeful captive hours began;
' Ere Heaven, O hapless Mary! set thee free,
' That babe to battle march'd, in arms a man!

An awful pause ensues!—With speaking eyes,
And hands half rais'd, the guardian wood-
nymphs wait;

While slow and sad the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate!

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thrifty saw-dust strews the marble floor;
Blue gleams the axe, the block it's shoulders
rears,

And pikes and halberts guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed, [by;
And Mary's maids (a mournful train!) pass
Languid they walk, and listless hang the head,
And silent tears pace down from ev'ry eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the queen; [head:
She smiles on Heav'n, and bows the injur'd
The axe is lifted—from the deathful scene
The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled.

It fled—the wood-nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
As rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes:
So, when the huntsman hears the rustling fawn,
He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sov'reign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
As Cuma's maid when by the god inspir'd;

' The depths of ages to my sight unfold! [fir'd!
She cries; 'and Mary's meed my breast has

' On Tudor's throne her sons shall ever reign;
' Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
' With sov'reign pride, wherever roars the main,
' Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling
' world.

' Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone;
' Age after age, through length'ning time,
' shall see

' Her branching race on Europe's ev'ry throne,
' And either India bend to them the knee.

' But Tudor as a fruitless gourd shall die;
' I see her death-scene—On the lowly floor

' Dreary she sits; cold Grief has glaz'd her eye,
' And Anguish gnaws her till she breathes no
' more.'

But hark!—loud howling thro' the midnight
gloom,

Faction is rous'd, and sends the baleful yell!

O save, ye gen'rous few, your Mary's tomb!
O save her ashes from the blasting spell!

' And lo! where Time, with brighten'd face
' serene,

' Points to yon far, but glorious op'ning sky;
' See Truth walk forth, majestic, awful queen!

' And Party's black'ning mills before her fly.

' Falshood, unmask'd, withdraws her ugly train,
' And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine—

' Yes, thou hast friends! the godlike and humane
' Of latest ages, injur'd queen, are thine.'

The milky splendors of the dawning ray,
Now thro' the grove a trembling radiance shed;
With sprightly note the woodlark hail'd the day,
And with the moon-shine all the vision fled *.

§ 24. *The Hermit.*

BEATTIE.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness
prove;

When nought but the torrent is heard on the
And nought but the nightingale's song in the
grove—

'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain re-
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began:

'Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was re-
sign'd;

He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

' Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and
' woe,

' Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad
' For spring shall return, and a lover bestow;

' And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
' Yet if Pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay!

' Mourn, sweetest companion; man calls thee to
' mourn:

' O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass
' Full quickly they pass—but they never return!

' Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
' The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays;

' But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
' She shone, and the planets were lost in her
' blaze.

' Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness
' The path that conducts thee to splendor again:

' But man's faded glory no change shall re-
' Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain! [new;

' 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no
' more:

' I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for

* The author of this little poem to the memory of an unhappy princess is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved to demonstration: the letters, which have always been esteemed as the principal proof of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on whose authority Thuanus and other historians have condemned her, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and has cited against her public records which never existed, as has been lately proved to demonstration. And, to add no more, the treatment she received from her illustrious cousin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian; a policy which trampled on the obligations of honour, of humanity, and morality. From whence it may be inferred, that to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary, which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a writer who would appear in the cause of virtue.

' For

* For morn is approaching, your charms to
restore, [with dew.
* Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring
* Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
* Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save:
* But when shall spring visit the mould'ring
urn! [grave!
* O when shall it dawn on the night of the

§ 25. *A Pastoral Ballad. In Four Parts.*
SHENSTONE.

I. A B S E N C E.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None, once, was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.
Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repell;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.
Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.
But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown!
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.
When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.
The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;

My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar twines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasten'd and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamin strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and, whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains, and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may, perhaps, be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.
 O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while;
 Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
 —But I cannot allow her to smile.
 For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook he bestudds around;
 And his pipe—oh may Phyllis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.
 'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
 "How her face is as bright as the snow,
 "And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;
 "How the nightingales labour the strain,
 "With the notes of his charmer to vie;
 "How they vary their accents in vain,
 "Repine at her triumphs, and die."
 To the grove or the garden he strays,
 And pillages every sweet;
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
 He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
 "O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
 "More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!
 "What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
 "What is elegantine after a show'r?
 "Then the lily no longer is white;
 "Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
 "Then the violets die with despoight,
 "And the woodbines give up their perfume."
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
 Yet I never should envy the song,
 Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.
 Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phyllis the trophy despise;
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
 The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
 —Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. Disappointment.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep:
 They have nothing to do but to stray;
 I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair—and my passion begun;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.
 Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire;
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.
 She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let Reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.
 Alas! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain:
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.
 The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
 High transports are shewn to the sight,
 But we are not to find them our own;
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,
 As I with my Phyllis had known.
 O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
 To your deepest recesses I fly;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
 I would vanish from every eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
 Was faithless, and I am undone!

§ 26. *Phæbe. A Pastoral.* BYRON.

MY time, O ye Muses! was happily spent,
 When Phæbe went with me wherever I
 went:
 Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast:
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest.
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous change, on a sudden, I find!
 When things were as fine as cou'd possibly be,
 I thought it was Spring; but, alas! it was she.
 The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phæbe was there,
 It was pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear.
 But, now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
 Must

Must you be so chearful, whilst I go in pain?
Peace, there, with your bubbling, and hear
me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phoebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a frowny look,
Cry, "Sirrah," and give him a blow with my
crook: [Tray
And I'll give him another; for why should not
Be dull as his master, when Phoebe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood
thro', [too;
The lark, linnet, thrush, and nightingale
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain? [move:
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion re-
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:
Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

§ 27. *A Pastoral Ballad.* ROWE.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And, while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.
Alas! silly swain that I was;
(Thus sadly complaining he cry'd);
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet!
How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town;
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?
What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What tho', when they hear my soft strains,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false and to change;
'Tis mine to be constant—and die.
If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground;
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true,
Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

§ 28. *Content. A Pastoral.* CUNNINGHAM.

O'ER moorlands and mountains rude, barren,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam, [and bare,
A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had
crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casements sweet woodbines crept wantonly
And deck'd the sod seats at her door. [round,
We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits!—and she cull'd me the best;
Whilst, thrown from my guard by some glances
Love slyly stole into my breast. [she cast,
I told my soft wishes—she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd;
Yet take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.
Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if—on the banks by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.
Together we range o'er the flow-riasing hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
And mark out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent!
The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
And shepherds have nam'd her, Content.

§ 29. *Invitation to the feathered Race.*

GREAVES.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
 Fresh verdure decks the grove;
 Each bird, with vernal rapture, glows,
 And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
 And shun the noon-tide heat:
 My shrubs a cooling shade supply;
 My groves, a safe retreat.

Here, freely hop, from spray to spray,
 Or weave the mossy nest:
 Here, rove and sing the live-long day;
 At night, here sweetly rest.

Amid this cool translucent rill,
 That trickles down the glade,
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
 And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
 E'er shews his ruddy face,
 Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
 In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs;
 Secure, the linnet sings;
 The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
 To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
 Yon distant woods among,
 And, round my friendly grotto, chant
 Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
 Domestic bird, to come,
 And seek a sure asylum here,
 With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe!
 Shall store of fruit preserve:
 O! let me thus your friendship bribe;
 Come, feed without reserve.

For you, these cherries I protect;
 To you, these plums belong:
 Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd;
 But sweeter far your song.

Let, then, this league, betwixt us made,
 Our mutual interests guard:
 Mine, be the gift of fruit and shade;
 Your songs, be my reward.

§ 30. *To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr. Addison.*

TICKELL.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid, [stay'd,
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
 And judge, oh judge my holom by your own.
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
 Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
 My soul's best part for ever to the grave!

How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid;
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend;
 Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu.
 To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart;
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue.
 My grief be doubled from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,
 Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
 Along the walls, where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hollow'd mould below:
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
 In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;

Stern patriots, who for sacred Freedom stood;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
 And saints who taught, and led the way to Heav'n;

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
 Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliss convey'd
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind;

A winged Virtue, through th' etherial sky,
 From world to world, unwearied, does he fly?
 Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
 Of Heaven's decrees, where wond'ring angels
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell [gaze?
 How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell;
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?

Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind?

Oh! if, sometimes, thy spotless form descend,
 To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
 When Rage misguides me, or when Fear alarms,
 When Pain distresses, or when Pleasure charms,
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a trail and feeble heart;
 Led through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so ye Heav'n's decree,
 Must still be lov'd, and still deplor'd by me;
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my
If in the stage I seek to looth my care, [sight ;
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there ;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;
'Twas there of just and good hereason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious
song :

There, patient, show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe ;
There taught us how to live and (oh ! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures
grace,

Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, when'er thy bow'r appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears !
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air ! [fair,
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy ev'ning breeze,
His image thy forsaken bow'rs restore ;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.
From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muse's art I found ;
Reluctant, now, I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing ;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
O ! must I, then, (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinished song !

These works divine, which on his death-bed
laid,

To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair ! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues : each other's boast, farewell,
Farewel ! whom join'd in fame, in friendship
try'd,

No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

§ 31. *A Fairy Tale.* PARNELL.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green ;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he been.
His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above ;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.
He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Cou'd ladies look within ;

But one Sir Topaz, dress'd with art,
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light ;

'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort,
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour town ;

With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground :

And, well I ween to count aright,
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase :

And, from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me gentles !) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich, before ;

The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, dress'd
In flaunting robes above the rest
With awful accent cry'd,

What mortal, of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide ?

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight ;

" Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."

'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart ;
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign ;

Now take the pleasure of thy chance ;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and, all a sudden, there
Light music floats in wanton air ;
The Monarch leads the Queen :

The rest their fairie partners found ;
And Mable trimly tript the ground,
With Edwin of the green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And sicker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire :

Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.
 But now, to please the fairie king,
 Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antic feats devise;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other-some transmute their shape
 In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.
 Till one, at last, that Robin hight,
 Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
 Has hent him up aloof;
 And full against the beam he flung,
 Where, by the back, the youth he hung,
 To sprawl unneath the roof,
 From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
 "And let it fairly now suffice
 The gambol has been shown."
 But Oberon answers with a smile,
 Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
 The vantage is thine own.
 Here ended all the phantom play;
 They smelt the fresh approach of day,
 And heard a cock to crow;
 The whirling wind that bore the crowd,
 Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
 To warn them all to go.
 Then, screaming all at once, they fly,
 And, all at once, the tapers dye;
 Poor Edwin falls to floor;
 Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
 Was never wight in such a case
 Thro' all the land before.
 But, soon as dan Apollo rose,
 Full jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the leis;
 His honest tongue and steady mind
 Had rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success,
 With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a dauncing as he walks;
 His story soon took wind;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Without a bunch behind.
 The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
 The youth of Edith erit approv'd,
 To see the revel scene:
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome
 All on the gloomy plain.
 As there he bides, it so befell,
 The wind camerustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall:
 Up sprung the tapers as before,
 The fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.
 But, certes, foreiy sunk with woe
 Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
 His spirits in him dy:
 When Oberon cries, "Aman is near;
 A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
 Hangs flagging in the sky."
 With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
 In accents falt'ring, ay for ruth,

Intreats them pity graunt,
 For als he been a misser wight
 Betray'd by wandering in the night
 To tread the circled haunt;
 "Ah Lofell vile!" at once they roar;
 "And little skill'd of fairie lore,
 Thy cause to come we know;
 Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
 And fairies, since a lye you tell,
 Are free to work thee woe."
 Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
 To trail the swains among the mire,
 The captive upward flung:
 There, like a tortoise in a shop,
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where, whilom, Edwin hung.
 The revel now proceeds apace,
 Dextly they frisk it o'er the place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat;
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
 Till all the rout retreat.
 By this the stars began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down ydrops the knight:
 For never spell by fairie laid
 With strong enchantment, bound a glade,
 Beyond the length of night.
 Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
 Till up the welkin rose the day,
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
 But wot ye well his harder lot;
 His seely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin lost afore.
 This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
 She softly stroak'd my youngling head;
 And, when the tale was done,
 "Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
 With base impediments, to rise,
 And some are born with none.
 But virtue can itself advance
 To what the fav'rite fools of chance
 By Fortune seem'd design'd;
 Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
 And from itself shake off the weight
 Upon th' unworthy mind."

§ 32. *Baucis and Philemon.* SWIFT.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
 The saints would often leave their cells,
 And strole about, but hide their quality,
 To try good people's hospitality.
 It happen'd on a winter night,
 As authors of the legend write,
 Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
 Taking their tour in masquerade,
 Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
 To a small village down in Kent;
 Where, in the stroller's canting strain,
 They begg'd from door to door, in vain;
 Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win,
 But not a soul would let 'em in.
 Our wand'ring saints, in woeful state,
 Treated at this ungodly rate,

Having

Having through all the village pass'd,
 To a small cottage came at last;
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,
 Who kindly did these saints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night;
 And then, the hospitable fire
 Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
 While he from out the chimney took
 A slice of bacon, off the hook,
 And, freely, from the fattest side,
 Cut out large slices, to be fry'd;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brim,
 And saw it fairly twice go round;
 Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they had not touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry—what art!
 Then softly turn'd aside, to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue.
 The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling, and their errand;
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but Saints, the hermits said;
 No hurt shall come to you or yours;
 But, for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not fit to live on christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd;
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes.
 They scarce had spoke, when, fair and soft,
 The roof began to mount aloft;
 Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
 The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
 Became a steeple, with a spire.
 The kettle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a joist;
 But with the upside down, to show
 Its inclination for below;
 In vain, for a superior force,
 Apply'd at bottom, stops its course:
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
 A wooden jack, which had almost
 Lost, by disuse, the art to roast,
 A sudden alteration feels,
 Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
 And, what exalts the wonder more,
 The number made the motion slower.
 The flyer, though't had leaden feet,
 Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't;
 But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
 Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
 The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
 Had never left each other's side;
 The chimney to a steeple grown,
 The jack would not be left alone,
 But up against the steeple rear'd,
 Became a clock, and still adher'd;

And still its love to household cares,
 By a shrill voice at noon declares,
 Warning the cookmaid not to burn
 That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
 Like a huge snail, along the wall;
 There stuck aloft in public view,
 And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
 The porringers, that, in a row,
 Hung high, and made a glitt'ring shew,
 To a less noble substance chang'd,
 Were, now, but leathern buckets rang'd,
 The ballads pasted on the wall,
 Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
 Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
 The Little Children in the Wood,
 Now seem'd to look abundant better,
 Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
 And, high in order plac'd, describe
 The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead, of the antique mode,
 Compact, of timber many a load;
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into pews;
 Which still their ancient nature keep,
 By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
 Grown to a church by just degrees,
 The hermits then desir'd their host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.
 Philemon, having paus'd awhile,
 Return'd 'em thanks in homely style:
 Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
 Methinks I still would call it mine:
 I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
 Make me the Parson, if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding sleeve;
 His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a sable hue;
 But, being old, continu'd just
 As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of tythes and dues:
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the preface, and the text:
 At christ'nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart;
 Wish'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whole sow had farrow'd last.
 Against Dissenters would repine,
 And stood up firm for right divine;
 Found his head fill'd with many a system:
 But classic authors—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,
 Dame Baucis, next, they play'd their farce on:
 Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinners, edg'd with Colberteen;
 Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
 Became black satin, flounc'd with lace.
 Plain Goody would no longer down;
 'Twas Madam, in her program gown.

Philemon

Philemon was in great surprize,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were, several years, this man and wife;
When, on a day which prov'd their last,
Discourfing o'er old stories past,
They went, by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard, to take a walk:
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"
"Sprout!" quoth the man, "what's this you
I hope you don't believe me jealous: [tell us?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And, really, your's is budding too—
Nay—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my muse!
In short, they both were turn'd to Yews.

Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
Remembers he the trees has seen:
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight:
On Sundays, after evening pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either Yew;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:
Till, once, a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

§ 33. *The Tears of Scotland.* SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.
The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.
The rural pipe, and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day:

No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.
Oh baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons, against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.
Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow,
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

§ 34. *Ode to Mirth.* SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born!
Yet Goddesses sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the
shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddesses, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our
day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee,
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower. [ray
Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy
fway, [morn.
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of
Pale

Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering
light, [night.
Quick, as the light'nings flash, glide to sepulchral

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age. [prayer;
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's
No cloud that rides the blast, shall vex the
troubled air.

§ 35. *Ode to Leven Water.* SMOLLET.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and motled par,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges, flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen;
And lassies, chanting o'er the pail;
And shepherds, piping in the dale;
And ancient faith, that knows no guile,
And industry, imbrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy, to guard.

§ 36. *Song to Ælla, Lorde of the castel of
Brystowe ynne daies of yore.* From CHAT-
TERTON, under the name of ROWLEY.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastyng to posteritye.
Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of
bloude-redde hue [ing due,
Lyche kynges-cuppes brastyng wythe the morn-
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thoufandes of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And astedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre [pleyne,
The dysmall crye of warre, [fleyne;
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Yprauunceyng o'er the mede,
And neight to be amenged the poyntedd speeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe arduous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Lette Brystowe styll be made thie care; [fyre;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumyng
Lyche Avones streame ensyrke ytte rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde, [pyre.
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde ex-

§ 37. *Brystowe Tragedie: Or the Dethe of Syr
Charles Bawdin.*

CHATTERTON, under the name of ROWLEY.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And told the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edward sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokeynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the
"That syttes enthron'd on hyghe! [Godde
"Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
"To-daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
"Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydyngs I doe bryng." [Charles,
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr
"Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"
"I greeve

- " I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
 " Does fromme the welkinn flye,
 " Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,
 " Thatt thou shalt surelie die."
 " Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
 " Of thatte I'm not affearde;
 " Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
 " Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd:
 " Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
 " I'de sooner die to-daie
 " Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
 " Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie."
 Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
 To telle the maior fraite
 To gett all thynges ynne reddynefs
 For goode Syr Charleses fate.
 Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
 And felle down onne hys knee;
 " I'm come," quod hee, " unto your grace
 " To move your clemencye."
 Thenne quod the kynge, " Youre tale speke
 " You have been much oure friende; [out,
 " Whatever youre request may bee,
 " Wee wylle to ytte attende."
 " My nobile liege! alle my request
 " Ys for a nobile knyghte,
 " Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
 " He thoghte ytte styлле was ryghte:
 " Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
 " Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
 " Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
 " Charles Bawdin die to-daie."
 " Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
 The kynge ynne furie sayde;
 " Before the evening starre doth sheene,
 " Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:
 " Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
 " And hee shalle have hys meede: [else
 " Speke, Maister Canynge! Whatte thyng
 " Att present doe you neede?"
 " My nobile leige!" goode Canynge sayde,
 " Leave justice to our Godde,
 " And laye the yronne rule asyde;
 " Be thyne the olyve rodde.
 " Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
 " The best were synners grete;
 " Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
 " Ynne alle thys mortall state.
 " Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
 " 'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
 " From race to race thy familie
 " Alle sov'reigns shall endure:
 " Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
 " Beginne thy infante reigne,
 " Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
 " Wylle never long remayne."
 " Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
 " Has scorn'd my power and mee;
 " Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
 " Intreate my clemencye?"
 " My nobile liege! the trulie brave
 " Wylle val'rous actions prize,
 " Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
 " Altho' ynne enemies."
 " Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
 " Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
 " I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
 " Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.
 " By Marie, and aile Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
 " Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
 Thenne Canynge dropt a binie teare,
 And from the prefence paste.
 Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
 Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
 And teares beganne to flowe.
 " Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
 " Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne?
 " Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
 " Of all wee mortall menne.
 " Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
 " Runns overr att thine eye;
 " Is ytte for my most welcome doome
 " Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"
 Quod godlie Canynge, " I doe weepe,
 " Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
 " And leave thy sonnes and helpeles wyfe;
 " 'Tys thys thatt wetts myne eye."
 " Thenne drie the teares thatt out thine eye
 " From godlie fountaines sprynge;
 " Dethe I despise, and alle the power
 " Of Edward, traytor kynge.
 " Whan throghe the tyrant's welcom means
 " I shall resigne my lyfe,
 " The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
 " For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.
 " Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
 " Thys was appointed mee;
 " Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
 " Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?
 " Howe oft ynne bataille have I stooode,
 " Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
 " Whan smokyng streemes of crimfon blood
 " Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:
 " How dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
 " Thatt cutte the airie waie,
 " Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
 " And close myne eyes for aie?
 " And shall I nowe, forr seere of dethe,
 " Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
 " Ne! fromm my herte flie chilydys seere,
 " Bee alle the manne display'd.
 " Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
 " And guarde thee and thye sonne,
 " Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
 " Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.
 " My honest friende, my faulte has beene
 " To serve Godde and mye prynce;
 " And thatt I no tyme-server am,
 " My dethe wylle soone convynce."

" Ynne

" Ynne Londonne citey was I borne,
 " Of parents of grete note;
 " My fadre dydd a nobile arms
 " Emblazon onne hys cote:
 " I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone
 " Where soone I hope to goe;
 " Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
 " From oute the reech of woe:
 " Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
 " Wyth pitie to unite;
 " And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
 " The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:
 " Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
 " To feede the hungrie poore,
 " Ne lett mye servants drive awaie
 " The hungrie fromme my doore:
 " And none can saye, butt all mye lyfe
 " I have hys wordyes kept;
 " And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
 " Eche nyghte before I slept.
 " I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
 " Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
 " I have a kynge, and none can laie
 " Blacke treason onne my hedde.
 " Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 " Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
 " Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
 " To leave thys worlde of payne?
 " Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
 " I shalle ne see thye dethe;
 " Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
 " Doe I resign my brethe.
 " Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
 " Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
 " Whye Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
 " Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.
 " Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
 " And godlie Henrie's reigne,
 " Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
 " For those of bloude and payne?
 " Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
 " And mangled by a hynde,
 " I doe desye the traytor's pow'r,
 " Hee can ne harm my mynde;
 " Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
 " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
 " And ne ryche monument of brasse
 " Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;
 " Yett ynne the holie booke above,
 " Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
 " There wythe the servants of the Lorde
 " Mye name shall lyve for aie.
 " Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
 " I leave thys mortall lyfe:
 " Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
 " Mye sonnes and lovyngye wyfe!
 " Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie;
 " Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thyng
 " To bee prepar'd to die;
 " And from thys worlde of payne and grese
 " To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."
 And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to sounde;
 Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
 A prauncyng onne the grounde:
 And just before the officers,
 His lovyngye wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyngye unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.
 " Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
 " Ynne quiet lett mee die;
 " Praie Godde, that ev'ry Christian soule
 " Maye looke onne dethe as I.
 " Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
 " Theye washe my soule awaie,
 " And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
 " Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.
 " 'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
 " Untoe the lande of blysse;
 " Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande's love,
 " Receive thys holie kyffe."
 Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
 Tremblyngye these wordyes spoke,
 " Ah, cruelle Edward! bloudie kynge!
 " My herte ys welle nyghe broke:
 " Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
 " Wythoute thye lovyngye wyfe?
 " The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
 " Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."
 And nowe the officers came ynne
 To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
 Whoe turnedd toe his lovyngye wyfe,
 And thus toe her dydd saie:
 " I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
 " Truste thou ynne Godde above,
 " And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
 " And ynne theyre hertes hym love:
 " Teache them to runne the nobile race
 " Thatt I theyre fader runne:
 " Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adiou!
 " Yee officers, leade onne."
 Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her tresses tere;
 " Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"
 Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.
 " Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
 Shee fellen onne the flore;
 Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march'd fromm oute the dore.
 Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
 Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.
 Before hym went the council-menne,
 Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyngye ynne the sunne,
 Muche glorious to beholde:

- " I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
 " Does fromme the welkinn flye,
 " Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,
 " Thatt thou shalt furelie die."
 " Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
 " Of thatte I'm not affearde;
 " Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
 " Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd:
 " Butt telle thye kyng, for myne hee's not,
 " I'de sooner die to-daie
 " Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
 " Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie."
 Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
 To telle the maior straite
 To gett all thynges ynn reddeynes
 For goode Syr Charleses fate.
 Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kyng,
 And felle down onne hys knee;
 " I'm come," quod hee, " unto your grace
 " To move your clemencye."
 Thenne quod the kyng, " Youre tale speke
 " You have been much oure friende; [out,
 " Whatever youre request may bee,
 " Wee wyll to ytte attende."
 " My nobile liege! alle my request
 " Ys for a nobile knyghte,
 " Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
 " He thoghte ytte styll was ryghte:
 " Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
 " Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
 " Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
 " Charles Bawdin die to-daie."
 " Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
 The kyng ynn furie sayde;
 " Before the evening starre doth sheene,
 " Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:
 " Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
 " And hee shalle have hys meede: [else
 " Speke, Maister Canynge! Whatte thyng
 " Att present doe you neede?"
 " My nobile leige!" goode Canynge sayde,
 " Leave justice to our Godde,
 " And laye the yronne rule asyde;
 " Be thyne the olyve rodde.
 " Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
 " The best were synners grete;
 " Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
 " Ynn alle thys mortall state.
 " Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
 " Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
 " From race to race thy familie
 " Alle sov'reigns shall endure:
 " Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
 " Beginne thy infante reigne,
 " Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
 " Wyll never long remayne."
 " Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
 " Has scorn'd my power and mee;
 " Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
 " Intreate my clemencye?"
 " My nobile liege! the trulie brave
 " Wyll val'rous actions prize,
 " Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
 " Altho' ynn enemies."
 " Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynn Heav'n
 " Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
 " I wyll nott taste a bitt of breade
 " Whylst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.
 " By Marie, and aile Seinctes ynn Heav'n,
 " Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
 Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
 And from the presence paste.
 Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
 Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
 And teares beganne to flowe.
 " Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
 " Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne?
 " Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
 " Of all wee mortall menne.
 " Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
 " Runns overr att thyne eye;
 " Is ytte for my most welcome doome
 " Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"
 Quod godlie Canynge, " I doe weepe,
 " Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
 " And leave thy sonnes and helpeles wyfe;
 " 'Tys thys thatt wetts myne eye."
 " Thenne drie the teares thatt out thyne eye
 " From godlie fountaines sprynge;
 " Dethe I despise, and alle the power
 " Of Edward, traytor kyng.
 " Whan throghe the tyrant's welcom means
 " I shall resigne my lyfe,
 " The Godde I serve wyll soone provyde
 " For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe,
 " Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
 " Thys was appointed mee;
 " Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
 " Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?
 " Howe oft ynn bataille have I stode,
 " Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
 " Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
 " Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:
 " How dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
 " Thatt cutte the airie waie,
 " Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
 " And close myne eyes for aie?
 " And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
 " Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
 " Ne! fromm my herte flie childyfe feere,
 " Bee alle the manne display'd.
 " Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
 " And garde thee and thye sonne,
 " Yff 'tis hys wyll; but yff 'tis nott,
 " Why thenne hys wyll bee donne.
 " My honest friende, my faulte has beene
 " To serve Godde and mye prynce;
 " And thatt I no tyme-server am,
 " My dethe wyll soone convynce.

" Ynn

" Ynne Londonne citey was I borne,
 " Of parents of grete note;
 " My fadre dydd a nobile arms
 " Emblazon onne hys cote:
 " I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone
 " Where soone I hope to goe;
 " Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
 " From oute the reech of woe:
 " Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
 " Wyth pitie to unite;
 " And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
 " The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:
 " Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
 " To feede the hungrie poore,
 " Ne lett mye servants drive awaie
 " The hungrie fromme my doore:
 " And none can saye, butt all mye lyfe
 " I have hys wordyes kept;
 " And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
 " Eche nyghte before I slept.
 " I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
 " Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
 " I have a kynge, and none can laie
 " Blacke treason onne my hedde.
 " Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 " Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
 " Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
 " To leave thys worlde of payne?
 " Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
 " I shalle ne see thye dethe;
 " Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
 " Doe I resign my brethe.
 " Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
 " Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
 " Whye Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
 " Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.
 " Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
 " And godlie Henrie's reigne,
 " Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
 " For those of bloude and peyne?
 " Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
 " And mangled by a hynde,
 " I doe desye the traytor's pow'r,
 " Hee can ne harm my mynde;
 " Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
 " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
 " And ne ryche monument of brasse
 " Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;
 " Yett ynne the holie hooke above,
 " Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
 " There wythe the servants of the Lorde
 " Mye name shall lyve for aie.
 " Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
 " I leave thys mortall lyfe:
 " Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
 " Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!
 " Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie;
 " Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thyng
 " To bee prepar'd to die;
 " And from thys worlde of peyne and grese
 " To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."
 And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to founde;
 Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
 A prauncyng onne the grounde:
 And just before the officers,
 His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.
 " Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
 " Ynne quiet lett mee die;
 " Praie Godde, that ev'ry Christian soule
 " Maye looke onne dethe as I.
 " Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
 " Theye washe my soule awaie,
 " And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
 " Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.
 " 'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
 " Untoe the lande of blyffe;
 " Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,
 " Receive thys holie kyffe."
 Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
 Tremblyng these wordyes spoke,
 " Ah, cruete Edward! bloudie kynge!
 " My herte ys welle nyghe broke:
 " Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
 " Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?
 " The cruete axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
 " Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."
 And nowe the officers came ynne
 To bryng Syr Charles awaie,
 Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,
 And thus toe her dydd saie:
 " I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
 " Truste thou ynne Godde above,
 " And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
 " And ynne theyre hertes hym love:
 " Teache them to runne the nobile race
 " Thatt I theyre fader runne:
 " Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
 " Yee officers, leade onne."
 Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her tresses tere;
 " Oh! staie, mye husbände! lorde! and lyfe!"
 Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.
 'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loud,
 Shee fellen onne the flore;
 Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march'd fromm oute the dore.
 Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
 Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.
 Before hym went the council-menne,
 Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyng ynne the sunne,
 Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seinte Augustyne next
 Appeared to the syghte,
 Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
 Of godlie monkysh plyghte :

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume
 Molte sweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came ;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of kynge Henrys friends
 Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bold as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynge white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde :

Behynde hym fyve-and-twenty moe
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route :

Seinte Jameses Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt ;
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt :

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;
 And theyre attendyng menne echone,
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt :

And after them a multitude
 Of citizenns dydd thronge ;
 The wyndowes were alle fullie of heddes,
 As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
 Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
 " O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
 " Washe mye soule cleane thys daie !"

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat
 The kynge ynne mycle state,
 To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soon as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
 Thatt Edward hee myghte heare,
 The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
 And thus hys wordes declare :

" Thou seest mee, Edward ! traytour vile !
 " Expos'd to infamie ;
 " But bee assur'd, disloyall manne !
 " I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
 " Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;
 " And hast appoynted mee to dye,
 " By power nott thyne owne.

" Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie ;
 " I have beene dede 'till nowe,
 " And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
 " For aie uponne my browe :

" Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
 " Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
 " To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
 " Twixt kynge and tyrant hande :

" Thye, pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave !
 " Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
 Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
 Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edward's soule rush'd to hys face,
 Hee turn'd his hedde awaie,
 And to hys broder Gloucester
 Hee thus dydd speke and saie :

" To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
 " Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
 " Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,
 " Hee's greater thanne a kynge !"

" So lett hym die !" Duke Richard sayde ;
 " And maye echone oure foes
 " Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
 " And feede the carryon crows."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
 Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle ;
 The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
 Hys pretious bloude to spyllie.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
 As uppe a gilded carre
 Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
 Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And to the people hee dydd saie,
 " Beholde you see mee dye,
 " For servyng loyally mye kynge,
 " Mye kynge most rightfullie.

" As longe as Edward's rules thys lande,
 " Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;
 " Your sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,
 " And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

" You leave youre goode and lawfullie kynge,
 " Whenne ynne adversitee ;
 " Lyke mee, untoe the true cause flycke,
 " And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
 A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
 Befeechyng hym unto hymselfe
 Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys heede
 Most seemlie onne the blocke ;
 Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
 The able heddes-manne stroke :

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
 And rounde the scaffold twyne ;
 And teares, enow to washe't awaie,
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
 Ynnto foure parties cutte ;
 And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
 Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
 One onne the mynster-tower,
 And one from off the castle-gate
 The crowen dydd devoure :

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
 A dreery spectacle ;
 Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
 Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate :
 Godde prosper long our kynge,
 And grante hee may, wyth Bawdin's soule,
 Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie syngel !

§ 38. *The Mynstrelles Songe in Ælla, a Tragical Enterlude.* CHATTERTON, &c.

O! Syngel untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge¹ ryver bee ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne² as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode³ as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throffles note,
 Quicke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
 Deste hys taboure, codgelle fote,
 O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree :
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wyngel,
 In the briered delle belowe ;
 Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe syngel,
 To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree :

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie ;
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude ;
 Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude ;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
 Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
 Al the celness of a mayde.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys death-bedde,
 Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dente the brieres
 Rounde hys hallie corse to gre,
 Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
 Heere mie boddie styllie schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;
 Lyfe & all yttes goode I scorene,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownde wythe reytes⁴,
 Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
 I die ; I comme ; mie true love waytes.
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

§ 39. *Chorus in Goddwyn, a Tragedie.* CHATTERTON, &c.

WHAN Freedom, dresse yn blodde-
 steyned veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spreadde ;
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;
 She hearde the voice of deathe ;
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
 In vayne assayled⁵ her bosomme to acale⁶ ;
 She hearde onflemmed⁷ the shriekynge voice of
 woe,

And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
 She shooke the burlid⁸ speere,
 On hie she jesse⁹ her sheelde,
 Her foemen¹⁰ all appere,
 And flizze¹¹ along the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod¹² straught¹³ ynto
 the skyes, [a starre,
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde
 Alyche¹⁴ twaie¹⁵ brendeynge¹⁶ gronfyres¹⁷
 rolls hys eyes, [war.
 Chafes¹⁸ with hys yronne feete and foundes to
 She syttes upon a rocke,
 She bendes before hys speere,
 She ryfes from the shocke,
 Wioldynge her own yn ayre.

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
 Wytte scillye¹⁹ wymped²⁰ gies²¹ ytte to
 hys crowne, [ys gon,
 Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde
 He falles. and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld²²,
 arift²³,
 Hys feerie heaulme²⁴ noddynge to the ayre,
 Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne his streynynge
 fyfte—

¹ Running. ² Hair. ³ Complexion. ⁴ Water-flags. ⁵ Endeavoured. ⁶ Freeze.
⁷ Undismayed. ⁸ Armed, pointed. ⁹ Hoisted on high, raised. ¹⁰ Foes. enemies. ¹¹ Fly.
¹² Head. ¹³ Stretched. ¹⁴ Like. ¹⁵ Two. ¹⁶ Flaming. ¹⁷ Meteors. ¹⁸ Bears.
¹⁹ Closely. ²⁰ Mantled, covered. ²¹ Guides. ²² Armed. ²³ Arise. ²⁴ Helmet.

§ 40. *An excellent Balade of Charitie: As
wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROW-
LEY* ¹, 1464. CHATTERTON, &c.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees ² did caste his
raie;
The apple rodded ³ from its palie greene,
And the mole ⁴ peare did bende the leafy
spraie;
The peede chelandri ⁵ sungethe livelong daie:
'Twas now the pride, the manhode of the
yeare, [deste ⁷ aumere ⁸.
And eke the grounde was dighte ⁶ in its moe
The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie;
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken ⁹ blue,
When from the sea artist ¹⁰ in dreare arraie
A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue, [drew,
The which full fast unto the woodlande
Hiltring ¹¹ attenes ¹² the sunnis fative ¹³ face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered
up apace.

Beneath an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's co-
vent ¹⁴ lede,
A haples pilgrim moneynge did abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle ¹⁵ in his weede,
Long brestful ¹⁶ of the miferies of neede,
Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer ¹⁷
flie?

He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed ¹⁸ face, his sprighte
there scanne; [wynd ¹⁹, deade!
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, for-
Haste to thie church - glebe - house ²⁰,
afshrewed ²¹ manne! [bedde.
Haste to thie kiste ²², thie onlie dortoure ²³
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie
hedde,

Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and
themselves.

The gatherd storm is rype; the bigge drops
falle; [drenche ²⁶ the raine;
The forswat ²⁴ meadowes smethe ²⁵, and

The comyng ghaftness do the cattle pall ²⁷,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the
plaine; [again; ²⁸
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott ²⁸
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne ²⁹ flies;
And the hot fierie smothe ³⁰ in the wide low-
ings ³¹ dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clym-
mynge ³¹ sound [clangs,
Cheves ³³ slowlie on, and then embollen ³⁴
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended,
drown'd, [hangs;
Still on the gallard ³⁵ eare of terroure
The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste ³⁶ attenes in
stonen showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente
came; [reine,
His chapournette ³⁷ was drented with the
And his penete ³⁸ gyrdle met with mickle
shame; [same;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll ³⁹ at the
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist ⁴⁰ almes traver neere to the
holme to bide.

His cope ⁴¹ was all of Lyncolne clothe
so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete ⁴² was edged with golden
twynne, [binne;
And his shoone pyke a loverds ⁴³ mighte have
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no
sinne:

The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his
sight, [dighte
For the horse-millanare ⁴⁴ his head with roses

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim
saide,
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempest of the aire is oer;
Helpless and oulde am I alas! and poor;

¹ Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. ² Meads.

³ Reddened, ripened. ⁴ Soft. ⁵ Pied goldfinch. ⁶ Drest, arrayed. ⁷ Neat, ornamental.

⁸ A loose robe or mantle. ⁹ The sky, the atmosphere. ¹⁰ Arose. ¹¹ Hiding, shrouding.

¹² At once. ¹³ Beauteous. ¹⁴ It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at

personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing

of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.

¹⁵ Beggarily. ¹⁶ Filled with. ¹⁷ Beggar. ¹⁸ Clouded, dejected. A person of some note in

the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circum-

stance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. *Glum-mong* in the Saxon signifies twilight,

a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. ¹⁹ Dry,

shapeless. ²⁰ The grave. ²¹ Accursed, unfortunate. ²² Coffin. ²³ A sleeping room.

²⁴ Sun-burnt. ²⁵ Smoke. ²⁶ Drink. ²⁷ *Pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. ²⁸ Fly.

²⁹ Lightning. ³⁰ Steam, or vapours. ³¹ Flames. ³² Noisy. ³³ Moves. ³⁴ Swelled,

strengthened. ³⁵ Frighted. ³⁶ Burst. ³⁷ A small round hat, not unlike the shapournette in

heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers. ³⁸ Painted. ³⁹ He told his beads back-

wards; a figurative expression to signify cursing. ⁴⁰ Poor, needy. ⁴¹ A cloke. ⁴² A loose

white robe, worn by Priests. ⁴³ A lord. ⁴⁴ I believe this trade is still in being, though but

seldom employed.

Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor;
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faitour⁴⁵ in;
None touch mie ryng who not in honour live.
And now the sonne with the black cloudes
did stryve,
And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurde his steede, and eftsoones
roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder
rolde;
Faste reynenye oer the plaine a prieste was
Nedighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape⁴⁶ were graie, and eke
were clene;
A Limitoure he was of order seene;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen
tree.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim
sayde,
For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosened his pouche
threde,
And did theroute a groate of silver take;
The mitter pilgrim dyd for halline⁴⁷ shake.
Here take this silver, it maie eathe⁴⁸ thie care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete⁴⁹ of our owne
we bare.

But ah! unhailie⁵⁰ pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here take my semecope⁵¹, thou arte bare I
see;
Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie re-
He lette the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn
gloure⁵²,
Or give the mittee⁵³ will, or give the gode man

§ 41. Grongar Hill. DYER.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who the purple ev'ning lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;

Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the ev'ning fill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind;
And groves and grottoes, where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of Nature shew
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks,
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dies:

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew;
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And, beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;

⁴⁵ A-beggar, or vagabond. ⁴⁶ A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. ⁴⁷ Joy. ⁴⁸ Ease. ⁴⁹ Nought. ⁵⁰ Unhappy. ⁵¹ A short under-cloak. ⁵² Glory. ⁵³ Mighty, rich.

And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile compleat,
 Big with the vanity of state:
 But transient is the smile of Fate!
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
 Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun!
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life, to endless sleep!
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wand'ring thought;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view!
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody vallies warm and low;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky!
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
 The town and village, dome and farm;
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,
 How close and small the hedges lie!
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem:
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass.
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air;
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear;
 Still we tread the same coarse way;
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see!
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul:
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain turf I lie;
 While the wanton zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;
 While the waters murmur deep;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep;

While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
 Search for Peace with all your skill:
 Open wide the lofty door;
 Seek her on the marble floor:
 In vain ye search, she is not there;
 In vain ye search the domes of Care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain heads,
 Along with Pleasure close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side,
 And often, by the murmur'ing rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

§ 42. *A Monody on the Death of his Lady.*
 By GEORGE LORD LYTTETTON.

' Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
 ' Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
 ' Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.'

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
 From every duty, every care, [share,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
 Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
 This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief;
 Of grief surpassing every other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now, with fond delight,
 And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to
 shine

Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice,
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring:
 The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And every shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell;
 For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes
 excel.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk;
 Where oft in tender talk
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where it's waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.
 O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she prefer'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flower-embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly.
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast;
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who, like the little playful
 fawns, [lawns
 Were wont to trip along these verdant
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care
 To every virtue would have form'd your
 youth, [truth?
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of
 O loss beyond repair!
 O wretched father! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
 And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave, [woe,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
 Now she, alas! is gone, [save?
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to
 Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove,
 With hapless, ineffectual love,
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your favouring power, Aö-
 nian maids, [date;
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her
 For whom so oft, in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains
 You open'd all your sacred store; [hoar,

Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spi-
 rit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on Mincio's bank*
 Beset with offers dank, [stream,
 Nor where Clitumnus † rolls his gentle
 Nor where, through hanging woods,
 Steep Anio ‡ pours his floods,
 Nor yet where Meles || or Ilissus § stray.
 Ill does it now besem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft.
 To dire disease and death your darling should
 be left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys, [and Rome;
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece
 And all that in her latter days,
 To emulate her ancient praise,
 Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the Gallick fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
 Or what, in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now con-
 sign'd!

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come, then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hal-
 low'd tomb;
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad, [ra's urn
 Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Lau-
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar
 How eloquent in every look [grace!
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
 spoke! [resin'd,
 Tell how her manners, by the world
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts
 agree

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is call'd Melissigenes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence !
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the softening influence
 Of more than female tenderness : [joy,
 How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and
 Which oft the care of others good destroy,
 Her kindly-melting heart,
 To every want, and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !
 E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall ; [to all.
Tears, from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind :
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown ;
 That could, without regret or pain,
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize ;
 That, injur'd or offended, never tried
 It's dignity, by vengeance, to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone ; nor ever past [hand,
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd ;
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward
 fear,
 And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
 tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintery tempests all are fled,
 And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head ;
 From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
 On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Ida-
 lian queen ;
 But, in the midst of all it's blooming pride,
 A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows ;
 The tender blighted plant shrinks up it's leaves,
 and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch ! from th' Elysian bowers,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd ;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,

To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may e'en things inanimate, [move.
 Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity
 What were, alas ! thy woes, compar'd to
 mine ?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid
 head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain :
 Nor did the crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender
 name.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms ;
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
 How in the world, to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone,
 Without my sweet companion can I live ?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition
 give ? [praise,
 E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd
 Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
 could raise.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find ?
 On whom for consolation shall I call ?
 Support me, every friend ;
 Your kind assistance lend,
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas ! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all :
 Each favourite author we together read
 My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of
 Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind :
 The rolling year it's various course per-
 And back return'd again ; [form'd,
 Another, and another, smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain,
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke!
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had
form'd,
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!
Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain. [fade,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should
Was his most righteous will—and be that will
obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul;
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
Her pure exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to it's sovereign good ascend.
Rise, then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss:
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore;
There yield up all his power e'er to divide you
more.

§ 43. *A Winter Piece.* ANON.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down
the snow, [did blow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in
her way, [say:
Prest her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did
" Oh! cruel was my father, that shut his door
on me, [see!
And cruel was my mother, that such a fight could
And cruel is the wintry wind, that chills my heart
with cold, [for gold!
But crueller than all, the lad that left my love
Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in
my breast; [treit;
Ah little thinks thy father how sadly we're dis-
For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter pierc-
ing air.
Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone:
Oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle
down: [they fall:
My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before
Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou'rt now
bereft of all."

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted
snow, [her woe;
And wrung with killing anguish lamented loud
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by
her side; [head, and died.
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her

§ 44. *On the Death of Mrs. Mason.*

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift, which Heav'n so lately
gave,
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—
And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the
Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm? [line?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to
charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
Bid them, in duty's sphere, as meekly move:
And, if as fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die!
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet, the dread path once
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high, [trod,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

§ 45. *The School Mistress.* SHENSTONE.
In Imitation of SPENSER.

Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ scintille in limine primo. VIRG.

AH, me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise:
Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprise;
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire, [fame
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress
name;

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They, griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent, [shent.
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorel;

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree, [stowe,
Which Learning near her little dome did
Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide it's waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that
blew, [low;

But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
And as they look'd they found their horror
grew,

And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.
So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
M 3 So

So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast :
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
 aghast ;
 Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.
 Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display ;
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
 Left weakly wights of smaller size should
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day ! [stray,
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little tenement betray ;
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look pro-
 found, [around.
 And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel
 Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field :
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear
 entwin'd,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd ;
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd ;
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.
 Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pour-
 tray'd,
 The childish faces of old Æol's train,
 Libs, Notus, Auster* : these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?
 And were not the rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not the her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the
 cell [dwell.
 Where comely peace of mind and decent order
 A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own :
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
 Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare ;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
 on ground.
 Albeit, ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth ;
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear :
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right
 dear :
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere ;
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.
 One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,

Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;
 Such favour did her past deportment claim :
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could ex-
 pound, [found.
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
 Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could
 speak,
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew ;
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and marygold of chearful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to
 rhyme.
 Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues
 around,
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
 And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's
 wound ;
 And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare
 perfume.
 And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
 Ere, driv'n from it's envy'd site, it found
 A sacred shelter for it's branches here,
 Where edg'd with gold it's glitt'ring skirts
 appear.
 Oh, wassel days ! O customs meet and well !
 Ere this was banish'd from it's lofty sphere ;
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling
 dwell.
 Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did
 mete ;
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
 But in her garden found a summer-seat :
 Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
 All for the nonce untuning ev'ry string,
 Up-hung their uselefs lyres—small heart had they
 to sing.
 For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;
 And in those elfin's ears would oft deplore
 The times when Truth by Popish rage did
 bleed,
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed ;
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed ;

* The south-west wind, south, &c. &c.

And lawny fains in smould'ring flames did
burn : [return.
Ah, dearest Lord ! forefend thilk days should e'er

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem, [plac'd,
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is
The matron fate: and some with rank she
grac'd ; [pride !)

(The source of children's and of courtier's
Redress'd affronts, (for vile affronts there
pass'd ;)

And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she
fways ;

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene
unfold.

Lo, now, with state she utters the command !
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;
Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair.
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing
been, [ween !

Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I
Ah ! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !
As erst the bard *, by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite ;
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !
And down they drop ; appears his dainty
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin. [skin,

O ruthless scene ! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see ;
All playful as the fate, she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free :
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;
And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in it's mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear !
(Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loofe at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?
Or what device his loud laments explain ?
The form uncouth of his disguised face ?

The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
The plenteous show'r that does his cheek
distain ?

When he in abject wife implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And thro' the thatch his cries each falling stroke
proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle
By turns, astoni'd, ev'ry twig survey, [care ;
And from their fellows hateful wounds be-
ware, [share ;

Knowing, I wist, how each the same may
Till fear has taught them a performance
meet,

And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em
greet, [sweet !

And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly

See, to their seats they hie with merry glea,
And in beseeemly order sitten there,

All but the wight of bum y-galled ; he [chair,
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his
hair) [breast,

And eke with snubs profound, and heaving
Convulsions intermitting ! does declare

His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust
behest, [care's d.

And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be

His face besprent, with liquid chrystal shines ;
His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth it's drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.
O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r !

All, all, but she, the author of his shame ;
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour :
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r
shall claim,

If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;
Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines :
And many a fullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past
resent.

Ah, me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !

But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires :
Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
(All coward arts) is valour's gen'rous heat ;
The firm fix'd breast which fit and right re-
quires,

Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than craft that pumps for ill, or flow'ry false
deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits ap-
pear!

E'en now sagacious foresight points to show

A little bench of heedless bishops here,

And there a chancellor in embryo,

Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so;

As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er
shall die!

Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low;

Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on
high, [fly.

Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may

And this perhaps, who cens'ring the design,

Low lays the house which that of cards doth

Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fates incline; [build,

And many an epick to his rage shall yield,

And many a poet quit the Aonian field:

And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,

As he who now, with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,

Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,

And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, 'What
stuff is here?'

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,

And Liberty unbars her prison-door;

And like a rushing torrent out they fly,

And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er

With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.

A thousand ways in wanton rings they run;

Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I im-
plore!

For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,

And chace gay flies, and cull the fairest
flow'rs;

For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,

For never may ye taste more careless hours

In knightly castles or in ladies bow'rs.

O vain, to seek delight in earthly thing!

But most in courts, where proud Ambition
tow'rs; [spring

Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can

Beneath the pompous doom of kefar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!

These rudely carol most incondite lay;

Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer,

Salute the stranger passing on his way:

Some builden fragile tenements of clay;

Some to the standing lake their courses bend,

With pebbles smooth, at duck and drake to play;

Thilk to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,

In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to
spend.

Here, as each season yields a diff'rent store,

Each season's stores in order ranged been,

Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er, [seen;

Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are

And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green:

And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear;

Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween;

O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Left sinit with ardent love he pine with hopeless
care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,

With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,

Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances
round,

With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,

And must be bought, tho' penury betide:

The plumb all azure, and the nut all brown;

And here, each season, do those cakes abide,

Whose honour'd names the inventive city
own, [known*.

Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises

Admir'd Salopial that with venial pride [wave,

Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient

Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd; [brave:

Her daughters lovely, and her striplings

Ah! midst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave

Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!

A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,

Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their
way.

§ 46. Oriental Eclogues. By Mr. COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or, the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a valley near Bagdat.—Time, the morning.

'YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,

'And hear how shepherds pass their golden
days. [tain

'Not all are blest'd, whom Fortune's hand suf-

'With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the
plains:

'Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;

'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;

Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd;

Wife in himself, his meaning songs convey'd

Informing morals to the shepherd maid;

Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,

What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous
mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,

The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;

When wanton gales along the vallies play,

Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets
away;

By Tygris' wandering waves he sat, and sung

This useful lesson for the fair and young.

'Ye Persian dames,' he said, 'to you belong,

'(Well may they please) the morals of my song:

'No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,

'Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!

'The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies

'Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes;

'For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,

'And yours the love that kings delight to know.

' Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 ' The best kind blessings Heav'n can grant the
 ' Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray, [fair!
 ' Boast but the worth Balfora's* pearls display:
 ' Drawn from the deep, we own the surface
 ' bright;
 ' But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
 ' Such are the maids, and such the charms they
 ' By sense unaided, or to virtue lost. [boast;
 ' Self-flatt'ring sex! your hearts believe in vain,
 ' That Love shall blind, when once he fires the
 ' Or hope a lover by your faults to win, [swain;
 ' As spots on ermin beautify the skin:
 ' Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 ' Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
 ' Each tender passion man delights to find,
 ' The lov'd perfection of a female mind! [reign,
 ' Bless'd were the days, when Wisdom held her
 ' And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
 ' With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 ' Immortal Truth! and daughters bless'd their
 ' love.
 ' O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
 ' Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
 ' The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 ' By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
 ' Loft to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
 ' The dear deserters shall return again.
 ' Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs
 ' are clear;
 ' To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
 ' Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 ' And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their
 ' With thee be Chastity, of all afraid, [queen.
 ' Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
 ' But man the most—not more the mountain doe
 ' Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe. [dew;
 ' Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the
 ' A silken veil conceals her from the view.
 ' No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 ' But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
 ' Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast
 ' And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs; [eyes,
 ' And Love the last. By these your hearts ap-
 ' prove;
 ' These are the virtues that must lead to love.
 Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verily'd the lay:
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan; or, the Camel-Driver.

Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-Day.

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh:

The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus

began:

' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 ' way!

' Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 ' The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
 ' Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
 ' When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage;
 ' Soon shall this scrip it's precious load resign;
 ' Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
 ' Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 ' In all my griefs a more than equal share!
 ' Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 ' Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 ' In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 ' Which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales

bestow:

' Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
 ' And faint and sickly winds for ever howl
 ' around.

' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 ' way!

' Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 ' Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
 ' The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
 ' And Life is dearer than the golden ore:
 ' Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 ' To every distant mart and wealthy town.
 ' Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
 ' And are we only yet repaid by thee?
 ' Ah! why this ruin so attractive made?
 ' Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?
 ' Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 ' The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
 ' Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 ' The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's

pride,

' Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 ' Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 ' way!

' O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
 ' When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of
 ' What if the lion in his rage I meet! [woe.
 ' Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
 ' And, fearful! oft, when Day's declining light
 ' Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
 ' By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
 ' Gaunt wolves and fullen tigers in his train;
 ' Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their
 ' way!

' Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
 ' way!

' At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 ' If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:

* The gulph of that name, famous for the pearl fishery.

* Or

Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wife, contented poor;
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no dangers, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara, will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropp'd her tears, and thus she
Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not
detain;

Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise,
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see;
No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth, like
O let me safely to the fair return, [me!]
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn!
O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!
He said; and call'd on Heav'n to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are
In distant view along the level green; [seen,
While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade;
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;
At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead:
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made.
Gay-mottled pinks and sweet jonquils she
chose,

The violet blue that on the mose-bank grows;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away:
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove;
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd:
And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant
Hours;

With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds, they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

Bless'd was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say:
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a Mountain in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was bless'd, for ev'ry maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the Moon had hung her lamp on high,
And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
Where wild'ring fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain's bea'ling side they ran;
Till faint and weak, Secander thus began.

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey;
Trace our sad flight thro' all it's length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
And last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind, [wind;
And shrieks and sorrows load the faddening
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Drops it's fair honours to the conquering flame;
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the
sword;
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind:
Midst fair fultanas lost in idle joy;
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' bands, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale;
Fair scenes! but ah! no more with peace possess'd,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest'd.
No more the shepherds whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd;
But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair.
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war; [far
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves pre-
pare,
To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,

The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft markswith blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their
flight.

§ 47. *The Splendid Shilling.* J. PHILLIPS.

" ——— Sing, heavenly Muse!
" Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme;"
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or, from tube as black
As winter chimney or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent;
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Britain (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia; or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil,
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gates,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow [beard,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conick
And

And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes ; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind
Another monster, not unlike himself, [him stalks
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endu'd ; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors ! when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies : the secret stands
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue ;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make : with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils ;
Then with venom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her eave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts [wood ;
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of
Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish and rave ; my parch'd throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain—awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse,

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue)
An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds,
Eurus and Ausfer, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis, (dang'rous rocks)
She strikes rebounding ; whence the shatter'd
So fierce a shock unable to withstand, [oak,
Admits the sea : in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming ! Horrors seize
The mariners ; death in their eyes appears ;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear,
they pray :
(Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in,
Inplacable ; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

§ 48. *An Epistle to a Lady.* NUGENT.

CLARINDA, dearly lov'd, attend
The counsels of a faithful friend ;
Who, with the warmest wishes fraught,
Feels all, at least, that friendship ought !
But since, by ruling Heav'n's design,
Another's fate shall influence thine ;
O ! may these lines for him prepare
A bliss, which I wou'd die to share !
Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman must be blest at home ;
To this should all her studies tend,
This, her great object and her end,
Dis taste unmingled pleasures bring,
And use can blunt Affliction's sting ;
Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,
And few are plung'd in utter woe ;
While Nature, arm'd against Despair,
Gives power to mend, or strength to bear ;
And half the thought content may gain,
Which spleen employs to purchase pain.

Trace not the fair domestic plan,
From what you wou'd, but what you can !
Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty store,
Because you think you merit more !
Bliss ever differs in degree,
Thy share alone is meant for thee ;
And thou shou'dst think, however small,
That share enough, for 'tis thy all :
Vain scorn will aggravate distress,
And only make that little less.

Admit whatever trifles come,
Units compose the largest sum :

O! tell them o'er, and say how vain
Are those who form Ambition's train;
Which swell the monarch's gorgeous state,
And bribe to ill the guilty great!
But thou, more blest, more wise than these,
Shalt build up happiness on ease.
Hail, sweet Content! where joy serene
Gilds the mild soul's unruffled scene;
And, with blith Fancy's pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought;
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And clothes each charm with native grace;
Effusion pure of bliss sincere,
A vestment for a god to wear.

Far other ornaments compose
The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,
Pieced out with motley dies and sorts,
Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports:
The troubled mind's fantastic dress,
Which madness titles happiness.
While the gay wretch to revels bears
The pale remains of sighs and tears;
And seeks in crowds, like her undone,
What only can be found in one.

But, chief, my gentle friend! remove
Far from thy couch seducing Love.
O! shun the false magician's art,
Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart!
Charm'd by his spells fair Honour flies,
And thousand treacherous phantoms rise;
Where Guilt, in Beauty's ray beguiles,
And Ruin lurks in Friendship's smiles.
Lo! where th' enchanted captive dreams
Of warbling groves, and purling streams;
Of painted meads, of flow'rs that shed
Their odours round her fragrant bed.
Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,
She wakes upon a desert coast;
No friendly hand to lend its aid,
No guardian bow'r to spread its shade;
Expos'd to every chilling blast,
She treads th' inhospitable waste;
And down the drear decline of life,
Sinks a forlorn, dishonour'd wife.
Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,
But, clear from crime, be free from blame!
Tho' all were innocence within,
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin;
Virtue rejects the foul disguise:
None merit praise who praise despise.
Slight not, in supercilious strain,
Long practis'd modes, as low or vain!
The world will vindicate their cause,
And claim blind faith in Custom's laws.
Safer, with multitudes, to stray,
Than tread, alone, a fairer way;
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.

Beware of the relentless train
Whom forms adore, whom forms maintain!
Lest prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,
Accuse thee to the partial crowd;
Foes who the laws of honour slight,
A judge who measures guilt by spite.

Behold the sage Aurelia stand,
Disgrace and fame at her command;
As if Heav'n's delegate design'd,
Sole arbiter of all her kind.
Whether she try some favour'd piece,
By rules devis'd in antient Greece;
Or whether, modern in her flight,
She tells what Paris thinks polite:
For, much her talents to advance,
She study'd Greece, and travell'd France.
There learn'd the happy art to please,
With all the charms of labour'd ease;
Thro' looks and nods with meaning fraught,
To teach what she was never taught.
By her each latent spring is seen;
The workings foul of secret spleen;
The guilt that skulks in fair pretence,
Or folly, veil'd in specious sense.
And much her righteous spirit grieves,
When worthlessness the world deceives;
Whether the erring crowd commends
Some patriot sway'd by private ends;
Or husband trust a faithless wife,
Secure, in ignorance, from strife.
Averse she brings their deeds to view,
But justice claims the rig'rous due;
Humanely anxious to produce,
At least, some possible excuse.
O ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace
Prepare a triumph for the base!

Mere forms the fool implicit sway,
Which witlings with contempt survey;
Blind folly no defect can see,
Half wisdom views but one degree.
The wise remoter uses reach,
Which judgment and experience teach.
Whoever wou'd be pleas'd and please,
Must do what others do with ease.
Great precept, undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in Custom's school;
To no peculiar form confin'd,
It spreads thro' all the human kind;
Beauty, and wit, and worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wise.
Rich with this gift, and none beside,
In Fashion's stream how many glide!
Secure from ev'ry mental woe,
From treach'rous friend or open foe;
From social sympathy, that shares
The public loss or private cares;
Whether the barb'rous foe invade,
Or merit pine in Fortune's shade.

Hence gentle Anna, ever gay,
The same to-morrow as to-day.
Save where, perchance, when others weep,
Her cheek the decent sorrow steep.
Save when, perhaps, a melting tale,
O'er ev'ry tender breast prevail.
The good, the bad, the great, the small,
She likes, she loves, she honours all.
And yet, if stand'rous malice blame,
Patient she yields a sister's fame.
Alike if satyr or if praise,
She says whate'er the circle says;

Implicit

Implicit does whate'er they do,
Without one point in wish or view.
Sure test of others, faithful glass,
Thro' which the various phantoms pass.
Wide blank, unfeeling when alone;
No care, no joy, no thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,
Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame;
Intent, so wide her cares extend,
To make the universe her friend.
Now with the gay in frolics shines,
Now reasons deep with deep divines.
With courtiers now extols the great,
With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate.
Now breathes with zealots holy fires,
Now melts in less refin'd desires.
Doom'd to exceed in each degree,
Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free;
Too various for one single word,
The high sublime of deep absurd.
While ev'ry talent nature grants
Just serves to show how much she wants.

Altho' in ——— combine,
The virtues of our sex and thine:
Her hand restrains the widow's tears;
Her sense informs, and soothes, and cheers:
Yet, like an angel in disguise,
She shines but to some favour'd eyes;
Nor is the distant herd allow'd
To view the radiance thro' the cloud.

But thine is ev'ry winning art;
Thine is the friendly, honest heart;
And shou'd the gen'rous spirit flow
Beyond where prudence fears to go;
Such fallies are of nobler kind,
Than virtues of a narrow mind.

§ 49. *Cadenus and Vanessa.* SWIFT.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The council for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts free-thinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes,
When the defendant's council rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.

That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind,
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In diff'rent breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn:
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where-e'er caprice or folly steers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play,
From fans and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From ev'ry trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads
Between their toilets and their beds.

In a dull stream, which, moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow,
If a small breeze obstructs the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame:
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew:—
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.

The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For, if the heav'nly folk should know
These pleadings in the court below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could shew her face above;
For Gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
And then, said she, my son and I
Must strolc in air 'twixt earth and sky;
Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
There live with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.

But,

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by their king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown;
The Graces, half-asham'd, look'd down;
And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a decree,
And said she must consult her books,
The Lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cooks.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd,
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then refer'd them to a place
In Virgil (vide Dido's case);
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day;
And so she did, and then a third;
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lyes,
Demur, imparlance, and esjoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would shew the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wond'rous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself:

"Since men alledge they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This instant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind."

This said, she plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
A sprig of amaranthine flow'rs,

In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid;
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains;
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind;
Where not one careless thought intrudes
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush, because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,
And shew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanesa be the name
By which you shall be known to fame;
Vanesa, by the gods enroll'd:
Her name on earth—shall not be told."

But still the work was not compleat,
When Venus thought on a deceit:
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies:
"Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care."

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit;
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit:
Her soul was suddenly endu'd
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand;
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew in our degen'rate days
Bare virtue could not live on praise;—
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
A tincture in the prudent maid:

She

She manag'd her estate with care,
 Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
 But, lest he should neglect her studies,
 Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
 (For fear young master should be spoil'd)
 Would use him like a younger child.
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twould come to just five thousand pound,
 The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see Vanessa thus endow'd;
 She doubted not but such a dame
 Through ev'ry breast would dart a flame:
 That ev'ry rich and lordly swain
 With pride would drag about her chain;
 That scholars would desert their books
 To study bright Vanessa's looks;
 As she advanc'd, that womankind
 Would by her model form their mind,
 And all their conduct would be try'd
 By her, as an unerring guide;
 Offending daughters oft would hear
 Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
 Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
 Lets fall a knife, or spills the salt,
 Will thus be by her mother chid,
 " 'Tis what Vanessa never did."

Thus, by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
 My pow'r shall be again restor'd,
 And happy lovers bless my reign—
 So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when, in time, the martial maid
 Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
 She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
 And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
 To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
 She'd all undo that she had done.

* But in the poets we may find,
 A wholesome law time out of mind
 Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
 That gods, of whatso'er degree,
 Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
 Or any brother-god in heav'n;
 Which keeps the peace among the gods,
 Or they must always be at odds:
 And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
 Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
 A shame to one so much ador'd
 For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
 Besides, she fear'd the queen of love
 Would meet with better friends above.
 And though she must with grief reflect,
 To see a mortal virgin deck'd
 With graces hitherto unknown
 To female breasts, except her own;
 Yet she would act as best became
 A goddess of unspotted fame.
 She knew, by augury divine,
 Venus would fail in her design:
 She study'd well the point, and found
 Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
 From premises erroneous brought,
 And therefore the deduction's nought,
 And must have contrary effects,
 To what her treach'rous foe expects.

In proper season Pallas meets
 The queen of love, whom thus she greets,
 (For gods, we are by Homer told,
 Can in celestial language scold)
 " Perfidious goddess! but in vain
 You form'd this project in your brain;
 A project for thy talents fit,
 With much deceit, and little wit.
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me:
 For how can heav'nly wisdom prove
 An instrument to earthly love?
 Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
 Thy votaries for want of sense?
 Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
 To manage thy abortive scheme:
 She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
 And yet I scorn to interpose,
 But using neither skill, nor force,
 Leave all things to their nat'ral course."

The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom:
 When, lo! Vanessa in her bloom
 Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
 But rarely seen, and seen from far;
 In a new world with caution step,
 Watch'd all the company she kept.
 Well knowing, from the books she read,
 What dangerous paths young virgins tread,
 Would seldom at the park appear,
 Nor saw the playhouse twice a year;
 Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
 To know the converse of mankind.

First issued from perfumers shops
 A crowd of fashionable fops:
 They ask'd her how she lik'd the play?
 Then told the tattle of the day;
 A duel fought last night at two,
 About a lady—you know who;
 Mention'd a new Italian, come
 Either from Muscovy or Rome;
 Gave hints of who and who's together:
 Then fell to talking of the weather:
 Last night was so extremely fine,
 The ladies walk'd till after nine.
 Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
 With nonsense ev'ry second word,
 With fustian from exploded plays,
 They celebrate her beauty's praise;
 Run o'er their cant of stupid lyes,
 And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
 Scarce list'ning to their idle chat;
 Further than sometimes, with a frown,
 When they grew pert, to pull them down.
 At last she spitefully was bent
 To try their wisdom's full extent;
 And said, she valu'd nothing less
 Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
 That merit should be chiefly plac'd
 In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
 That present times have no pretence
 To virtue, in the noble sense

By Greeks and Romans understood
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then spoke with censure, or applause,
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Thro' nature and thro' art she rang'd,
And gracefully the subject chang'd:
In vain: her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
— That lady is the dullest soul—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say—she wants it here;
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.

A party next of glitt'ring dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in deshabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest; where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head:
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discourfing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Shew'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought;
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next—What aukward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began, when I was but a girl.
Phyllis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight.

They rally'd next Vanessa's dress:
That gown was made for old queen Bess,
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop;
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex ashamed,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the most:
But why proclaim her for a toast?

A baby face, no life, no airs,
But what she learnt at country fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace, and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face;
She never hit one proper place;
Which ev'ry girl at five years old
Can do, as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the Creature well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
("To know the world!" a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The queen of Beauty lost her aim.
Too late, with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's pow'r unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspir'd;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd:
So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit.
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that, wherein it most excell'd;
Thus making others wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new:
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their aukward bow.
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a diff'rent make;
Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake.
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;

For, placing still some books betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's *Morals* struck, were spoil'd.

The queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent the fate's decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamant chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was in the very search betray'd,

Cupid, though all his darts were less
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her, and instruct her;
I'll give her what she most admires:
Among those venerable fires
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate:
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in secret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increas'd her smart.

Vanessa, not of years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years,
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young,
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ
For pastime, or to shew his wit.

But time, and books, and state-affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him stil'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought;
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain;
Said she shou'd be no longer teaz'd;
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the Grande-monde;
And ev'ry shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he was bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters;
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could such notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use:

That

That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own,
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes ;
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, said the nymph, I'll let you see
My actions with your rules agree ;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise.
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit ;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms ;
Your lessons found the weakest part ;
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style :
And yet her words were so express,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old ;
Had met her in a public place
Without distinguishing her face :
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage ;
And, if her youth indiff'rence met,
His person must contempt beget :
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear ?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong ;
Would say, he made a treach'rous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce :
The town would swear he had betray'd,
By magic spells, the harmless maid :
And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks ;
That, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
So tender of the young and fair !
It shew'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse !
The doctor might have fancy'd worse.—
Hardly, at length, he silence broke,
And faulter'd ev'ry word he spoke ;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man sans consequence.
She rally'd well, he always knew :
Her manner now was something new ;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest :
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lyes ;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought ;

For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.
But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love,
She thought he had himself describ'd,
His doctrines when she first imbib'd :
What he had planted, now was grown ;
His virtues she might call her own ;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last :
Why she likes him, admire not at her ;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days !
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such god-like men.
If one short volume could comprize
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd, and read,
Although the writer long were dead !
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face !
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers ev'ry end,
The book, the author, and the friend :
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach :
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit ;
While ev'ry passion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more :
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd :
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass ;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline ;
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite system to their mind,
In ev'ry point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event ;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize
Appears a hero in our eyes :
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.

The nymph in sober words intreats
 A truce with all sublime conceits :
 For why such raptures, flights and fancies,
 To her who durst not read romances ?
 In lofty style to make replies,
 Which he had taught her to despise ?
 But when her tutor will affect
 Devotion, duty, and respect,
 He fairly abdicates his throne ;
 The government is now her own :
 But, though her arguments were strong,
 At least could hardly wish them wrong.
 Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
 But sure she never talk'd so well.
 His pride began to interpose ;
 Prefer'd before a crowd of beaux !
 So bright a nymph to come unsought !
 Such wonder by his merit wrought !
 'Tis merit must with her prevail :
 He never knew her judgment fail.
 She noted all she ever read,
 And had a most discerning head.
 'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
 That vanity's the food of fools :
 Yet now and then your men of wit
 Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when Cadenus could not hide,
 He chose to justify, his pride ;
 When miss delights in her spinnet,
 A fiddler may a fortune get ;
 A blockhead, with melodious voice,
 In boarding-schools can have his choice :
 And oft' the dancing-master's art
 Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
 In learning let a nymph delight,
 The pedant gets a mistress by't.
 Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
 Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame ;
 Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet
 In all their equipages meet ;
 Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
 Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear ;
 Wherein his dignity and age
 Forbid Cadenus to engage.
 But friendship, in its greatest height,
 A constant, rational delight,
 On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
 When love's allurements long are past,
 Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
 He gladly offers in return ;
 His want of passion will redeem
 With gratitude, respect, esteem ;
 With that devotion we bestow,
 When Goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains
 Vanessa in exalted strains,
 Constr'ing the passion she had shown,
 Much to her praise, more to his own.
 Nature in him had merit plac'd,
 In her a most judicious taste.
 Love, hitherto a transient guest,
 Ne'er held possession in his breast ;
 So long attending at the gate,
 Disdain'd to enter in so late,

Love why do we one passion call,
 When 'tis a compound of them all ?
 He has a forfeiture incurr'd ;
 She vows to take him at his word,
 And hopes he will not think it strange,
 If both should now their stations change.
 The nymph will have her turn to be
 The tutor ; and the pupil, he ;
 Though she already can discern,
 Her scholar is not apt to learn ;
 Or wants capacity to reach
 The science she designs to teach ;
 Wherein his genius was below
 The skill of every common beau ;
 Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
 Enough to read a lady's eyes,
 And will each accidental glance
 Interpret for a kind advance.
 But what success Vanessa met,
 Is to the world a secret yet.
 Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
 Talks in a high romantic strain ;
 Or whether he at last descends
 To like with less seraphic ends ;
 Or, to compound the business, whether
 They temper love and books together ;
 Must never to mankind be told,
 Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

Mean time the mournful Queen of Love
 Led but a weary life above.

She ventures now to leave the skies,
 Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise :
 For, though by one perverse event
 Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
 Though her design was not obtain'd,
 Yet had she much experience gain'd,
 And by the project vainly try'd
 Could better now the cause decide.
 She gave due notice, that both parties
 Coram regina prox' die Martis
 Should at their peril without fail
 Come and appear, and save their bail.
 All met ; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
 The judge discover'd in her face
 Resentments for her late disgrace ;
 And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
 Directed them to mind their brief ;
 Nor spend their time to shew their reading ;
 She'd have a summary proceeding.
 She gather'd under ev'ry head
 The sum of what each lawyer said,
 Gave her own reasons last, and then
 Decreed the cause against the men.

But, in a weighty case like this
 To shew she did not judge amiss,
 Which evil tongues might else report,
 She made a speech in open court ;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 " How she was cheated by the swains ;"
 On whose petition (humbly shewing
 That women were not worth the wooing,
 And that, unless the sex would mend,
 The race of lovers soon must end)

"She was at lord knows what expence
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favour was misplac'd;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a senseless, stupid race;
And, were she to begin agen,
She'd study to reform the men;
Or add some grains of folly more
To women, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't.
This might their mutual fancy strike;
Since ev'ry being loves its like.

But now, repenting what was done,
She left all bus'ness to her son;
She puts the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion."

The cry'r was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last O yes!
The Goddess would no longer wait;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and sev'n,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

§ 50. *An Essay on Poetry.* BUCKINGHAM.

OF all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poetry:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch;
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhimes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, tho' sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none. [brain
Where dost thou dwell? What caverns of the
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence
mourn, [return,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me
away, [day?
From pleasures of the night, and bus'ness of the
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.

As all is dullness, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial, useful part, [heart.
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the

Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry, rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts;
What need has Satire, then, to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
Defects of witty men deserve a cure,
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.

First, then, of Songs, which now so much
Without his song no sop is to be found; [abound,
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So Songs should be to just perfection brought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault? }
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall?
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chafest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choak the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That Phoenix she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such sops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.

But here (as all our sex too oft have try'd) [aside.
 Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts
 Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
 Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
 But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,
 And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;
 If yet a just coherence be not made
 Between each thought, and the whole model laid
 So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
 Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies:
 Such trifles may, perhaps, of late, have pass'd,
 And may be lik'd awhile, but never last:
 'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
 But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,
 No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
 Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
 Here foams at mouth, and moves like one poss-
 The poet here must be, indeed, inspir'd, [sefs'd.
 With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
 Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
 Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
 But, sometimes, diction mean, or verse ill-
 wrought,

Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
 Tho' all appear in heat and fury done,
 The language still must soft and easy run.
 These laws may sound a little too severe;
 But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
 Which, tho' extravagant, this muse allows,
 And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
 To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
 Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the remedy is lov'd;
 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
 Without repeating things said oft before:
 Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
 That stain a beauty which we so much love.
 Of chosen words some take not care enough,
 And think they should be, as the subject, rough:
 This poem must be more exactly made, [vey'd.
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words con-
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only bus'ness was to rail:
 But human frailty nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
 A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
 So, while you seem to slight some rival youth,
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
 The Laureat, here, may justly claim our praise,
 Crown'd by Mack-Flecknow with immortal bays;
 Yet once his Pegasus has borne dead weight,
 Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
 A more important task attends thy toil.
 As some young eagle, that designs to fly
 A long unwonted journey through the sky,
 Weighs all the dang'rous enterprize before,
 O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar,
 Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
 That lofty road of airy travellers;
 But yet, incited by some bold design,
 That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,

Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,
 At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
 Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
 She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
 So (tho' too weak for such a weighty thing)
 The muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
 And why should truth offend, when only told
 To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
 On then, my Muse, advent'rouly engage
 To give instructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
 Which, if observ'd, gives plays so great a grace,
 Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone
 From nicer faults to purge the present age,
 Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First then, Soliloquies had need be few,
 Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
 Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
 Of others, make the pit their confidant;
 Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
 They trust a friend, only to tell it us:
 Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
 As when Bellario confesses all.

(Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
 (Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
 Are all but paint upon a beauteous face,
 And in descriptions only claim a place:
 But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
 From lovers in despair fine things to force,
 Must needs succeed: for who can chuse but pity
 A dying hero, miserably witty?
 But oh! the Dialogues, where jest and mock
 Is held up like a rest at shuttle-cock!
 Or else, like bells, eternally they chime,
 They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhyme.
 What things are these who would be poets
 thought,

By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
 Some wit they have, and therefore they deserve
 A better course than this, by which they starve:
 But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
 To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
 Nay more; for they must look within, to find
 Those secret turns of nature in the mind:
 Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
 And but a body all, without a soul.
 All this united, yet but makes a part
 Of Dialogue, that great and pow'ful art,
 Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
 From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended since, but by a few. }
 Plato and Lucian are the best remains
 Of all the wonders which this art contains;
 Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
 Shakespeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er:
 Go see them play'd; then read them as before;
 For tho' in many things they grossly fail,
 Over our passions still they so prevail,
 That our own grief by their's is rock'd asleep;
 The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
 Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
 First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
 Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
 This oft, alone, has giv'n success to plays.

Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature; and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts to
As what a man would say in such a case: [place,
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.

Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flow'r,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction this would favour get;
But Falstaff stands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all;
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if posselt,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well we may laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd,
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.

But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First, a Soliloquy is calmly made,
Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
For her sweet lake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves:
But some sad accident, tho' yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He strait grows jealous, tho' we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels:
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who strait appears; but who can fate withstand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has giv'n himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind,

Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms. [these?
What shameful and what monstrous things are
And then they rail at those they cannot please;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The Epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth, [forth!
There are but two the world has yet brought
Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast;
So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still, [skill;
Like Indians, view'd this wond'rous piece of
As something of divine, the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shewn where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure, from some angel he the secret knew,
Who thro' this labyrinth has lent the clue!

But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shewn, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's light,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little, or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say!
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton fail.

§ 51. *The Actor.*

LLOYD.

THE Player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these pow'rs, Deportment, Voice,
and Eye.

The critic sight 'tis only Grace can please,
No figure charms us if it has not Ease.
There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.

The feeling sense all other want supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state:
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along:
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute *equipois'd* he stands,
Till praise dismisses him with her echoing hands!
Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
By perseverance to extort applause,
When Romeo, sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's self will tell:
No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,
I hate your fool who over-acts his jest;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While sober humour marks th' impression
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit, [strong.
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not ashamed of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forfaking nature's fair and open road [mode;
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar
Fir'd with disgust I loathe his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortions there!
Fill up the measure of the motley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be found and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear. [moan,
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassion'd woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word with proper stress,
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*. [roll

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others, like thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar,

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the Face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking Eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

§ 52. On Poetry. A Rhapsody. SWIFT.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits,
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age, at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years:
While ev'ry fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate:
A dog, by instinct, turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.

But

But man we find the only creature,
Who, led by folly, combats nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, forbear!
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large, to grasp the circle round;
Such heav'nly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.

Not beggar's brat, on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell, or the stew;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies litt'ring under hedges,
Are so disqualify'd by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus, in his ire,
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision;
Of state affairs you cannot snatter;
Are awkward, when you try to flatter;
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainer;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.

Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile come pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests, in less than half an hour,
Will more than half a score devour:
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea:
Gone, to be never heard of more;
Gone, where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of diff'rent spirits to discern;
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself, and, if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind;
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or hum'rous lines;

To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue, sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next, your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks—and dashes—

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic* type.

When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;

But, when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest;
Or else, perhaps, he may invent
A better than the poet meant;

As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,

Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.

If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:

And how agreeably surpriz'd
Are you to see it advertiz'd!

The hawker shews you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:

The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say.

And, if you find the gen'ral vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,

Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle;

Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:

Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help, yourself, to run it down.

Give up your fond, paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side,

For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;

And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:

And, since you ne'er provok'd their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.

But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:

You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;

The vilest doggrel Grub-street sends
Will pass for your's with foes and friends;

And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,

If, still, you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go, try your hand a second time.

Again you fail; yet safe's the word;
 Take courage, and attempt a third.
 But, first, with care employ your thoughts,
 Where critics mark'd your former faults:
 The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
 The similes, that nothing fit;
 The cant which every fool repeats,
 Town jests, and coffee-house conceits;
 Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
 And introduc'd the lord knows why:
 Or, where we find your fury set
 Against the harmless alphabet;
 On A's and B's your malice vent,
 While readers wonder whom you meant;
 A public or a private robber,
 A statesman, or a South-sea jobber;
 A prelate who no God believes;
 A parliament, or den of thieves;
 A pick-purse at the bar, or bench;
 A duchess, or a suburb wench:
 Or oft when epithets you link
 In gaping lines to fill a chink;
 Like stepping-stones to save a stride
 In streets where kennels are too wide;
 Or like a heel-piece, to support
 A cripple with one foot too short;
 Or like a bridge that joins a marsh
 To moorlands of a different parish.
 So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
 Drag different ways in miry grounds,
 So geographers in Afric maps
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er uninhabitable downs
 Place elephants, for want of towns.

But, though you miss your third essay,
 You need not throw your pen away.
 Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
 To spring more profitable game.
 From party merit seek support;
 The vilest verse thrives best at court.
 A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
 Will never fail to bring in pence:
 Nor be concern'd about the sale,
 He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits every virtue round,
 As emblems of the sov'reign pow'r,
 Like other baubles in the Tow'r:
 Is gen'rous, valiant, just, and wise,
 And so continues till he dies:
 His humble senate this professes
 In all their speeches, votes, addresses:
 But once you fix him in a tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
 And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.
 The loads of poems in his praise
 Ascending, make one funeral-blaze:
 As soon as you can hear his knell,
 This God on earth turns d——l in hell:
 And lo! his ministers of state,
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
 Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
 They ply their former arts below;

And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote:
 To Cerberus they give a sop,
 His triple-barking mouth to stop;
 Or, in the iv'ry gate of dreams,
 Project Excise and South-sea schemes;
 Or hire their party-pamphleteers
 To set Elysium by the ears.
 Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your muse on kings alive;
 With prudence gathering up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster;
 Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay, humbly, at your monarch's feet;
 Who, as the odours reach his throne,
 Will smile, and think 'em all his own;
 For law and gospel both determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine.
 (I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath.)
 Your garland, in the following reign,
 Change but the names, will do again.
 But, if you think this trade too base,
 (Which seldom is the dunce's case)
 Put on the critic's brow, and sit
 At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
 A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
 With caution us'd, may serve awhile,
 Proceed no further in your part,
 Before you learn the terms of art;
 For you can ne'er be too far gone
 In all our modern critics' jargon:
 Then talk, with more authentic face,
 Of unities, in time and place;
 Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
 And have them at your fingers ends;
 Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
 And, at all hazards, boldly quote;
 Judicious Rymer oft review,
 Wife Dennis, and profound Bosu.
 Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
 For these our critics much confide in,
 (Though merely writ, at first, for filling,
 To raise the volume's price a shilling).

A forward critic often dupes us
 With sham quotations, peri hupfous:
 And, if we have not read Longinus,
 Will magisterially out-shine us.
 Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
 Procure the book for love or money,
 Translated from Boileau's translation,
 And quote quotation on quotation.
 At Will's you hear a poem read,
 Where Battus, from the table-head,
 Reclining on his elbow chair,
 Gives judgment with decisive air;
 To whom the tribe of circling wits,
 As to an oracle, submits.
 He gives directions to the town
 To cry it up, or run it down;
 Like courtiers, when they send a note,
 Instructing members how to vote.
 He sets the stamp of bad and good,
 Though not a word be understood.

Your lesson learnt, you'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through * Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sov'reign.
In ev'ry street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Out-done by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learnt to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory,
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth:
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town:
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court, with annual birth-day strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Y——g must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through ev'ry alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves, that ev'ry creature
Lives in a state of war, by nature.
The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale, of mod'rate size, will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw.
A fox with geese his belly crams,
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs.
But, search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise;
And strive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.

So, nat'ralists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus ev'ry poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind;
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters.
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors out-fung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who croud the press with hourly trash.
Oh Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee?
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill?
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For, when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore, alone, his place supplied:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great † poet of the Hollow-tree.
But ah! how insecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncinea to a common-weal;
And, with rebellious arms, pretend,
An equal priv'lege to descend.

In bulk there are not more degrees,
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhiming race.
From bad to worse, and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymers can like *Walford* sink,
His merits balanc'd, you shall find,
The laureate leaves him far behind.
Concannon, more aspiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.

* The ancient name of London.

† Lord Grimstone, author of a play called *Love in an Hollow Tree*.

Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops,
The rest pursue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the center;
And, as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.

O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muse's name!
By flatt'ring ———, whom Heav'n design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And ev'ry vice that nurses both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter.
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confest the conqu'ring hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar, and Chinese,
Short by the knees, intreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sov'reign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, O, may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.

Now sing the Minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This atlas stands, to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great viceroy of the king,
Thy praises ev'ry muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a flock!
You chuse to rule the sable flock:
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place,
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee, with delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,

When on thy breast and sides herculean
He fixt the star and string cerulean.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strew your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide:
You cannot err on Flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd,
Of incense, many a thousand load;
But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all pow'r in Heav'n divide,
And do no wrong to either side:
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give ——— and Jove an equal share.
Yet, why should we be lac'd so strait?
I'll give my ——— butter-weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

***** *Cætera desiderantur.* *****

§ 53. *A Pipe of Tobacco: in Imitation of Six
several Authors.* HAWKINS BROWNE.

IMITATION I.

A New-Year's Ode.

RECITATIVE.

OLD battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her
head.

Sing, ye Muses, Tobacco, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;
When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow Autumn, youthful Spring,
In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVE.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Fraught with Tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's pow'r,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal, he! who knows
Pleasure which a Pipe bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,
While wailes of war deform the teeming coast;
Britannia, distant from each hostile sound,
Enjoys a Pipe, with ease and freedom crown'd:
E'en restless Faction finds itself most free;
Or, if a slave, a slave to Liberty.

AIR.

Smiling years, that gaily run
Round the zodiac, with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene,
British sons no longer, now,
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow;
Nor of crimson combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years, that gaily run
Round the zodiac, with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

IMITATION II.

LITTLE tube, of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire:
And thy snowy, taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns;
When again the cricket's gay,
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed:
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

IMITATION III.

O THOU, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco! fountain pure of limpid truth,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring
thought
Swarms all the mind; absorb'd is yellow care;
And at each puff imagination burns.
Flash on thy bard, and, with exalting fires,
Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy
praise,
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From Pætotheke with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,
Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; then rudely ram'd illume,
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,

Mark'd with Gibsonian lore; forth issue
clouds,

Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around
And many-mining fires: I all the while,
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to
In genial strife and orthodox ale, [join,
Stream life and joy into the Muses' bowl.
O be thou still my great inspirer, thou
My Muse; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
Burst forth all oracle and mystic song.

IMITATION IV.

CRITICS avaunt; Tobacco is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.
And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buz within the scorching sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine my verse inspire,
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:
Lord Fopling smokes not—for his teeth afraid;
Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to
swoon; [town:
They love no smoke, except the smoke of
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flat-
Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he [ter!
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at Tobacco, tho' it makes him—spit.
Citronia vows it has an odious stink; [drink.
She will not smoke (ye gods!)—but she will
And chaste Prudella (blame her if you can)
Says, Pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth pro-
claim, [fame:
While some for pleasure smoke, and some for
Fame, of our actions universal spring, [thing.
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke,—ev'ry

IMITATION V.

BLEST leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
To Templars modesty, to Parsons sense:
So raptur'd priests, at fam'd Dodona's shrine,
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content more solid than the smile of lords:
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good:
Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister, Beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critic owns thy genial aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
What tho' to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

IMITATION

IMITATION VI.

BOY! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,
 And bid the vicar be my guest:
 Let all be plac'd in manner due;
 A pot wherein to spit, or spue,
 And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
 Of use to light a pipe, or * * *

* * * * *
 This village, unmolested yet
 By troopers, shall be my retreat:
 Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
 Who cannot write, or vote for *.
 Far from the vermin of the town,
 Here let me rather live, my own,
 Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland
 In sweet oblivion lulls the land;
 Of all, which at Vienna passes,
 As ignorant as * * Brass is:
 And scorning rascals to carefs,
 Extol the days of good queen Bess,
 When first Tobacco blest our isle,
 Then think of other queens—and smile.

Come jovial pipe, and bring along
 Midnight revelry, and song;
 The merry catch, the madrigal,
 That echoes sweet in City hall;
 The parson's pun, the smutty tale
 Of country justice o'er his ale.
 I ask not what the French are doing,
 Or Spain to compass Britain's ruin:
 Britons, if undone, can go
 Where Tobacco loves to grow.

§ 54. *The Winter's Walk.* DR. JOHNSON.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise;
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies!
 Nor only through the wasted plain,
 Stern Winter, is thy force confels'd;
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope and fond Desire
 Resign the heart to Spleen and Care;
 Scarce frightened Love maintains his fire,
 And Rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife;
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

§ 55. *Thought in a Garden.* HUGHES.

DELIGHTFUL mansion! blest retreat!
 Where all is silent, all is sweet!
 Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
 The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings,

While May leads on the cheerful hours,
 And opens a new world of flow'rs.
 Gay Pleasure here all drest wears,
 And in a thousand shapes appears.
 Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves
 Thro' airy walks, and muselful groves;
 Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
 And charms in all I hear and see!
 In this Elysium while I stray,
 And Nature's fairest face survey,
 Earth seems new-born, and life more bright;
 Time steals away, and smooths his flight;
 And thought's bewilder'd in delight.
 Where are the crowds I saw of late?
 What are those tales of Europe's fate?
 Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown;
 And leagues to pull usurpers down?
 Of marching armies, distant wars;
 Of factions, and domestic jars?
 Sure these are last night's dreams, no more;
 Or some romance, read lately o'er;
 Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
 And pow'rs confederate to destroy
 Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
 With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
 And, to possess another's right,
 Durst the whole world to arms excite.
 Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids close,
 These dull impressions help me lose:
 Let Fancy take her wing, and find
 Some better dream to sooth my mind;
 Or waking, let me learn to live;
 The prospect will instruction give,
 For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
 Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
 Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
 Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
 Such let my life's smooth current be,
 Till, from time's narrow shore set free,
 It mingle with th' eternal sea;
 And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
 That trifling thing it was before.

§ 56. *The Wish.* GREEN.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face;
 Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple chuse my heart.
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire;
 By happy alchymy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find;
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
 And meretricious arts of dress,
 To feign a joy, and hide distress:
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose;
 And cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:
 Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares;

But

But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good posses'd.
 Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
 The blithsome goddess sooths my care ;
 I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus she models my desire.
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;
 Two maids, that never saw the town,
 A serving man not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow,
 And drive, while t' other holds the plough ;
 A chief, of temper form'd to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece ;
 With understandings of a size
 To think their matter very wise.
 May Heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cup-board, little plate,
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land :
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim :
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet ;
 Where od'rous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale,
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre surrounds :
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills through plains in dusk array
 Extended far, repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid :
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of fate,
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach ;
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind.
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measur'd motions frisk about,
 * Till old Silenus puts them out.
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vie in variety of green ;
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
 And silver-streams through meadows stray,
 And Naiads on the margin play,

And lesser nymphs on side of hills
 From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm through life ;
 See faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy ;
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
 By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
 Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
 May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
 And wearing Virtue's liv'ry, smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive ;
 With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down ;
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing into age,
 When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 In hope to blossom soon again !

§ 57. *Healtb. An Eclogue.* PARNELL.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadows pass,
 And print long footsteps on the glitt'ring
 grass ;
 The cows, neglectful of their pasture, stand,
 By turns obsequious to the milker's hands.
 When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
 Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn,
 Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd
 through,
 A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view ;
 There rests the youth, and, while the feather'd
 throng
 Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.
 Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
 Thou country Goddess, beauteous Health !
 repair, [inhale
 Here let my breast through quiv'ring trees
 Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
 What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see ?
 Ah ! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
 Joy to my soul ! I feel the goddess nigh,
 The face of nature cheers as well as I ;
 O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
 The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,
 The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
 The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
 The chirping birds from all the compass rove
 To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove :
 High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
 Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
 With

With various prospects gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country goddess, come, nor thou
suffice,

But bring thy mountain sister, Exercise:
Call'd by thy lovely voice she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chase;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses crowd her early train:
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure, join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie soft'ning 'till high-noon in
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town, [down,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease; [hounds,
I mount the coursers, call the deep-mouth'd
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags through tangled thickets
tread, [head;

And shake the saplings with their branching
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the lurking bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry
change. [main:

Here, beauteous Health! for all the year re-
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

O come, thou goddess of my rural song!
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along;
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly.
For her I mow my walks, I plait my bow'rs.
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow'rs;
To welcome her, this summer-seat I dress,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease [please.
Shall change again, and teach the change to
Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great:
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
The native bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's muse, that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.

Here, beauteous Health! for all the year re-
main: [again.

When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus

§ 58. *The Passions.* COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd,
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd;
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound.
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power,

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In light'nings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the scene prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every
close, [golden hair.

And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her
And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose, [down,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder
And with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause
Dejected Pity at his side, [between,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd burst-
ing from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd
on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive
And dashing soft from rocks around, [soul:
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro'

Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond
Round an holy calm diffusing, [delay,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung;
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-
eyed queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear, [spear.
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen

Last came Joy's extatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol, [best.

Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the
They would have thought, who heard the strain,

They saw in Tempe's vale her native
Amidst the festal sounding shades, [maids,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone un-
And he, amidst his frolic play, [bound,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Even all at once together sound,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

§ 59. *Ode to Fear.* COLLINS.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shewn,

Who seest appal'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:

Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
For, lo what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd feat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Here drowning seamen's cries in tempests
brought! [thought,

Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou whose spirit most possess
The sacred seat of Shakespear's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear! will dwell with thee.

§ 60. *Ode to Truth.* MASON.

SAY, will no white-robb'd Son of Light,
Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions cloath'd with downy gold;
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand? [known
And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have
Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,

O

Will

Will not your train descend in radiant state,
To break with Mercy's beam this gathering
cloud of Fate?

'Tis silence all. No Son of Light
Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height :
No train of radiant Saints descend.

" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,

" If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,

" Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."

So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the center of her burning throne :
Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre
crown'd :

A bright Sun clasps her adamant zone.

So Truth proclaims : her awful voice I hear :
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my
ear.

" Attend, ye Sons of Men ; attend, and say,
Does not enough of my resplendent ray

Break thro' the veil of your mortality ?

Say, does not reason in this form descry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glow-
ing grace ?

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me ? Shall she, whose brightest eye

But emulates the diamond's blaze,

Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,

Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume, [lays,
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's

Shall she be deem'd my rival ? Shall a form

Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay, [worm
View with these charms empyreal ? The poor

Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone : while I appear

Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' Hea-
ven's eternal year.

Know, Mortals know, ere first ye sprung,

Ere first these orbs in æther hung,

I shone amid the heavenly throng,

These eyes beheld Creation's day,

This voice began the choral lay,

And taught Archangels their triumphant song.

Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual
birth,

Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,

Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring

And Ocean heave on its extended bed ; [earth,

Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,

The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,

Heaven's hallow'd image stamp'd upon

his face, [giv'n,

And, as he rose, the high behest was

" That I alone, of all the host of heav'n,

" Should reign Protectress of the god-
like Youth : " [me TRUTH.

Thus the Almighty spake : he spake, and call'd

§ 61. Ode to Fancy. J. WARTON.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,

Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,

O'er all my artless songs preside,

My footsteps to thy temple guide,

To offer at thy turf-built shrine,

In golden cups no costly wine,

No murder'd fatling of the flock,

But flowers and honey from the rock.

O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,

With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,

Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,

Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,

Waving in thy snowy hand

An all-commanding magic wand,

Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens grow

'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,

Whose rapid wings thy flight convey

Thro' air, and over earth and sea,

While the various landscape lies

Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes !

O lover of the desert, hail !

Say in what deep and pathless vale,

Or on what hoary mountain's side,

'Midst falls of water you reside,

'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,

With green and grassy dales between,

'Midst forest dark of aged oak,

Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,

Where never human art appear'd,

Nor e'en one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,

Where Nature seems to sit alone,

Majestic on a craggy throne ;

Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,

To thy unknown sequester'd cell,

Where woodbines cluster round the door,

Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,

And on whose top an hawthorn blows,

Amid whose thickly-woven boughs

Some nightingale still builds her nest,

Each evening waibling thee to rest :

Then lay me by the haunted stream,

Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,

In converse while methinks I rove

With Spenser thro' a fairy grove ;

Till suddenly awak'd, I hear

Strange whisper'd music in my ear,

And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,

By the sweetly-soothing sound !

Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,

Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,

Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,

And Venus keeps her festive court,

Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,

And lightly trip with nimble feet,

Nodding their lily-crowned heads ;

Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads ;

Where Echo walks steep hills among,

Listening to the shepherd's song.

Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy

Can long my pensive mind employ :

Ha! Fancy, from these scenes of folly

To meet the matron Melancholy,

Goddess of the tearful eye,

That loves to fold her arms and sigh !

Let us with silent footsteps go

To charnels and the house of woe,

To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some Virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold winter's show'rs,
The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles, lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpets' clangors pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear:
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to the ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield!

O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou canst place me near my love;
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss.

When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold,
At ev'ry season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy pow'rful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to ev'ry line;
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.

O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespear's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling grave;
O Queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who fill'd, with unexhausted fire,
May boldly strike the sounding lyre,

May rise above the rhyming throng,
And with some new unequall'd song
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk:
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like lightning let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce:
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critics studied laws:
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

§ 62. *Hymn to Cynthia.* B. JONSON.

QUEEN, and huntress, chaste, and fair,
Now the Sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddeß, excellently bright.
Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to cheer, when day did close;
Bless us then with wish'd light,
Goddeß, excellently bright.
Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddeß, excellently bright.

§ 63. *Ode to Content.* Mrs. BARBAULD.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unalter'd brow.
O come, in simplest vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.
No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.
Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence, with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
O 2

And

And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening thro' this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild, unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage

With settled smiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss thy fainted feet.

But thou, oh Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale;

The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may chuse to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

When eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whispering through the shade.

§ 64. *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* POPE.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;

Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs;
Warriors she fires with animated sounds:
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.
But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts?

Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance!
The furies sink upon their iron beds, [heads.
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,

Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the Husband, or return the Wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,

And gave him back the fair:
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious!

The

Tho' fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.
 But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move;
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's
 cries—
 Ah see, he dies!
 Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods, [rung.
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains
 Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please:
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
 And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

§ 65. *Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Music. An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.* DRYDEN.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The god-like hero sat
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were plac'd around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride,
 Happy, happy, happy pair;
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove;
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign
 of the world.—

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
 A present deity, they shout around;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musi-
 cian sung:

Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he
 Bacchus ever fair and young, [comes!
 Drinking joys did first ordain:
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice
 he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood:

Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree:
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War he sung is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.—
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
 Now strike the golden lyre again;
 And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
 Hark, hark, the horrid found [thunder.
 Has rais'd up his head;
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in the air,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand,
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
 And unburied remain, [slain,
 Inglorious on the plain;
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew:
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
 The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
 And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to
 Thais led the way, [destroy;
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.
 Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize, [before.
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down,

§ 66. *Mac Flecknoe.*

DRYDEN.

ALL human things are subject to decay. Jobey.
 And, when Fate summons, monarchs must

This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus,
 young
 Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
 In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And bless'd with issue of a large increase;
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state:
 And pond'ring which, of all his sons, was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
 Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule, who most resembles me.
 Sh——, alone, my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years:
 Sh——, alone, of all my sons, was he,
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 Therest, to some faint meaning make pretence;
 But Sh—— never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
 But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray;
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the
 plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of Tautology.
 Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
 And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggot, came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
 When to king John of Portugal I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
 With well-tim'd oars, before the royal barge,
 Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
 And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
 The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
 Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
 The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
 At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore
 The trebles squeak for fear, the baxes roar;
 Echoes from Pissing-Alley Sh—— call,
 And Sh—— they resound from Aston-Hall.
 About thy boat the little fishes throng,
 As at the morning toast that floats along.
 Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
 Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
 St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own Psyche's rhyme:
 Though they in number as in sense excel;
 So just, so like Tautology they fell,
 That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
 The lute and sword, which he in triumph
 bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er wou'd act Villerius more.
 Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
 All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
 That for anointed dulness he was made.
 Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
 (The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)

AN

An ancient fabric, rais'd t' inform the fight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight;
A watch-tow'r once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets
keep,

And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head, [bred;
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry, }
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the Gods defy. }

Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Johnson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words,
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Sh——'s throne:

For ancient Decker prophesy'd, long since, }
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince, }
Born for a scourge of Wit, and flail of sense: }
To whom true dulness should some Psyche's owe,
But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow;
Humourists and Hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Sh——'s coronation through the town.

Rouz'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bun-hill, and distant Watling-street,
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay;
But loads of Sh—— almost choak'd the way.
Bilk'd Stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And H——n was captain of the guard.

The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius fate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;
So Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he, till death, true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with
sense.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
young,

And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.

Just at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tyber's brook,
Preface of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.

The fire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god; }
At length burst out in this prophetic mood: }

"Heav'n's blest my son, from Ireland let him
To far Barbadoes on the western main; [reign
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his
pen!"—

He paus'd, and all the people cry'd, Amen.
Then thus continu'd he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou, from me,
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.

Let Virtuoso's in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And, in their folly, shew the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.

Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.

But let no alien S—d—y interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And, when false flowers of Rhetoric thou
would'st cull,

Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:

Sir Formal, tho' unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy Northern Dedications fill.

Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Johnson's hostile name.

Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.

Thou art my blood, where Johnson has no part:
What share have we in nature or in art?

Where did his wit on Learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?

Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?

Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kifs my
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce? [arse,

When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine?

But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow;
His always floats above, thine sinks below.

This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:

This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:

Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
 Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
 A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
 But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep:
 Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic, sleep.
 With whate'er gall thou set'st thyself to write,
 Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
 In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and chuse for thy command
 Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
 There thou may'st Wings display, and Altars

raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
 Or, if thou would'st thy different talents suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."

He said; but his last words were scarcely
 heard:

For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
 Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
 With double portion of his father's art.

§ 67. *From the Sixth Canto of the Dispensary.*
 GARTH.

AND now the Delegate prepares to go
 And view the wonders of the realms below.
 Thrice did the goddess, with her sacred wand,
 The pavement strike; and strait at her command
 The willing surface opens, and descends
 A deep descent, that leads to nether skies.
 Hygeia to the silent region tends; [scends.
 And, with his heav'nly guide, the Charge de-
 Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
 Was by Ægeria guarded and inspir'd.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
 The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
 Till the glad summons of a genial ray
 Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
 Hence Pansies trick themselves in various hue,
 And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
 Hence the Carnation, and the bashful Rose,
 Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;
 Hence the chaste Lily rises to the light,
 Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight.
 Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
 To oblige complaining lovers with their shade:
 And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
 Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naffau.

The insects here their ling'ring trance survive:
 Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.
 From Winter's fury hither they repair,
 And stay for milder skies and softer air.
 Down to these cells obscurer reptiles creep;
 Where hateful Neuts and painted Lizards sleep.
 Where shiv'ring Snakes the summer Solstice wait,
 Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.

Here their new form the numb'd Eræcæ hide
 Their num'rous feet, in slender bandage ty'd;
 Soon as the kindling year begins to rise,
 This upstart race their native clod despise,
 And, proud of painted wings, attempt the }
 skies.

Now those profounder regions they explore,
 Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.
 Here, fullen to the sight, at large is spread
 The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish Lead.
 There, glimm'ring in their dawning beds, are
 The light aspiring seeds of sprightly Tin. [seen
 The Copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks;
 And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
 The Silver, then, with bright and burnish'd
 Youth, and a blooming lustre in its face, [grace,
 To th' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
 And in the folds of their embraces lies:
 So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,
 Their love's more violent than the chymist's fire.

Near these the Delegate, with wonder, spies
 Where floods of living silver serpentine:
 Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
 And golden streams through amber channels

run;
 Where Light's gay God descends to ripen gems,
 And lend a lustre brighter than his beams.

Here he observes the subterranean cells,
 Where wanton nature sports in idle shells.
 Some helicocoids, some conical appear;
 These mitres emulate, those turbans are.
 Here marcasites in various figure wait,
 To ripen to a true metallic state:

Till drops, that from impending rocks descend,
 Their substance petrify, and progress end.
 Nigh, livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
 And whilst, enrag'd, their fiery surges glow,
 Convulsions in the lab'ring mountains rise,
 And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.

He views, with horror, next, the noisy cave,
 Where, with hoarse dins, imprison'd tempests

rave; [flight;
 Where clam'rous hurricanes attempt their
 Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
 The warring winds, unmov'd, Hygeia heard,
 Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.
 Andromeda so, whilst her hero fought,
 Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.

And now the goddess, with her charge, de-
 scends [befriends.

Where scarce one chearful glimpse their steps
 Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps,
 And, undisturb'd by Form, in silence sleeps.
 A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye;
 An aukward lump of shapeless anarchy.
 With fordid age his features are defac'd;
 His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste.
 To these dark realms much learned lumber
 creeps;

There copious M—— safe in silence sleeps.
 Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
 And, soon as born, like other monsters, die.
 Upon a couch of jet, in these abodes,
 Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods.

No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.

Nigh this recess, with terror, they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic
In the close covert of a cypress grove, [sway:
Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide;
And there the monarch's triumphs are descri'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled, to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'er-
Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair, [flow.
And all the faded family of Care; [tress,
Old mould'ring urns, racks, daggers, and dis-
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws the furies wait,
Which execute the harsh decrees of Fate.
Febris is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears;
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And restless ferments revel in each vein.

Then Hydrops next appears amongst the
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along. [throng;
But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her wat'ry store.
Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive spright,
With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading pow'r:
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.
Whilst meager Phthisis gives a silent blow;
Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow.
No loud alarms, or fierce assaults, are shown:
She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
Behind stood crowds of much inferior fame,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.

Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
The silent region of the fleeting shades:
Where rocks and rueful desarts are descri'd;
And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide.
Then shews the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his passage to the further shore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, smiling, said,
You need no passport to demand our aid.
Physicians never linger on this strand:
Old Charon's present still at their command.
Our awful monarch, and his consort, owe
To them the peopling of their realms below.
Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from
shore.

Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,
Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head;
Pale grief sate heavy on his mournful look:
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
Burst from your breast, and torrents from your
eyes:

And who those mangled manes are, which show
A sullen satisfaction at your woe?

Since, said the ghost, with pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm Guaium, once your firmest friend.
And on this barren beach, in discontent,
Am doom'd to stay, 'till th' angry powers relent.
Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten
The victims of my late ill-conduct are. [there,
They vex, with endless clamours, my repose:
This wants his palate, that demands his nose:
And here they execute stern Pluto's will,
And ply me ev'ry moment with a pill.

Then Celsus thus: O much-lamented state!
How rigid is the sentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air; [were!
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you
Inspid as your late pitans you lie,
That, once, were sprightlier far than Mercury.
At the sad tale you tell the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable souls asleep.
The unctuous latrix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine;
But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove.
When bonfires blaze your vagrant works shall
rise

In rockets, till they reach the wond'ring skies.

If mortals e'er the Stygian pow'rs could bend,
Entreaties to their awful seats I'd send:
But, since no human arts the Fates dissuade,
Direct me how to find blest'd Harvey's shade.
In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay:
Then, rising from the ground, he shew'd the way.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That, with a dreadful frown, survey'd the flood,
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.
To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd,
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.

Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tower on
And taste th' indulgence of a milder sky. [high,
Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay, }
And roses blush their fragrant lives away.
Cool streams thro' flow'ry meadows gently glide;
And, as they pass, their painted banks they chide.
These blissful plains no blights nor mildews
fear, [here.

The flow'rs ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon, in painted pride she decks her head:
Rob'd in rich dye, she triumphs on the green,
And ev'ry flow'r does homage to their queen.
So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around, in throngs, the wond'ring Nereids
crowd;

The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And ev'ry grace unsung the waves conceal.

The Delegate observes, with wond'ring eyes,
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise;
Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion of disastrous love.
Here Jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.

The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods, in mournful murmurs, sings.
No

Nowinds but sighs there are, no floods but tears.
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears,
Their wounded bark records some broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on ev'ry bough.

Olivia, here, in solitude he found,
Her downcast eyes fix'd on the silent ground:
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair.

How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring! [tray'd
Till the Green-sickness, and Love's force, be-
To Death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid.

All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood,
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:

"Tell me, dear shade, from whence such
anxious care;

Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare?
Why thus you languish, like a drooping flow'r,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless show'r?
Your languid looks your late ill-conduct tell;
O that, instead of trash, you'd taken steel!"

Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the con-
scious maid

Thus to her late insulting lover said:

"When ladies listen not to loose desire,
You stile our modesty our want of fire.
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You still find reasons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish things we say.
Few are the fair ones of Ruffilla's make;
Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she'll forsake:
But sev'ral Cælias sev'ral ages boast,
That like where Reason recommends the most.
Where heav'nly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire."

"Your sex (he cry'd) as custom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves.
To do nice Conduct right, you Nature wrong;
Impulses are but weak, where Reason's strong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that startle at the name.
The lonely Phoenix, tho' profess'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the sun.
Those tales of spicy urns, and fragrant fires,
Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires."

Then, as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air.
From his embrace th' unbody'd spectre flies;
And, as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bless'd remain:
Where Hervey gathers simples, to bestow
Immortal youth on heroes' shades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable sage her presence knew;
Thus he—

Hail, blooming gooddeß! thou propitious pow'r,
Whose blessings mortals more than life implore,
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.

With just resentments and contempt you see
The foul dissensions of the Faculty;
How your sad sick'ning art now hangs her head;
And, once a science, is become a trade.
Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store,
But study Nature less, and lucre more.
Not so, when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd.
Oft father Tyber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd son is worshipp'd like the fire;
The sage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the same.

I show'd, of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of their reflux tide.
Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the spirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.

Nor wou'd our Wharton, Bates, and Gliffon lie
In the abyss of blind Obscurity.

But now such wond'rous searches are forborne,
And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.

Then let your Charge attend, and I'll explain
How her lost health your science may regain.

Haste, and the matchless Atticus address;
From Heav'n and great Nassau he has the mace.
Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair;
Arts he supports, and Learning is his care.
He softens the harsh rigour of the laws, [claws;
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy
And, graciously, he casts a pitying eye
On the sad state of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he speaks, Heav'n's! how the list'n-
ing throng

Dwells on the melting music of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' serene;
And, when the pow'r of eloquence he'd try,
Here, light'ning strikes you; there, soft breezes
sigh.

To him you must your sickly state refer;
Your charter claims him as your Visitor.
Your wounds he'll close, and sov'reignly restore
Your science to the height it had before. [aim,

Then Nassau's health shall be your glorious
His life should be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devastations spring,
He condescends, in pity, to be king:
And when, amidst his olives plac'd, he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands,
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when a laurel-diadem he wears.

Wou'd Phœbus, or his G—le, but inspire
Their sacred veh'mence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in song that godlike pow'r,
Which did the lab'ring universe restore;
Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the strain,
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.

Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst Malice and Ingratitude confess
They've strove for ruin long, without success.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile shall rise,
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,
Awhile

Awhile the God puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the Heav'n's a star.
Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties,
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had shook.

No more the Sage his raptures could pursue:
Hepaus'd; and Celsus, with his guide, withdrew.

§ 68. *An Epistle, from Mr. Philips to the Earl of Dorset.*

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,

From streams that northern winds forbid to flow;
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And, with one dazzling waste, fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the
No birds within the desert region sing. [spring,
The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day,
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy vallies howl.
For many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows, of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew.
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For ev'ry shrub, and every blade of grass, [glass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field. [yield,
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprize,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:

The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And, by degrees, unbind the wint'ry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journies sad beneath the dropping trees.

Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bowers, and thro' delicious meads;

While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wond'ring feet the magic paths pursue;
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

§ 69. *A Letter from Italy, to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax. In the Year 1701.*

ADDISON.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie, [dry)
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;

So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd;
Till, by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh cou'd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy shou'd yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mottning juice fer-
ments

To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry,
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shews Unpeopled Rome,
And held Uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy
channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires;
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman Consuls, stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors, in Parian marble frown; [su'd,
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly
Still show the charms that their proud hearts
subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where, from the mingled strength of shade and
A new creation rises to my sight, [light,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound:
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain

The redd'ning Orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh Liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With Citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat Olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our Heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak
mountains smile, [sight,

Others with tow'ring piles may please the
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for Heroes; whom immortal lays, [praise,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, shou'd

§ 70. *Praise of England.* DYER.

HAIL, noble Albion! where no golden mines
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bow'rs,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of mists and vapours! These, thy sons
With their cool arms compress; and twist their
For deeds of excellence and high renown. [nerves
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills,
Blakes,

Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons rose.

See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen show'r,
How beautiful! How blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illuminating the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,
Britannia? Happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific add, and stately ships
Innumerable.

§ 71. *Sheep-Shearing.* DYER.

COULD I recall those notes, which once the
Muse

Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin. Yet the carols sweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable swain,
The soothing shepherd of the flow'ry vale.

"This is no vulgar scene: no palace roof
Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
Thus have expanded wide their shelt'ring arms,
Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,
Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

"Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
Rising and falling with the cheerful day,"
Colin reply'd, "and pleasing weariness
Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
And the diseases of intemp'rate wealth.

Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!
"May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-
white lambs,

Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
May that great lamp, which sinks behind the
And streams around variety of lights, [hills,
Recall them erring: this is Damon's wish.

"Huge Breaden's stony summit once I climb'd
After a kidling: Damon, what a scene!
What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!

Woods, tow'rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and
torrent floods;

And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:
Yet flying from his quiet, thither crouds
Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
Which comes too late; that courts the taste in
vain,

Or naufeates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;
And piping, careless, silly shepherds we;
We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece."

"Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, "while the Supreme accounts
Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
With king and priest: they also shepherds are;
For so th' All-seeing styles them, to remind
Elated man, forgetful of his charge."

"But haste, begin the rites: see purple eve
Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains
Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,
Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear
Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds:
Or in hoar caves, around Plynymmon's brow,
Where precious min'rals dart their purple
gleams,

Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd
Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol rough,
Blithe Ystwith, and Clevedoc swift of foot;
And mingles various seeds of flow'rs and herbs
In the divided torrents, ere they burst [roll.
Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain
Nor taint-worm shall infect the yearning herds,
Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's pois'nous
leaf."

He said: with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain:
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks, [thyme,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

§ 72. *Rise and Declension of Rome.* DYER.

SEE'ST thou yon fane? * Ev'n now incessant
time

Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.

'Twas there, beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck, and form'd your ten-
der limbs:

So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories of th' Ausonian state,

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.

Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred
soul,

Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gath'ring swains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around
Jealous, yet soon by wond'rous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plough
Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their
peers;

For then no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? Murmur not the brooks
Along the flow'ry vallies? They, content,
Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their easy taste; and only sought
To know their duties; that their only strife,
Their gen'rous strife, and greedily to perform.
They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia
quell'd,

Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores; till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
Ah, baneful state! Yet ebb'd not all their
strength

In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half-rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful
wing

Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd, till Fame was silent of their foes.

And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud security: the crested helm,
The plated grave and corselet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind. [shield,

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
'Till ev'ry sun annoys, and ev'ry wind

Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends:

For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flow'ry bow'rs they seek
(As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves)
Or cool Nymphæan grotts; or tepid baths
(Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseate air with fond expence:
Through silver channels glide the vagrant
waves,

And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd
Brood of volupt'ousness, cry out aloud [wants,
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thiercles; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd
To slake Patrician thirst: for these, their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bend the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? They come; the mar-
ket throngs.

But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the state; and lo!
Didius, vile us'rer, through the crowd he
mounts,

Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once
were free,

Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæsar! lo, a God, a God,
He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal [flings
Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and
To dogs and sycophants: a God, a God!
The flow'ry shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the north the tempest swell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their
snows!

Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the festive
piles,

Down

Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease and luxury ! O Luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine ?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How do'st thou lure the fortunate and great !
Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Aſtur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten ; and high-boasting
Cham ; [Greece :
And Elam's haughty pomp ; and beauteous
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

§ 73. *Ancient Rome.* THOMSON.

THE great Republic ſee ! that glow'd ſublime,
With the mix'd freedom of a thouſand
ſtates ; [Chair,
Rais'd on the thrones of Kings her Curule
And by her Faſces aw'd the ſubject world.
See buſy millions quick'ning all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture
high :

For Nature then ſmil'd on her free-born ſons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to men.
Behold, the country cheering, villas riſe,
In lively proſpect ; by the ſecret lapſe [ſong :
Of brooks now loſt, and ſtreams renown'd in
In Umbria's cloſing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills, that breathe the ſcented
gale :

On Baia's viny coaſt ; where peaceful ſeas,
Fann'd by kind Zephyrs, ever kiſs the ſhore ;
And ſuns unclouded ſhine, thro' pureſt air :
Or in the ſpacious neighbourhood of Rome ;
Far ſhining upward to the Sabine Hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive ſhade ;
To where Preneste lifts her airy brow ;
Or downward ſpreading to the ſunny ſhore,
Where Alba breathes the freſhneſs of the main.

See diſtant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, maſſy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes ſacred, ſee her roads,
By various nations trod, and ſuppliant kings ;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

Full in the center of theſe wond'rous works,
The pride of earth ! Rome in her glory ſee !
Behold her demigods, in ſenate met ;
All head to counſel, and all heart to act :
The commonweal inſpiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold :
Ere tame corruption taught the ſervile herd
To rank obedient to a maſter's voice.

Her Forum ſee, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder huſh'd, when the two
Sires,

As they the private father greatly quell'd,

Stood up the public fathers of the ſtate.
See Juſtice judging there, in human ſhape.
Hark ! how with freedom's voice it thunders
high,

Or in ſoft murmurs ſinks to Tully's tongue.
Her Tribes, her Cenſus, ſee ! her generous
troops,

Whoſe pay was glory, and their beſt reward
Free for their country and for me * to die ;
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The higheſt pomp and loweſt fall of life.

Her feſtive games, the ſchool of heroes, ſee ;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth ;
Her ſtreets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldeſt born,
And of a people caſt in Virtue's mould.
While ſculpture lives around, and Aſian hills
Lend their beſt ſtores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman ſtrength the ſofter touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this ſun, this center of mankind ;
Where every virtue, glory, treaſure, art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heightened luſtre met.

§ 74. *Ancient Greece.* THOMSON.

O GREECE ! thou ſapient nurſe of Finer
Arts !

Which to bright ſcience blooming fancy bore,
Bethis thy praiſe, that Thou, and Thou alone,
In theſe haſt led the way, in theſe excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of aſſenting Time.

In thy full language, ſpeaking mighty
things ;

Like a clear torrent cloſe, or elſe diffus'd
A broad majestic ſtream, and rolling on
Thro' all the winding harmony of ſound :
In it the power of eloquence at large,
Breath'd the perſuaſive or pathetic ſoul ;
Still'd by degrees the democratic ſtorm,
Or bade it threat'ning riſe, and tyrants ſhook,
Fluſh'd at the head of their victorious troops.
In it the Muſe, her fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding praiſe, or jarring ſound,
Her unconfin'd divinity diſplay'd ;
And, ſtill harmonious, form'd it to her will :
Or ſoft depreſs'd it to the ſhepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it ſwelling to the tongue of gods.

Heroic Song waſt thine ; the Fountain Bard,
Whence each poetic ſtream derives its courſe.
Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight !
Where idle Fancy durſt not mix her voice,
When Reaſon ſpoke auguſt ; the ſervent heart
Or plain'd, or ſtorm'd ; and in th' impaſſion'd
Concealing art with art, the poet ſunk. [man,
This potent ſchool of manners, but when left
To looſe neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundleſs coſt, by thee ; whoſe every ſon,
Even laſt mechanic, the true taſte poſſeſs'd
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd ſoul,
The ſweet enforcer of the poeſts ſtrain.

Thine was the meaning Music of the heart;
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature! Sculpture
seiz'd,

And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Thro' the live features of one breathing stone.
There, beaming full, it shone; expressing Gods:
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars,
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian queen.
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
Sprung into motion; softened into flesh;
Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.

Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames
Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
The Soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
Even such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Dash'd to the ground; and, rather than destroy
The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her Sister Art
Correct design; where great ideas shone,
And in the secret trace expression spoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,
The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
Then the bright Muse, their eldest Sister, came,
And bade her follow where she led the way;
Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;
And copious action on the canvass glow:
Gave her gay Fable; spread Invention's store;
Enlarg'd her View; taught Composition high,
And just Arrangement, circling round one
point,

[whole.
That starts to fight, binds and commands the
Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
Heroic deeds the trac'd, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,

With more prevailing force than dwells in
words.

These rouse to glory; while, to rural life;
The softer canvass oft repos'd the soul.
There gaily broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;
The less'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
White, down the rock, the rushing torrent
dash'd;

The sun shone, trembling o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd; immense; the driving
storm [gloom,
Sadden'd the skies; and, from the doubling
On the scath'd oak the ragged light'ning fell;
In closing shades, and where the current strays,
With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock:
Round happy parents smil'd their younger
selves;

And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts,
Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd; the Graces
To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd; [they
And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great masters strove;
Court'd by kings, and by contending states
Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In architecture too thy rank supreme!
That art where most magnificent appears
The little builder man; by thee refin'd,
And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of shame,
Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.
The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aerial rise.

§ 75. Independence. THOMSON.

HAIL! Independence, hail! Heaven's next
best gift,

To that of life and an immortal soul!
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
Of public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source!
Whose streams from every quarter confluent
My better Nile, that nurses human life. [form
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's
wealth

Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
That nature craves. Its happy master there,
The only Free-man, walks his pleasing round:
Sweet featur'd Peace attending; fearless Truth;
Firm Resolution; Goodness, blessing all

That

That can rejoice; Contentment, surest friend;
And, still fresh stores from Nature's book de-
Philosophy, companion ever-new. [riv'd,

These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
When into action call'd, his busy hours.
Mean-time true-judging moderate desires,
Oeconomy and Taste, combin'd, direct
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues,
reach

That true with pain, that animated ease,
That self-enjoyment springing from within;
That Independence, active, or retir'd,
Which make the soundest bliss of man below:
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, slaves.

Britons! be firm! nor let Corruption fly
Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold
Your Independence; for, that once destroy'd,
Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aerial from the spreading eye.

§ 76. *Description of a Cataract.* THOMSON.

THUS, up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water, every sense [ing back,
Wakes from the charm of thought. Swift-shrink-
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth, to the shelving brink, a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad; [round,
Then, whit'ning by degrees, as prone it falls,
And, from the loud-resounding rocks below,
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments; now,
Assail the hollow'd channel, rapid, darts;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

§ 77. *The Ideas of the Divine Mind, the Origin of every Quality pleasing to the Imagination, &c.* AKENSIDE.

—ERE the radiant sun [of night
Sprung from the east, or 'mid the vault
The moon suspended her serener lamp; [globe,
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore,
Then liv'd th' almighty One: then deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,

The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling
globe,

And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame, [waves;
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and
cold;

And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urge
The active pow'rs of man; with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heav'n: to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of
morn

Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake th' eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabled Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded thro' the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of eternal things
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulse of congenial pow'rs,
Or of sweet sound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the spreading rays: till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss; the intellectual pow'r

Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
 And smiles; the passions gently sooth'd away,
 Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
 Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
 As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
 Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can
 Whose candid bosom the refining love touch,
 Of nature warms, Oh! listen to my song;
 And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
 And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
 And point her loveliest features to thy view.
 Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
 Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
 With love and admiration thus inflames
 The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
 Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue confesses; the sublime,
 The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn:
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

§ 78. *The different Degrees of Beauty in different Species of Objects, &c.* AKENSIDE.

THUS with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
 Advent'rous, to delineate nature's form;
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
 Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
 In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains
 Thro' various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length
 To full meridian splendor. Of degree
 The least and lowliest, in th' effusive warmth
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
 And variation of determin'd shape,
 • Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
 Unites this various symmetry of parts
 With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
 Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
 And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
 Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
 Thro' which the breath of nature has infus'd
 Her genial pow'r, to draw with pregnant veins
 Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
 In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flow'rs
 Their purple honours with the spring resume;
 And such the stately tree which autumn bends
 With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
 In nature's charm, where the full consent
 Of complicated members, to the bloom
 Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
 Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
 And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
 So moves the bird of Juno: so the steed
 With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
 And faithful dogs with eager air and joy
 Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
 There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,

Where dawns the high expression of the mind:
 By steps conducting our inraptur'd search
 To that eternal Origin, whose pow'r,
 Thro' all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
 This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
 Mind, Mind alone, bear witness, earth and
 The living fountains in itself contains [heav'n!
 Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
 Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd,
 Coelestial Venus, with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look then abroad thro' nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
 Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense;
 And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove [aloud
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country hail!
 For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free?—Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Helper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
 The graceful tear that streams from other's woes?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect the scene?
 Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where nature works in secret; view the beds
 Of min'ral treasure, and th' eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round; behold the seeds
 Of being, and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
 Then to the secrets of the working mind
 Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
 Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heav'ns created: then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter
 wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye,
 Not so the moral species, nor the pow'rs
 Of genius and design; th' ambitious mind
 There sees herself: by these congenial forms
 Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
 She bends her nerve, and meditates, well-pleas'd,
 Her features in the mirror. For of all
 Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone

Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant Sire,
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good.
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And, dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
Th' ingenuous youth whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds, her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or in act serene,
Yet watchful raises the majestic sword
Of public pow'r, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the sacred volume of the law.

§ 79. *The Oeconomy of Providence.* AKENSIDE.

INHABITANT of earth, to whom is giv'n
The gracious ways of providence to learn,
Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear—
Know then the sovereign spirit of the world,
Tho' self-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep essence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity compleat;
Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
To spread around him that primæval joy
Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
And founded thro' the hollow depth of space
The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose
These heav'nly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effusive kindled by his breath divine
Thro' endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him each portion of the vital flame,
In measure such, that from the wide complex
Of coexistent orders, one might rise,
One order, all involving and intire.
He too, beholding in the sacred light
Of his essential reason all the shapes
Of swift contingency, all successive ties
Of action propagated thro' the sum
Of possible existence, he at once,
Down the long series of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
To every living soul of every kind,
The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
To universal good: with full accord
Answering the mighty model he had chos'n,
The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds
That lay from everlasting in the store

Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative pow'r
His goodness to reveal; thro' every age,
Thro' every moment up the tract of time
His parent-hand with ever-new increase
Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
The vast harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher scenes of being; while supply'd
From day to day with his enliv'ning breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aspire to God,
The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
Aright; nor is the care of Heav'n withheld
From granting to the task proportion'd aid;
That in their stations all may persevere
To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

§ 80. *The Origin of Vice.* AKENSIDE.

FOR since the course [ways
Of things external acts in different
On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; so haply where the pow'rs
Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues the features which they wore
In nature; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd;
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and distorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the sound of death
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed
groans [brink
And fearful pray'rs, and plunging from the
Of light and being, down the gloomy air,
An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend,
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the sacred voice
Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not chuse to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From th' enchanting cup
P 2 Which

Which fancy holds to all, th' unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circean draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reason, till no longer he discerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurn him from the throne;
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murd'rous dagger; and the hands
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the
plagues

The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic muse discloses, under shapes
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,
Stole first into the mind.——

§ 81. *The general Sources of Ridicule in the Characters of Men, with the final Cause of the Sense of it.* AKENSIDE.

BEHOLD the foremost band, of slender
thought,
And easy faith; whom flatt'ring fancy soothes
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal band, and fable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendour, steely spikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flow'ry gold, assume the port
Of stately valour; list'ning by his side
There stands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
And sulph'rous mines, and ambush: then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wond'ring question of her fears.
Others of graver mein, behold; adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,
Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
Ambassadors of Heav'n! Nor much unlike
Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
And hints deep-omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band.

Then comes the second order; all who seek
The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
Darts thro' the thin pretence her squinting eye
On some retir'd appearance, which belyes

The boasted virtue, or annuls th' applause
That justice else would pay. Here side by side
I see two leaders of the solemn train
Approaching: one a female old and grey,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of death; yet still she stuns
The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale:
How many youths her myrtle chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the risks of love,
And man's seducing tongue! The other seems
A bearded sage, ungente in his mein,
And fordid all his habit; peevish want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He stalks, resounding in magnificent phrase
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and pow'r. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
Of her who blushes at the fond regard
Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
The praise of spotless honour: let the man
Whole eye regards not his illustrious pomp
And ample store, but as indulgent streams
To cheer the barren soil, and spread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juster measures fix
The price of riches and the end of pow'r.

Thro' ev'ry scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenor of my devious lay;
Thro' every swift occasion which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her fallying nerves and choaks her
tongue;

What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the pow'r of ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer: whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty mix their partial claim
Where fordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity are wont to dwell;
Or whether these, with violation loath'd,
Invade resplendent pomp's imperial mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end th' almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to deprecate
The giddy aims of folly? Tho' the light
Of truth slow-dawning on th' inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, thro' many a subtle tie,
How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil! yet benignant Heav'n,
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands; conscious what a scanty pause
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of nature; therefore stamp'd
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn
As broad, as obvious to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

§ 82. *The*

§ 82. *The Benevolent Order of the World, illustrated in the arbitrary Connection of Pleasure with the Object which excites it.*

AKENSIDE.

BY what fine ties hath God connected things
When present in the mind, which in them-
Have no connection! Sure the rising sun, [selves
O'er the cærulean convex of the sea,
With equal brightness, and with equal warmth,
Might roll his fiery orb; nor yet the soul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her pow'rs
Exulting in the splendour she beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving thro' the pomp
Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murm'ring streams, and gales of gentlest
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain [breath,
Attempter, could not man's discerning ear
Thro' all its tones the symphony pursue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal thro' his veins and fan th' awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the song?

But were not nature still indow'd at large
With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd
With such enchantment? Wherefore then her
So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd [form
With such æthereal sweetness? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raise or to depress [light
Th' impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of
Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe? Whence, but from thee,
O Source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense
Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear: well-pleas'd he scans
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendour; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth:
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
Than space, or motion, or eternal time:
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So, fables tell,
Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprize, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
A visionary paradise disclosed
Amid the dubious wild: with streams and shades,
And airy songs, th' enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.

§ 83. *The Advantages resulting from a well-formed Imagination.*

AKENSIDE.

OH! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid
Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes [songs

Of fordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd soul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envy'd life: tho' only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home,
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that Eternal Majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would fordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men [himself
Whom nature's works can charm, with God
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

§ 84. *Death.*

EMILY.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of brisk-ey'd joy, and friendship's genial
bowl,

Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow
Of unsuspicious youth, profuse of soul,
Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From folly's croud, whose vacant brow serene
Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning isles,
Lonely to wander; no unholy guest,
That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.
Permit me, with sad musings, that inspire
Unlabour'd numbers apt, your silence drear
Blameless to wake, and with the Orphean lyre,
Fittingly attempter'd, sooth the merciless ear
Of Hades, and stern death, whose iron sway
Great nature owns through all her wide do-
main;

All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way
Through the green bosom of the spawnly main,
And those that to the streaming æther spread,
In many a wheeling glide, their feathery sail;
And those that creep; and those that statelier tread,
That roam o'er forest, hill, or browly dale;
The victims each of ruthless fate must fall; [all.
E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of
And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
That startle from the sleepful lid of light
The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
These many-window'd isles her glimmering
beam;

Know, that o'er its star'd career along [team,
Thrice shall have roll'd her silvery wheeled
Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh,
To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll;
E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,
Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl,
E'en now in rosy-crowned pleasure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all unsuspected Death.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
Some few, some short-liv'd years, and all is past;
A future bard these awful domes may see,
Muse o'er the present age, as I the last;
Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were seen to tread,
Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
As custom urg'd or wilful nature led;
Mix'd with the various crouds inglorious clay,
The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie;
No more to melt with beauty's heav'n-born ray,
No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.
Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
Chissel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencil'd portraiture to start
The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that
thought!

Cold are the fingers that in stone-fix'd trance
The mute attention riveting, to the lyre
Struck language: dim'd the poet's quick-ey'd
glance,

All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own fire.
Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung

The warrior arm: where sleeps the patriot
breast [tongue

Whilom that heav'd impassion'd! Where the
That lanc'd its lightning on the towering crest
Of sceptur'd infolence, and overthrew [crew!
Giant Oppression, leagu'd with all her earth-born

These now are past; long, long, ye fleeting years,
Pursue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,
Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
The dawn of that inevitable day, [friend
When wrapt in shrouded clay their warmest
The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;
For soon must thou, too soon! who spread'st
abroad

Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
Doom'd, like some better angel sent of God
To scatter blessings over humankind,
Thou too must fall, O Pitt! to shine no more,
And tread these dreadful paths, a Faulkland trod
before.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
Sweep discontinuous o'er the etherial plain;
Another still upon another crouds,
All hastening downward to their native main.
Thus passes o'er, thro' varied life's career,
Man's fleeting age; the Seasons as they fly
Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.
The parent, ever-honour'd, ever-dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
To-day we frolick in the rosy bloom [tomb.
Of jocund youth—The morrow knells us to the
Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot,
Shall Heaven to me the drear abode assign!
How soon the past irrevocable lot

Of these, that rest beneath me, shall be mine.
Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn [wave,
Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian
Thy gentle breast, my Tavistock, shall mourn
To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.

No more the social leisure to divide,
In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
Blithe, or of graver brow; no more to chide
The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
Full blossom'd, their bright honours to the gaz-
ing day.

Ah, dearest youth! these vows perhaps unheard,
The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main;
These prayers, at friendship's holy shrine prefer'd,
May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
And I survive to grave upon thy tomb
The mournful tribute of memorial verse.—
Thao

That leave to Heaven's decision—Be it thine,
Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
With self-earn'd honours, eager to pursue
Where glory, with her clear unfully'd rays,
The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest
praise.

'Twas she thy god-like Russell's bosom steel'd
With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds a-far,
Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd
fame [war.

From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd
'Twas she, that on the morn of direful birth,
Bared thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
Lamented Armytage!—the bleeding youth!
O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
Ye Nereids! and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
Weep—for ye oft have seen him on your haunted
shore.

Better to die with glory than recline
On the soft lap of ignominious peace,
Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
In monkish apathy and gowned ease.
Better employ'd in honour's bright career
The least division on the dial's round,
Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground;
Than tug with sweating toil the lavish oar
Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
The feverous rage of fierce diseases sore
Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain
Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,
All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt
sphere.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life
A thousand maladies are posted round,
With wretched man to wage eternal strife
Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they wound.
There the swol'n hydrop stands, the wat'ry
rheum, [scale;
The northern scurvy, blotch with lep'rous
And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom
Of learned sloth, and bookish asthma pale:
And the shun'd hag unsightly, that ordain'd
On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd,
O'er dog-ey'd lust the tort'ring scourge ab-
hor'd, [flight
Shakes threat'ning; since the while she wing'd her
From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-
clad height.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
The chatt'ring ague chill, the writhing stone,
And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear [moan,
Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning
Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
Of nerveless palsy; there on purpose fell

Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
Grim suicide, the damned fiend of hell.
There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight*,
The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance foul;
Self-wasting melancholy, black as night
Lowering, and foaming fierce with hideous
The dog hydrophoby, and near allied [howl
Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eye-balls
staring wide.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky
mine's, [ing fires;
With boiling sulphur fraught, and smoulder-
He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,
E'er while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires
Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking
wand,

Powerful as that the son of Amram bore,
And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his
hand. [d'rous roar

He struck—the rocking ground, with thun-
Yawn'd! here from street to street hurries, and
there [amain,

Now runs, now stops, then shrieks and scours
Staring distraction: many a palace fair,
With millions sinks ingulph'd, and pillar'd fane;
Old Ocean's farthest waves confess the shock;
Even Albion trembled conscious on his stedfast
rock.

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood
Stern war; and the loath'd monster, whom of
The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood [yore
Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus
bore,

Foul pestilence, that on the wide-stretch'd wings
Of commerce speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay
His westering flight, and thro' the sick air flings
Spotted contagion; at his heels dismay
And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
Of Paran came unwrath'd the mightiest, shook
Earth's firm fix'd base tottering; thro' the black
night [abroad

Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heaven's rent roof
Thunder'd; and universal nature felt its God.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
Of roused indignation, shall withstand
Th' Almighty, when he meditates to shower
The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land!
Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,
Tongue-doughty miscreant, who but now
didst gore

With more than Hebrew rage the innocent side
Of agonizing mercy, bleeding sore,
Canst thou confront, with steadfast eye unaw'd,
The sworded judgment stalking far and near?
Well may'st thou tremble, when an injur'd God
Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's softest breath;
And ev'ry glancing meteor glares imagin'd
death.

The good alone are fearless, they alone,
Firm and collected in their virtue, brave

* Placed.

§ Alluding to the earthquake at Lisbon, 1 November, 1755.

The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
 On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave:
 Thrice happy! who the blameless road along
 Of honest praise hath reach'd the vale of death;
 Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
 His better actions; to the parting breath
 Singing their blessed requiems; he the while
 Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
 Breathes out his benisons; then with a smile
 Of soft complacence, lays him down to rest,
 Calm as the slumbering infant: from the goal
 Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.
 Whether some delegated charge below, [claim,
 Some much-lov'd friend its hovering care may
 Whether it heavenward soars, again to know
 That long-forgotten country whence it came;
 Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
 Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
 Thro' speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
 And all to end at last where it begun.
 Fain would we trace, with reason's erring clue,
 The darksome paths of destiny aright;
 In vain; the task were easier to pursue
 The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight.
 From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds
 Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient
 clouds.

§ 85. *Ode on true Greatness.* HUDSON.

LET who will climb the towery steep
 Of sovereignty, with slippery strides,
 Where on the bosom of the deep
 Below, the pitchy pinnacle rides:
 A death's-head flag, unfurl'd to view,
 Waves ghastly; and a sable crew
 Gaze from the deck, and seem to wait,
 Dash'd down the pointed rocks, the rash unfor-
 tunate.
 Mine be the low and level way,
 Amid the quiet vale to stray,
 Safe in some sylvan lodge to dwell,
 And lull'd by the clear stream that speeds
 By shallow fords to rustling reeds,
 And small lakes, fring'd with homely aspedel.
 There sits the calm, the rural sage,
 With nature's volume fair in view;
 And meditates the shining page
 Replete with wonders ever new:
 While Wisdom points, on either hand,
 Where plants, and herbs, and flowrets stand
 In emerald groves, and shadowy glades,
 In furzy moors, or musky-sinelling meads.
 Truth, in her liquid glass serene,
 To him explains each moral scene:
 Oft, in the downward skies, a train
 Of tinsel insects he surveys,
 Or glow-worm, with fallacious blaze,
 Just emblem of court greatness, frail and vain.
 Oft in his woodland walk he stops to mark
 The spirited and youthful lark,

Warn'd by the dawning in the dappled east,
 Lift his melodious flight thro' upper air,
 Late the low tenant of the rusty nest
 Now sings unrival'd in the radiant sphere.
 The pondering hermit then sees Merit roam,
 Above the nurslings of the courtly dome,
 On Glory's sparkling wheels, rais'd from its
 humble home.

First of the families of fame,

That Rome's imperial city grace,
 From rural huts and hamlets came

The Fabian and Fabrician race;

With that firm judge that could condemn
 And banish the proud diadem.

To Sabine fields she owes the vine, [twine;
 Whose tendrils yet round Virtue's column
 Which braves Oppression's wintry breath,
 And stands the icy touch of Death.

The leafless stock, that Fortune dooms

To wither with returning spring

(While the glad flocks of Freedom sing)

Profuse of promis'd sweets, with double vigour
 blooms.

Hark! hark! 'tis Brutus' name I hear,

Join'd with his fair, heroic bride;

To Honour's hallow'd fane they steer

Along the favourable tide;

To her and Safety there to place

The tablet, vow'd to human race:

Blow, every kind and gentle gale

Of gratitude, and fan the swelling sail.

High on a fleecy couch reclin'd,

Of white and amber clouds combin'd,

Rome's genius lifts his august head;

Now slow descending nearer draws,

Hail'd with the popular applause,

And bids the solemn pageantry proceed.

Go, the triumphal ornaments display;

Ye sacred Salii lead the way:

Next led the order of Patrician blood,

In awful march a numerous train compose,

And follow'd by the jubilating crowd;

As Cybelé thro' Phrygian cities goes,

Majestic, and with golden turrets crown'd:

A hundred gods her gorgeous car surround,

A thousand tongues acclaim; the clanging cym-
 bals sound.

§ 86. *The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's
 Prayer for Indifference*.*

By the Countess of C——.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend
 These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
 Or give, if I am able:
 I dare not hesitate to say,
 Tho' I have trembled all the day—
 It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme,
 And should it strike you as a dream,

Yet soon its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much

To be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,
And every star did deck the night,

While Zephyr fann'd the trees ;
No more assail'd my mind's repose,
Save that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
Did echo to the breeze.

Enwrap't in solemn thoughts, I fate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,

Yet void of hope, or fear ;
When lo! behold an æry throng,
With lightest steps, and jocund song,
Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form, superior to the rest,
His little voice to me address'd,

And gently thus began,
" I've heard strange things from one of you,

" Pray tell me if you think 'tis true,

" Explain it if you can.

" Such incense has perfum'd my throne!

" Such eloquence my heart has won!

" I think I guess the hand;

" I know her wit and beauty too,

" But why she sends a prayer so new,

" I cannot understand.

" To light some flames, and some revive,

" To keep some others just alive,

" Full oft I am implor'd;

" But, with peculiar power to please,

" To supplicate for nought but ease—

" 'Tis odd, upon my word!

" Tell her, with fruitless care I've sought,

" And tho' my realms, with wonders fraught,

" In remedies abound,

" No grain of cold Indifference

" Was ever yet ally'd to Sense

" In all my fairy round.

" The regions of the sky I'd trace,

" I'd ransack every earthly place,

" Each leaf, each herb, each flower,

" To mitigate the pangs of Fear,

" Dispel the clouds of black Despair,

" Or lull the restless hour.

" I would be generous, as I'm just,

" But I obey, as others must,

" Those laws which Fate has made.

" My tiny kingdom how defend,

" And what might be the horrid end,

" Should man my state invade?

" 'Twould put your mind into a rage,

" And such unequal war to wage

" Suits not my regal duty!

" I dare not change a first decree,

" She's doom'd to please, nor can be free,

" Such is the lot of Beauty!"

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
And after follow'd all his train;

No glimpse of him I find;

But sure I am, the little spright
These words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

§ 87. *The Man of Sorrow.* GREVILLE.

AH! what avails the lengthening mead,
By Nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flowers!

Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me (alas!) the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings:

I have no pleasure in the rose;
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
In chearful ignorance blest!

Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
By gay Contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free:

She visits oft the hamlet cot,
When Want and Sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.

But see—or is it Fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celestial gleam
Shot sudden thro' the groves;

Behold, behold, in loose array,
Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, O! welcome, Pleasure's queen!

And see, along the velvet green

The jocund train advance:

With scatter'd flowers they fill the air,
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry Heaven,
When to the feeling wretch is given
A soul alive to joy!

Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
To cares, that Peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste,
(Too soon the gay delusion past)
Reality remains!

Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
And horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng,
What beauties, say, ye nymphs belong
To the distemper'd soul?

I see the lawn of hideous dye,
The towering elm nods misery,
With groans the waters roll,

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
 Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
 Ye were for misery made—
 'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke,
 His wayward step then pensive took
 Along th' unhallow'd shade.

§ 88. *On the Birth of a First Child*, EKINS.

EXHAUSTED by her painful throes,
 Let nature take her due repose :
 Sweet, dearest Anna, be thy sleep,
 While I my joyful vigils keep ;
 O be thy joy sincere as mine,
 For sure my pangs have equal'd thine.

Sleep on, and waking, thou shalt see
 All that delights thy soul in me ;
 Friend, husband, and a name most dear,
 The father of thy new-born care ;
 As thou on her thy eyes shall cast,
 Thank Heaven for all the danger past.

Heaven for no trivial cause ordains,
 That joy like this succeeds thy pains,
 But by this secret pledge demands
 A parent's duty at thy hands ;
 While thou thy infant charge shall rear,
 My love shall lighten every care.

Since I before the hallow'd shrine
 First call'd my dearest Anna mine,
 Ne'er did my pulse so rapid move,
 Nor glad my heart with equal love ;
 Those charms that in this infant lie
 Shall bind us by a closer tie.

My partial eyes with pleasure trace
 The features in its infant face ;
 And if kind Heaven in mercy hear
 The fondness of a father's prayer,
 In her may I those manners see,
 Those virtues I adore in thee.

§ 89. *Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady*.
 SHAW.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
 This vast unutterable weight of woe ?
 This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
 Or all the complicated ills below—
 She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
 Is gone—for ever fled—
 My dearest Emma's dead ;
 These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes beheld her fall:
 Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
 She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for
 me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day [sigh ;
 Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's
 Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
 And fondly blame the slow return of night ;
 How, how shall I endure
 (O misery past a cure!)
 Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
 Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul ?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
 Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
 Did she not love me with the purest flame?
 And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
 Though mild as evening skies,
 With downcast, streaming eyes,
 Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
 Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her
 vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
 Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
 And O discard the pageantry of phrase :
 Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like
 Thus, haply, as I paint [mine!
 The source of my complaint,
 My soul may own the impassion'd line ;
 A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
 And from my swelling heart discharge this load
 of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
 To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
 "How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"
 In pity cease—alas! I know too well:
 How in her sweet expressive face
 Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
 Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,
 Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.
 No piteous object could she see,
 But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
 While smiles of affability
 Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
 Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
 Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
 Stranger to every female art,
 Alike to feign, or to disguise :

And O the boast how rare !
 The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
 She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
 In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.
 O feeble words—unable to express
 Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !

Relentless Death! that, steel'd to human woe,
 With murderous hands deals havoc on man—
 Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow, [kind,
 And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
 Hark! Groans come wing'd on every breeze!
 The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow;
 Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
 And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
 In vain—Perverse, still on the unweeeting head
 'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;
 Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
 And drench in tears the face of joy,
 But oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
 When Virtue shall renounce thy power ;
 When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
 Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
 Alas! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,
 Some sad memento of my loss appears ;
 I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
 Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears :

But, ah! in vain—no change of time
 The memory can efface [or place
 Of

Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and
despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where!

Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!

Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,

She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:

Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,

To see her force th' endearing smile,

My sorrows to beguile,

When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;

Sure they had warder that untimely dart,

Which broke her thread of life, and rent a hus-
band's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,

When, feeling Death's resistless power,

My hand the press'd, wet with her falling tears,

And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears:

" Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,

" And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!

" But oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,

" If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;

" If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,

" Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune

" smil'd in vain;

" If it has been my sole endeavour, still

" To act in all obsequious to thy will;

" To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,

" Then only truly blest when thou wert so;

" If I have doated with that fond excess,

" Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;

" If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind

" To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.

" When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,

" Some happier maid may take thy Emma's

" place,

" With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,

" And hate it for the love thou bore to me:

" My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,

" But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)

" Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,

" (Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)

" That to some distant spot thou wilt remove

" This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,

" Where safe, thy blandishments it may partake,

" And oh! be tender for its mother's sake.

" Wilt thou?—

" I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,

" And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies

" content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore

The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,

Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,

But sink beneath the weight: [day

Just Heaven! (I cry'd) from Memory's earliest

No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,

Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,

Has claim'd me for her own.

But O!—in pity to my grief restore

This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—

Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,

Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—

Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath, [death.

And, with rebellious heart, protest against her

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,

How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!

With impious wish to tear her from the skies;

How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!

But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?

Fond man, forbear,

Thy fruitless sorrow spare, [cree'd;

Dare not to task what Heaven's high will de-

In humble reverence kifs th' afflictive rod,

And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,

Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;

To wean thy heart from groveling views below,

And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's

reach:

To shew that all the flattering schemes of joy,

Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,

One fatal moment can destroy,

And plunge th' exulting Maniac in despair.

Then O! with pious fortitude sustain

Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;

Nor let thy Emma die in vain;

Time shall administer its wonted balm, [calm,

And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate

Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,

Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,

Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:

But finding all its efforts weak and vain,

No more it pants and rages for the plain;

Moping awhile, in sullen mood

Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long

Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,

And meditates the song:

Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,

And with its plaintive warblings saddens all

the place.

[flow,

Forgive me, Heaven!—yet—yet the tears will

To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!

My budding joys just promising to blow,

All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!

My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,

Move heavily along; [jocund song?

Where's now the sprightly jest, the

Time creeps unconscious of delight:

How shall I cheat the tedious day?

And O——the joyless night!

Where shall I rest my weary head?

How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug *, the wretch's only aid,

To my torn heart its former peace restore;

Thy votary wrap'd in thy Lethean shade,

Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:

Haply, when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,

Again I shall behold my Emma's face;

Again with transport hear

Her voice soft whispering in my ear;

May steal once more a balmy kiss,

And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light

With all my shadowy schemes of bliss deposes,

Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,

And wake me to the sense of all my woes:

If

If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where-e'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.

By Nature's lavish bounties chear'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove

Through valley, grot, and grove;
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?

Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,

Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?

Should aught my bosom discompose,

Who now with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,

And soften all my woes?

To faithful Memory—Cease, O cease—

How shall I e'er regain my peace?

(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,

To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lipping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,

When, twining round my knees, I trace

Thy mother's smile upon thy face?

How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!

By blessings once enjoy'd now more distressed,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.

My little darling!—dearer to me grown;

By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange
to hear!)

Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,

Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:

Who now shall seek with fond delight

Thy infant steps to guide aright?

She, who with doating eyes would gaze

On all thy little artless ways,

By all thy soft endearments blest,

And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,

Alas! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove

A father's dearest, tenderest love;

And, O sweet senseless smiler (envied state!),

As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,

When years thy judgment shall mature,

And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,

Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,

For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth,

(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)

And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,

Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?

And, oft as to thy listening ear,

Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,

Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,

Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?

Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,

Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,

Which I would vainly seek to hide,

Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?

To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,

And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

§ 90. *An Evening Address to a Nightingale.*
SHAW.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe;

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—

For, surely, thou hast known to prove,

Like me, the pangs of hapless love;

Else why so feelingly complain, [grove?

And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,

That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?

Or has the cruel hand of Fate

Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas! for both I weep—

In all the pride of youthful charms,

A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!

A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,

And fill my doating eyes with frequent
tears,

At once the source of rapture and distress,

The flattering prop of my declining years!

In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,

By every art that science could devise,

Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,

And wing'd its flight to seek her in the

Then O our comforts be the same, [skies.—

At evening's peaceful hour,

To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,

And breathe our sorrows in this lonely
bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!

To thee—unconscious of my pain!

Soon shalt Thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,

And hail the dawning of a happier year:

The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring

Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;

Again thy little heart shall transport prove,

Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy

But O for me in vain may seasons roll, [love.

Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,

Deploring still the comfort of my soul,

I count my sorrows by encreasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,

Where is the promis'd period of my woes?

Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,

And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:

O what delusion did thy tongue employ!

"That Emma's fatal pledge of love,

"Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,

"The bitterness of sorrow should remove,

"Soft'n the horrors of despair,

"And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"

How

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms !
And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd !
How did I rave of blessings yet in store !
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue
could utter more. —

" Just Heaven," I cry'd — with recent hopes
elate, [dead —

" Yet I will live — will live, though Emma's
" So long bow'd down beneath the storms of
" Fate,

" Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head !

" My little Emma, now my all,

" Will want a father's care,

" Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,

" And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear :

" And oft together we'll complain, [know,

" Complaint, the only bliss my soul can

" From me my child shall learn the mournful

" And prattle tales of woe. [strain,

" And O in that auspicious hour, [power,

" When Fate resigns her persecuting

" With duteous zeal her hand shall close,

" No more to weep — my sorrow-streaming

" When death gives misery repose, [eyes,

" And opens a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought ! it must not be. — She too is

The flattering scene is o'er, — [dead —

My hopes for ever — ever fled —

And vengeance can no more —

Crush'd by misfortune — blasted by disease —

And none — none left to bear a friendly part !

To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,

Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart !

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,

With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe),

Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,

And dry up every tear.

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,

But ah ! from my affections far remov'd !

The last sad office strangers may fulfil,

As if, I ne'er had been below'd ;

As if unconscious of poetic fire,

I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre ;

As if, my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,

Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet — while this weary life shall last,

While yet my tongue can form th' impas-

sion'd strain,

In piteous accents shall the muse complain,

And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :

For O how grateful to a wounded heart,

The tale of misery to impart !

From others' eyes bid artists sorrows flow,

And raise esteem upon the base of woe !

Even He *, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song, [tear.
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a

§ 91. Ode to Independence. SMOLLETT.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share !
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the North,
A Goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in ev'ry va-
rying clime ;
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd :
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow ;
And red the stream began to flow :
The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood †."

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore ;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse resounding main ;
When a bold savage pass'd that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd ;
The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest ;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious
He stoop'd ; he gaz'd ; his bosom glow'd, [blast.
And deeply felt th' impression of her charms :
He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd, [arms.
And straight compress'd her in his vigorous

STROPHE.

The Curliu scream'd ; the Tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
Old Time exulted as he flew ;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
Th' auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;
The Doric Muse caress'd the fav'rite boy ;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his op'ning mind.
As rolling years matur'd his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his fire ;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

* Lord Lyttelton.

† Baptiz'd with blood, &c.] Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized ordered their throats to be cut. Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick king of Denmark.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
 And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thoughts th' aspiring
 On desert isles * 'twas he that rais'd [soul.
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
 Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd [grave.
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her
 He steel'd the blunt Bardavian's arms
 To burst th' Iberian's double chain † ;
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
 He, with the generous rustics, fate
 On Uris' rocks in close divine ‡,
 And wing'd that arrow sure as fate
 Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd || ,
 Where blasted nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes aad,†
 To Freedom's adamantine shrine ;
 And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast §,
 He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing ;
 And taught, amidst the dreary waite,
 Th' all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.
 He virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffus'd through every baser mould ;
 Ev'n now he stands on Calvis' rocky shore,
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold ¶.
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel'd liv'ry to despise :
 My lips by him chaf'tis'd to truth
 Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread
 Where varnish'd vice and vanity combin'd,
 To dazzle and seduce their banners spread,
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind :
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow,
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow ;
 Wherever dimpling Falshood, pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of state professions froth,
 And pale Disease with all his bloated train
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress :

So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
 And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring :
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene,
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
 Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
 There, Study shall with Solitude recline,
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains ;
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender chord that fluttering life sustains ;
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door ;
 And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread ;
 And Industry supply the humble store ;
 And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed :
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal spright,
 Shall chace far off the goblins of the night ;
 And Independence o'er the day preside ;
 Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.

§ 92. Description of a Poet. COWPER.

I KNOW the mind that feels indeed the fire
 The muse imparts, and can command the
 lyre,
 Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
 Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
 If human woes her soft attention claim,
 A tender sympathy pervades the frame,
 She pours a sensibility divine
 Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
 But if a deed not tamely to be borne,
 Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
 The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
 The storm of music shakes th' astonish'd crowd.
 So when remote futurity is brought
 Before the keen enquiry of her thought,
 A terrible sagacity informs
 The Poet's heart, he looks to distant storms,
 He hears the thunder ere the tempest low'rs,
 And arm'd with strength surpassing human
 pow'rs,

* On desert isles, &c.] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendor.

† To burst th' Iberian's double chain, &c.] The Low Countries were not only oppress'd by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the inquisition, when the seven provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

‡ On Uris' rocks, &c.] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss cantons.

|| Arabia's scorching sands, &c.] The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

§ And many a Tartar hord, &c.] From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remotest wastes of Cathay, where no army would follow them.

¶ And turns the dross of Corsica, &c.] The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpation of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same,
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And ev'ry hallow'd druid was a bard.

§ 93. *The Propagation of the Gospel in Greenland.*
COWPER.

AND still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the farthest north:
Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.

Oh blest within th' inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks,
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show revers'd the villas on their side,
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard,
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at ev'ning where ye dwell—
But winter arm'd with terrors, here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;
Proclaims the foil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
—Yet truth is your's, remote, unenvied isle,
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile,
The pride of letter'd ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplish'd minds,
That decks with all the splendor of the true
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night,
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away

§ 94. *On Slavery, and the Slave Trade.*
COWPER.

BUT ah! what wish can prosper, or what
pray'r,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the icythe of death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far-receding shore, [more;
But not the thought that they must meet no

Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness fullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind,
Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.

Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
Grief is itself a medicine, and bestow'd
To improve the fortitude that bears the load,
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes encrease,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.
But slav'ry!—Virtue dreads it as her grave,
Patience itself is meanness in a slave:
Or if the will and sovereignty of God
Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whate'er we see
That has a heart and life in it, be free;
The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
And, conscious of an unincumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane,
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

§ 95. *On Liberty, and in Praise of Mr. Howard.*
COWPER.

OH could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank or scented summer air.
Duly as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading West,
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and
praise

For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home;
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r,
While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rights have suffer'd, and our land, too long
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt,

But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood,
And honest merit stands on slippery ground,
Where covert guile and artifice abound:
Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind,
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent innocence go free.

Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
Verse, like the laurel its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed:
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,
To quit the blis thy rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe, [home
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge such as only dungeons teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach;
That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers and enjoy her cage,
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
Oh that the voice of clamour and debate,
That pleads for peace 'till it disturbs the state,
Were hush'd in favour of thy gen'rous plea;
The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee.

§ 96. *On Retirement and contemplative Leisure.*
COWPER.

HACKNEY'D in business, wearied at that oar
Which thousands once fast chain'd to, quit
no more,
But which when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego,
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And having liv'd a trifter, die a man. [breast,
Thus conscience pleads her cause within the
Though long rebell'd against, not yet suppress'd,
And calls a creature form'd for God alone,
For Heaven's high purposes, and not his own,
Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
From what debilitates and what inflames,
From cities humming with a restless croud,
Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
Where works of man are cluster'd close around,
And works of God are hardly to be found,
To regions where, in spite of sin and woe,
Traces of Eden are still seen below,

Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's pow'r and love.
'Tis well if look'd for at so late a day,
In the last scene of such a senseless play,
True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
And grace his action ere the curtain fall.
Souls that have long despis'd their heav'nly
Their wishes all impregnated with earth, [birth,
For threescore years employ'd with ceaseless
In catching smoke and feeding upon air, [care,
Conversant only with the ways of men,
Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.
Inveterate habits choak th' unfruitful heart,
Their fibres penetrate its tend'rest part,
And draining its nutritious pow'rs to feed
Their noxious growth, starve ev'ry better seed.

§ 97. *A Fable.* COWPER.

A RAVEN while, with glossy breast,
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted
Her chickens prematurely counted,
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same)
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day,
'Twas April, as the bumkins say,
The legislature call'd it May.
But suddenly a wind as high
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Left the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears were hush'd together:
And no, quoth poor unthinking Raph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe;
(For ravens, though, as birds of omen,
They teach both conj'rors and old women
To tell us what is to befall,
Can't prophesy, themselves, at all.)
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climb'd like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.

M O R A L.

'Tis providence alone secures,
In every change, both mine and your's.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow

§ 98. *The Love of the World detected.* COWPER.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,
Good mussulman abstain from pork;
There

There is a part in ev'ry swine,
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be derbar'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.

Much controversy strait arose,
These chuse the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head,
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale apply'd
May make you laugh on t'other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries—
We do—a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert or a race,
And others, shooting and the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd;
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he,
With sophistry their fauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

§ 99. *The Jackdaw.* COWPER.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think no doubt he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall;
No, nor a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses
Are no concern at all of his,
And says, what says he? Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

§ 100. *Indignant Sentiments on National Prejudices and Hatred; and on Slavery.*

COWPER.

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having pow'r
To inforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall,
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein [power
Of all your empire. That where Britain's
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

§ 101.

§ 101. *On Domestic Happiness, as the Friend of
Virtue, and of the false Good-nature of the Age.*

COWPER.

DOMESTIC happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee, too infirm
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
Thou art not known where pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tied love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forfaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown,
'Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets, and senates seem
Convened for purposes of empire less,
Than to release th' adulteress from her bond.
Th' adulteress! what a theme for angry verse,
What provocation to th' indignant heart
That feels for injur'd love! but I disdain
The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame.
No. Let her pass, and, chariotted along
In guilty splendor, shake the public ways;
The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white.
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now of character unsmirch'd
And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time
Not to be pass'd. And she that had renounc'd
Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself
By all that priz'd it; not for prud'ry's sake,
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a wail
Desirous to return, and not receiv'd,
But was an wholesome rigour in the main,
And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honour in those days,
And judg'd offenders well. And he that sharp'd,
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd, [sold
Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that
His country, or was slack when she requir'd
His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood that he had basely spared
The price of his default. But now, yes, now,
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In christian charity, a good-natur'd age!
That they are safe, sinners of either sex
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd,
well bred,
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)

May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause;
But she has burnt her masks not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

§ 102. *On the Employments of what is called
an Idle Life.*

COWPER.

HOW various his employments, whom the
Calls idle, and who justly in return [world
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy?
Me therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When he shall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our blessings, bus'ness finds
Ev'n here. While sedulous I seek to improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd
The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulged in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart and keeps it: has a mind
That hungers and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business. Feels himself engaged to achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem
To him that leads it wise, and to be prais'd;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupied in storms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

§ 103. *The Post comes in—The News-paper is
read—The World contemplated at a distance.*

COWPER.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yon-
der bridge
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world, [locks,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn,
And having dropp'd th' expected bag—pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

Houses

Houſes in aſhes, and the fall of ſtocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epiſtles wet
With tears that trickled down the writers cheeks
Faſt as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous ſighs of abſent ſwains,
Or nymphs reſponſive, equally affect
His horſe and him, unconſcious of them all.
But oh th' important budget! uſher'd in
With ſuch heart-ſhaking muſic, who can ſay
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they ſtill, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does ſhe wear her plumed
And jewell'd turban with a ſmile of peace,
Or do we grind her ſtill? the grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wiſdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to ſet th' imprifon'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and ut'trance once again.

Now ſtir the fire, and cloſe the flutters faſt,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the ſofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hiſſing urn
Throws up a ſteamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not ſuch his evening, who with ſhining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and ſqueezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his
Out-ſcolds the ranting actor on the ſtage. [ſides,
Nor his, who patient ſtands 'till his feet throb
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots burſting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and ſmiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise, that holds
Inquiſitive attention while I read
Faſt bound in chains of ſilence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themſelves, yet fear to break,
What is it but a map of buſy life,
Its fluctuations and its vaſt concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the ſummit, ſee,
The ſeals of office glitter in his eyes; [heels,
He climbs, he pants, he graſps them. At his
Cloſe at his heels a demagogue aſcends,
And with a dext'rous jerk ſoon twiſts him down
And wins them, but to loſe them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in ſoft
Mæanders lubricate the courſe they take;
The modeſt ſpeaker is aſhamed and grieved.
T' engroſs a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet baſhfulneſs! it claims, at leaſt, this praiſe,
The dearth of information and good ſenſe
That it foretells us, always comes to paſs.
Cataſts of declamation thunder here,
There foreſts of no meaning ſpread the page
In which all comprehension wanders loſt;
While fields of pleaſantry amuſe us there,
With merry deſcants on a nation's woes.
The reſt appears a wilderneſs of ſtrange
But gay confuſion—roſes for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age,

Teeth for the toothleſs, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their
Nectareous eſſences, Olympian dew, [ſweets,
Sermons and city feaſts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, ſubmarine exploits,
And Katterfelto with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleaſant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at ſuch a world. To ſee the ſtir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
To hear the roar ſhe ſends through all her gates
At a ſafe diſtance, where the dying ſound
Falls a ſoft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus ſitting, and ſurveying thus at eaſe
The globe and its concerns, I ſeem advanced
To ſome ſecure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns ſubmitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult and am ſtill. The ſound of war
Has loſt its terrors ere it reaches me,
Grieves but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of thoſe brazen throats
By which he ſpeaks the language of his heart,
And ſigh, but never tremble at the ſound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, ſo he from land to land;
The manners, cuſtoms, policy of all
Pay contribution to the ſtore he gleans;
He ſucks intelligence in every clime,
And ſpreads the honey of his deep reſearch
At his return, a rich repaſt for me.
He travels and I too. I tread his deck,
Aſcend his topmaſt, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes and ſhare in his escapes,
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is ſtill at home.

§ 104. *An Addreſs to Winter.* COWPER.

OH Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy ſcatter'd hair with ſleet like aſhes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other
ſnows
Than thoſe of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafleſs branch thy ſceptre, and thy throne
A ſliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by ſtorms along its ſlipp'ry way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou ſeem'ſt,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'ſt the ſun
A priſ'ner in the yet undawning Eaſt,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him impatient of his ſtay
Down to the roſy Welt. But kindly ſtill
Compensating his loſs with added hours
Of ſocial converſe and inſtructive eaſe,
And gathering at ſhort notice in one group
The family diſpers'd, and fixing thought
Not leſs diſpers'd by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fire-ſide enjoyments, home-born happineſs,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof

Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates.
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of founding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the
 sound

The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn
Unfolds its bosom, buds and leaves, and sprigs
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow
With most success when all besides decay.

The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet
 sounds

 [out;
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the talk proceeds.

The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moon-light, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade
Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have escap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

Oh evenings worthy of the Gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

§ 105. *Liberty renders England preferable to
other Nations, notwithstanding Taxes, &c.*

COWPER.

'TIS liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds

The eyesight of discovery, and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence 'till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free!
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee. For the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently, and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy sickle clime,
And if I must bewail the blessing lost
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

§ 106. *Love Elegies.* By ———.

ELEGY I.

'TIS night, dead night; and o'er the plain
Darkness extends her ebony ray,
While wide along the gloomy scene
Deep Silence holds her solemn sway.
Throughout the earth no chearful beam
The melancholic eye surveys,
Save where the worm's fantastic gleam
The 'nighted traveller betrays:
The savage race (so Heaven decrees)
No longer through the forest rove;
All nature rests, and not a breeze
Disturbs the stillness of the grove:
All nature rests; in Sleep's soft arms
The village swain forgets his care:
Sleep, that the sting of Sorrow charms,
And heals all sadness but Despair:
Despair alone her power denies,
And when the sun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach distracted flies,
Or chearless through the desert strays;

Or,

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
While fearful echoes burst around,
On some cold stone he leans his head,
Or throws his body on the ground.

To some such drear and solemn scene,
Some friendly power direct my way,
Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,
Sad luxury! delight to stray.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom,
And bid the busy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me,
Nor can life now one pleasure boast,
Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
My wish, my hope, my all, is lost;

Since she, so form'd to please and bless,
So wise, so innocent, so fair,
Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,
And brighten'd all the gloom of care:

Since she is lost—Ye powers divine,
What have I done, or thought, or said?
O say, what horrid act of mine
Has drawn this vengeance on my head?

Why should Heaven favour Lycon's claim?
Why are my heart's best wishes crost?
What fairer deeds adorn his name?
What nobler merit can he boast?

What higher worth in him was found,
My true heart's service to outweigh?
A senseless sop!—A dull compound
Of scarcely animated clay!

He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,
And charm'd her by repeating o'er
Unmeaning raptures in her praise,
That twenty fools had told before:

But I, alas! who thought all art
My passion's force would meanly prove,
Could only boast an honest heart,
And claim'd no merit but my love.

Have I not fate—ye conscious hours
Be witness—while my Stella sung,
From morn to eve, with all my powers
Rapt in th' enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conscious hours, that saw me stand
Entranc'd in wonder and surprise,
In silent rapture press her hand,
With passion bursting from my eyes,

Have I not lov'd—O earth and heaven!
Where now is all my youthful boast?
The dear exchange I hop'd was given,
For slighted fame and fortune lost!

Where now the joys that once were mine?
Where all my hopes of future bliss?
Must I those joys, these hopes resign?
Is all her friendship come to this?

Must then each woman faithless prove,
And each fond lover be undone?
Are vows no more!—Almighty Love!
The sad resemblance let me shun!

It will not be—My honest heart
The dear sad image still retains;
And, spite of reason, spite of art,
The dreadful memory remains.

Ye powers divine, whose wond'rous skill
Deep in the womb of time can see,
Behold I bend me to your will,
Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,
With all your bounty has in store;
Let Sorrow cloud my future days,
Be Stella blest! I ask no more.

But lo! where, high in yonder East,
The star of morning mounts apace!
Hence!—let me fly th' unwelcome guest,
And bid the Muse's labour cease.

ELEGY II.

WHEN, young, life's journey I began,
The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,
I saw along th' extended plan
Joy after joy successive rise:

And fame her golden trumpet blew;
And power display'd her gorgeous charms;
And Wealth engag'd my wandering view,
And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms:

To each by turns my vows I paid,
As Folly led me to admire;
While Fancy magnified each shade,
And Hope increas'd each fond desire:

But soon I found 'twas all a dream;
And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
And thousands daily are undone:

And Fame, I found, was empty air;
And Wealth had Terror for her guest;
And Pleasure's path was strewn with Care;
And Power was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chase, I gave it o'er;
And, in a far sequester'd shade,
To Contemplation's sober power
My youth's next services I paid.

There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene;
And oft, indulgent to my prayer,
With mirthful eye and frolic mien
The Muse would deign to visit there.

There would she oft delighted rove
The flower-enamel'd vale along;
Or wander with me through the grove,
And listen to the woodlark's song.

Or 'mid the forest's awful gloom,
Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
Recall past ages from the tomb,
And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,
One wish alone my soul could frame,
And Heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,
A friend, and Thyr'sis was his name,

For manly constancy, and truth,
And worth, unconscious of a stain,

He bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth,
The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew,
No cares did then my peace destroy ;
Time brought new blessings as he flew,
And every hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,
Soon did the sad reverse appear.
Love came, like an untimely frost,
To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young Daphne's angel-form,
(Fool that I was, I blest the smart)
And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
The dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was—at least in Damon's eyes,—
Made up of loveliness and grace,
Her heart a stranger to disguise,
Her mind as perfect as her face :

To hear her speak, to see her move,
(Unhappy I, alas ! the while)
Her voice was joy, her look was love,
And Heaven was open'd in her smile !

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,
She listen'd to the tender strain,
She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,
And seem'd at length to share my pain :

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth !
(How soon, alas, can hope persuade !)
Thought all she said no more than truth,
And all my love was well repaid.

In joys, unknown to courts or kings,
With her I sat the live-long day,
And said and look'd such tender things,
As none beside could look or say !

How soon can fortune shift the scene,
And all our earthly bliss destroy !
Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,
My soul's chief blessing, and my pride,
In one sad moment all were lost,
And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died.

O ! who, that heard her vows ere-while,
Could dream these vows were insincere ?
Or who could think, that saw her smile,
That fraud could find admittance there ?

Yet she was false—my heart will break !
Her frauds, her perjuries were such—
Some other tongue than mine must speak—
I have not power to say how much !

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
O shun her paths, the traitress shun !
Her voice is death, her smile is fate.
Who hears, or sees her, is undone.

And when death's hand shall close my eyes,
(For soon, I know, the day will come)
O cheer my spirit with a sigh,
And grave these lines upon my tomb !

THE EPITAPH.

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone,
In manhood's prime, is Damon laid ;
Joyless he liv'd, and dy'd unknown,
In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain,
'Twas beauty drew his ruin on ;
He saw young Daphne on the plain ;
He lov'd, believ'd—and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,
(Sad meed of unexampled truth !)
And sorrow, like an envious worm,
Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid—
O greet his ashes with a tear !
May Heaven with blessings crown his shade,
And grant that peace he wanted here !

§ 107. *Few Happy Matches.* WATTS.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way :
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move :
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames ; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy :
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are marry'd just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless :
As well may heav'nly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen :
Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind,
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.
Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

§ 108. *The Indian Philosopher.* WATTS.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's filken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendish, 'tis strange the charm, that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.
In vain I sought the wond'rous cause,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then, deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.
O'er the broad lands, and cros the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
'Till, on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood,
For sacred use design'd.
Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmur'ing stream;
The birth of souls was all his theme.
And half divine his tongue.
He sang "th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital mass, that, still the same,
" Does all our minds compose:
" But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
" Thence diff'ring souls, of diff'ring names,
" And jarring tempests rose.
" The mighty Power, that form'd the mind,
" One mould for every two design'd,
" And blest'd the new-born pair:
" This be a match for this:" (he said:)
" Then down he sent the souls he made,
" To seek them bodies here:
" But, parting from their warm abode,
" They lost their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands:
" Ah! cruel chance and crossing fates!
" Our eastern souls have dropp'd their mates
" On Europe's barbarous lands.
" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
" The sweetest joy of life:
" But, oh! the crowds of wretched souls
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
" And chain'd t' eternal strife!"

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
" Sure, then, (I cry'd,) might I but see
" That gentle nymh that twinn'd with me,
" I may be happy too.
" Some courteous angel tell me where,
" What distant lands this unknown fair,
" Or distant seas detain?
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
" And wear the joyful chain."

§ 109. *Epitaph on Miss Stanley.* THOMSON.

HERE, Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal
strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauty stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft' relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the
To shew us Virtue in her fairest form; [storm,
To shew us artless Reason's moral reign;
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions, knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and Harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away;
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eyes;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

§ 110. *Song.* THOMSON.

FOR ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

§ 111. *Ode.* THOMSON.

O NIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to
thee,

Q+

Blest

Blest in the full possession of thy love :
 O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale ! to me.
 'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretched fate :
 I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
 Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;
 Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.
 You, happy birds ! by Nature's simple laws
 Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare ;
 You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
 And love and song is all your pleasing care :
 But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
 Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should
 blame ;
 And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride :
 O mourn with me, sweet bird ! my hapless flame.

§ 112. *Ode. On Æolus's Harp**. THOMSON.

ETHEREAL Race, inhabitants of Air,
 Whose hymn your God amid the secret grove,
 Ye unseen beings ! to my harp repair,
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.
 Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid !
 With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart !
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
 Whod'y'd of love, these sweet complainings part.
 But hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,
 On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;
 Or he the sacred Bard †, who sat alone
 In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.
 Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
 When by Euphrates' stream they made their
 plaint ;
 And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
 Angelic harps, to sooth a dying faint.
 Methinks I hear the full celestial choir
 Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem
 raise ;
 Now chaunting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.
 Let me, ye wandering Spirits of the wind !
 Who, as wild Fancy prompts you, touch the
 string,
 Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
 For till you cease my Muse forgets to sing.

§ 113. *Epilogue to Agamemnon*. THOMSON.

OUR Bard, to modern epilogue a foe,
 Thinks such mean mirth but deadens ge-
 Dispers in idle air the moral sigh, [nerous woe ;
 And weeps the tender tear from pity's eye :
 No more with social warmth the bosom burns ;
 But all th' unfeeling, selfish man returns.
 Thus he began :—And you approv'd the
 strain ;
 *Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.

You check'd him there.—To you, to reason just,
 He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.
 Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure
 He hails the rising virtue of your taste. [grac'd,
 Wide will its influence spread, as soon as
 known :
 Truth, to be lov'd, need only to be shown.
 Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good :
 (Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the
 rude)
 No petulance shall wound the public ear ;
 No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear :
 No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain ;
 The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.
 Chastis'd to decency, the British stage
 Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage :
 Both shall attend well-pleas'd, well-pleas'd
 depart ;
 Or if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

§ 114. *Ad Amicos* †. WEST.

YES, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
 You feel each joy that friendship can
 Each realm of science and of art explore, [divide ;
 And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
 Studios alone to learn whate'er may tend
 To raise the genius or the heart to mend ;
 Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
 And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
 Where social oft, and oft alone, ye chuse
 To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muse.
 Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
 These lines give back the image of my heart)
 At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
 Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate ;
 From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
 Like some sad exile in a desert land ;
 Around no friends their lenient care to join,
 In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with
 mine.
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days ;
 To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
 Wealth turns from me her rosy face away.
 Just Heav'n ! what sin, ere life begins to
 bloom,
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ;
 Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
 Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous
 knife ? [claim,
 Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale pro-
 Or madly violate my Maker's name ?
 Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
 Or know a thought but all the world might
 As yet just started from the lists of time, [know ?
 My growing years have scarcely told their
 prime ;
 Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
 No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.

* Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald ; its properties are fully described in the *Castle of Indolence*. † Jeremiah.

† Almost all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little piece, from whence his transition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years.

Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray.
Stern power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream, beside whose watry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine, does life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those, the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate. [spread
For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall
His wings around my unrepining head;
I care not, tho' this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as chearful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end, [mend:
Their praise would crown me, as their precepts
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet, but the Friend sincere.

Christ-Church, July 9, 1737.

§ 115. *Verses on the Death of Queen Caroline.*
SHIPLEY.

OBLIVION wraps not in her silent shade
All human labours. Virtue blooms a
flower,
That time's rough hand shall never violate.
Still Caroline shall live in faithful verse,
Sweet nurse of Memory, and in the voice
Of grateful Britain. These shall testify

How well her calm impartial rule supplied
A monarch's absence; these commemorate
Her soul contemplative of peaceful truth
And nature; mindful midst the pomp of courts
Of wise retirement, and the silent grove.

She stretch'd thro' length'ning shades thy
spacious walks,

Delightful Richmond, and the terras rais'd
Of regal grandeur, whence the eye discerns
Fair Thames with copious waters winding flow
Midst pastures, spreading herds, and villages
Of aspect neat, and villas wrapt in shades:
Fair scene of chearful peace! the lovely sight
Frequent she view'd, and blest'd the honour'd
reign

Of her great Consort, provident and mild.
Now wander'd musing thro' the darkening
depth

Of thickest woods, friendly to solemn thought:
Now o'er broad lawns fair op'ning to the sun.
Nor midst her rural plans disdain'd to mix
The useful arable, and waving corn
With soft turf border'd, and the lowly cot,
That half appears, in branching elms obscur'd.
Here beauty dwells, assembled from the scenes
Of various nature; such as oft inflam'd
With rapture Grecian bards, in that fair vale,
Thessalian Tempe, or thy favourite soil,
Arcadia, erst by awe-struck fancy fill'd
With wand'ring forms, the woodland Deities,
Light Nymphs and wanton Satyrs, faintly seen
Quick glancing thro' the shade at close of eve,
Great Pan, and old Silenus. Hither led
By solitary grief shall George recall [flow'd
Th' endearing manners, the soft speech, that
From his lov'd Consort, virtue mix'd with love,
Prudence, and mild insinuating sense:
But chief her thoughtful breast of counsels deep,
Capacious, nor unequal to the weight
Of government. Such was the royal mind
Of wise Eliza, name of loveliest sound
To British ears, and pattern fair to Kings:
Or she who rules the sceptre of the North
Illustrious, spreading o'er a barbarous world
The light of arts and manners, and with arms
Insects th' astonish'd Sultan, hardly now
With scatter'd troops resisting; she drives on
The heavy war, and shakes th' Imperial Throne
Of old Byzantium. Latest time shall sound
The praise of female genius. Oft shall George
Pay the kind tear, and grief of tender words
To Caroline, thus oft lamenting sad:—

“ Hail, sacred shade! by me with endless woe
“ Still honour'd! ever in my breast shall dwell
“ Thy image, ever present to my soul
“ Thy faithful love, in length of years mature:
“ O skill'd t'enliven time, to soften care
“ With looks and smiles, and friendship's
“ chearful voice!
“ Anxious, of Thee bereft, a solitude
“ I feel, that not the fond condoling cares
“ Of our sad offspring can remove. Ev'n now
“ With lonely steps I trace the gloomy groves,
“ Thy lov'd recesses, studious to recall

“ The

" The vanish'd bliss, and cheat my wand'ring
 " thoughts
 " With sweet illusion. Yet I not accuse
 " Heaven's dispensation. Prosperous and long
 " Have been my days, and not unknown to
 " fame, [part
 " That dwells with virtue. But 'tis hard to
 " The league of ancient friendship, to resign
 " The home-felt fondness, the secure delight,
 " That Reason nourish'd, and fair Fame ap-
 " prov'd."

§ 116. *The Genealogy of Christ, as it is represented on the East Window of Winchester College Chapel. Written at Winton School, by Dr. LOWTH.*

AT once to raise our rev'rence and delight,
 To elevate the mind, and please the sight,
 To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
 And waft the soul on wings of extacy;
 For this the painter's art with nature vies,
 And bids the visionary saint arise:
 Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,
 Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires;
 Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd,
 Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.

Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,
 They check our pleasure with an awful fear;
 While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,
 Author himself, and Heir of Jesse's race;
 In raptures we admire thy bold design,
 And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
 While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,
 So long shall last thine honour, praise and name.
 And may thy labours to the Muse impart
 Some emanation from her sister art,
 To animate the verse, and bid it shine
 In colours easy, bright, and strong, as Thine.

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
 While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes;
 The hoary fire Heav'n's guardian care demands,
 And at his feet the watchful angel stands.
 The form august and large, the mein divine
 Betray the * founder of Messiah's line.
 Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascends,
 And high to Heaven its sacred Boughs extends:
 Each limb productive of some hero springs,
 And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
 Th' eternal plant wide spreads its arms around,
 And with the mighty branch the mystic top is
 crown'd.

And lo! the glories of th' illustrious line
 At their first dawn with ripen'd splendors shine,
 In David all express'd; the good, the great,
 The king, the hero, and the man compleat.
 Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
 And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
 See! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,
 The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!
 Hark,—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
 Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heav'nly
 song.

Oh! could thine art arrest the fleeting sound,
 And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;
 Could the warm sun, as erst when Memnon
 play'd,

Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade:
 Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
 Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.
 On either side the monarch's offspring shine,
 And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.
 Here Ammon glories; proud, incestuous lord!
 This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.
 Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he
 And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs. [tow'rs,
 There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,
 And his stol'n honour all his shame displays:
 The base usurper Youth! who joins in one
 The rebel subject, and th' ungrateful son.

Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand:
 Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand;
 His looks th' emotion of his soul disclose,
 And eloquence from every gesture flows.
 Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring
 Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty King:
 When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart
 Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conscious
 heart;

From his own lips condemn'd; severe decree!
 Had his God prov'd so stern a Judge as He.
 But man with frailty is ally'd by birth;
 Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:
 Thro' all the soul tho' virtue holds the rein,
 Beats at the heart, and springs in ev'ry vein:
 Yet ever from the clearest source have ran
 Some gross alloy, some tincture of the man.

But who is he—deep musing—in his mind,
 He seems to weigh, in reason's scales, mankind;
 Fix'd contemplation hold his steady eyes—
 I know the sage †; the wisest of the wise.
 Blest with all man could wish, or prince obtain,
 Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings
 vain.

And lo! bright glitt'ring in his sacred hands,
 In miniature the glorious temple stands.
 Effulgent frame! stupendous to behold!
 Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd
 gold. [shin'd,

The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome en-
 Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfin'd!
 Above th' unutterable glory plays
 Presence divine! and the full-streaming rays }
 Pour thro' reluctant crouds intolerable blaze. }

But stern oppression rends Reboam's reign;
 See the gay prince, injurious, proud and vain!
 Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,
 And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
 Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful spring,
 A beardless Senate, and a haughty King.

There Asa, good and great, the sceptre bears,
 Justice attends his peace, success his wars: [shield.
 While virtue was his sword, and Heaven his
 Without controul the warrior swept the field;
 Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,
 And half her swarthy Sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd.

But since thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs, nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is Heav'n chang'd, apostate prince, but
Thou.

No mean atonement does this lapse require;
But see the Son, you must forgive the Sire:
He, * the just prince—with ev'ry virtue blest'd,
He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd;
Around his throne, fair happiness and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and smil'd in ev'ry face.
As when along the burning waste he stray'd,
Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes
play'd,

Where drought incumbent on the thirsty
Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts a-
round;

The § prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.
The new-sprung waves, in many a gurgling
vein,

Trickle luxurious through the sucking plain;
Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the desert plenty pours her horn.
So, from the throne his influence he sheds,
And bids the virtues raise their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppression flies, and Justice lifts her scales.

See, on his arm the royal eagle stand,
Great type of conquest and supreme command;
Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,
Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.
The pious hero vanquish'd Heav'n by pray'r;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.

Thou too, Ozias, fates indulgent blest,
And thy days shone, in fairest actions drest;
Till that rash hand, by some blind frenzy sway'd,
Unclean, the sacred office durst invade.
Quick o'er thy limbs the scurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.

Transmissive worth adorns the pious † Son,
The father's virtues with the father's throne.
Lo! there he stands: he who the rage subdu'd
Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his sword in
blood,

And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace,
With thy base front, the glories of thy race?
See the vile King his iron sceptre bear—
His only praise attends the pious † Heir;
He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,
The best good son, from the worst wicked sire.
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long-exil'd piety returns again;

Again in genuine purity she shines, [shrines.
And with her presence gilds the long-neglected
Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious || Lord
Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful
sword;

His own vain threats th' insulting King o'er-
But breathe new courage on the gen'rous foe.

Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand,
Leant down from Heav'n: amid the storm
he rode,

March'd Pestilence before him; as he trod,
Pale Desolation bath'd his steps in blood.
Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud host he pass'd,
Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast;
Nor bade destruction give her revels o'er,
Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human
gore.

But what avails thee, pious Prince, in vain
Thy sceptre rescu'd, and th' Assyrian slain?
Ev'n now the soul maintains her latest strife,
And death's chill grasp congeals the fount of
life.

Yet see, kind Heav'n renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding sun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' nature her inverted course forego,
The day forget to rest, the time to flow,
Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure;
On them her ever-healing rays shall shine;
More mild and bright, and sure, O sun! than
thine.

At length, the long-expected Prince behold,
The last good King; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,
Rent to its base, at good Josiah's name.
Blest, happy prince! o'er whose lamented urn,
In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom sad Sion's softest sorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate;
Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,
And anguish tears her with convulsive sighs.
The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain;
Till he, ¶ Great Chief! in Heaven's appointed
time,

Leads back her children to their native clime.
Fair liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envy'd walls securely rise.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,
Again shall lift sublime thy sacred head.
But ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint resemblance of the old in you.

No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful answers from the mystic cloud:
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
And Heav'n has left thy solitary shrine.
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter shall thou see
Presence immediate of the Deity,
The light himself reveal'd, the God confess'd
in Thee.

And now at length the fated term of years
The world's desire have brought, and lo! the
God appears.

The Heav'nly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confess the parent's cares,

* Josaphat. § Elisha. † Jotham. ‡ Hezekiah. || Sennacherib. ¶ Zorobabel.
The

The pleasing burden on her breasts she lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile surveys.
The Infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,
And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.
A radiant glory speaks him all Divine,
And in the Child the beams of Godhead shine.

But now, alas! far other views disclose
The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.
See where man's voluntary sacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
Fixt to the Cross, his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy streams from every wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,
And the strong pang that rends the stubborn
As all death's tortures, with severe delay, [soul]
Exult and riot in the noblest prey:

And can'st thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,
Nor share the anguish which He bears for Thee?
Thy sin, for which his sacred Flesh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and sharpens ev'ry thorn;
Canst thou?—while nature smarts in ev'ry
wound,
And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground!
Lo! the black sun, his chariot backward driv'n,
Blots out the day, and perishes from Heav'n:
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn
heart.

The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide dis-
Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey. [play
Thou, groaning earth, shalt heave, absorpt in
flame,

As the last pangs convulse thy lab'ring frame;
When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,
Wrapt in full blaze of pow'r and Majesty,
Ride on the clouds; whilst, as his chariot flies,
The bright effusion streams through all the skies.
Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.
Then shall the splendors of th' enliven'd glass
Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.
And O! till earth, and seas, and heav'n decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away; [spare,
May winds and storms those beauteous colours
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair,
All the vain rage of wasting time repell,
And his Tribunal see, whose Cross they paint
so well!

§ 117. *A Fragment.* MALLETT.

FAIR morn ascends: fresh zephyrs breath
Blows liberal o'er yon bloomy heath;
Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
Of balmy sinell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly-penfive, Silence reigns:
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;

While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The Monarch's bliss, the Beggar's wealth;
The seasoning of all good below.
The sovereign friend in joy or woe.
O Thou, most courted, most despis'd:
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Power of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O sun of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up, and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,
With song and prospect which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train;
(All nature sickening in the blaze)
Thou, in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf quivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the Dead;
Sages or Poets. See, they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That softened savages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and Friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,

With

With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

Thus musing in the solemn shade;
At once the founding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n;
Great Charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the sage,
Have plann'd, have bled thro' ev'ry age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!

§ 118. *Ode to Evening.*

By Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

HAIL, meek-ey'd Maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary wood-man
loves;

As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.
When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bow'rs, and cooling caverns ran;
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance,
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene;
And from the sheep-cote, and fresh-furrow'd
field,

Stout plowmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep, and length'ning shadow spies;
Pleas'd with the cool the calm refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now ev'ry Passion sleeps: desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
List'ning to every wildly-warbling note, [plain.
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening

§ 119. *Isis. An Elegy.*

By Mr. MASON, of Cambridge.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly
bright,

The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops
fell, [shell,

Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed
Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid;

Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all its grace;
Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science
seen,

Known by the laurel wreath, and musing mein:
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate
and bland, [wand;

Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas
green,

At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.

Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead;
Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays;
While ev'ry Youth, with fame's strong impulse
Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd, [fir'd,
Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,
The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers shine.
See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:

Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breast, strong panting with it's country's
All that to Albion gave the heart or head, [love,
That wisely counsel'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil

To me with filial reverence they bring, [spring.
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd
Ah! I remember well yon beechen spray,
There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;

'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majesty; [awe,
"My son," he cry'd, "observe this mein with
"In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
"The piercing notes shall strike each British ear;
"Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!
"And rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
"Each Youth shall spurn at slav'ry's abject
"reign;

"Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
"And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's
"cause."

The Hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd,
The lay to Liberty and Cato flow'd;

While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

But ah! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each rising sound;
Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
Scarce till'd sweet Philomel her softest lay.

When

When Locke walk'd musing forth! e'en now I
Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow; [view
View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
Here stript vain falshood of her gaudy vest;
Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
Ere long to shew to reason's purged eye,
That "Nature's first best gift was Liberty."
Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,
(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)
Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide; [glade,
Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring
Tho' fair Lycæum lent it's awful shade,
Tho' ev'ry Academic green impress'd
It's image full on thy reflecting breast,
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic
boast?

See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coast;
See! Hydra Faction spread it's impious reign,
Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain:
Hence frontless crouds, that not content to fright
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,
Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes resound;
The horrid notes my resluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam,
In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
Where a firm few support her sickly head,
Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train, [plain,
Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the
Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,
All Phæbus favours, or Minerva loves. [rear,

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast mult
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Must these go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land;
And boast, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue
groans,

That "Isis taught Rebellion to her Sons?"
Forbid it, Heaven! and let my rising waves
Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves!
In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
Is this deny'd; then point some secret way
Where far far hence these guiltless streams may
stray;

[spreads
Some unknown channel lend, where Nature
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,
There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And, pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

§ 120. *The Triumph of Isis. Occasioned by
the foregoing Poem.*

By Mr. THOMAS WARTON, of Oxford.

*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam,
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentis,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui Marte petivit
Latatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
Destituunt.*—

CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dew;
When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing thro' the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds, a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy
stream;

And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood,
The silver-slipper'd Isis lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the trifling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:

When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite; [crest,
To shake yon tow'rs, when Malice rears her
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest? [cause;

Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite Freedom's
Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:

To pow'r your songs of gratulation pay,
To courts address soft flattery's soothing lay.
What tho' your gentle Mafon's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' hearse;

What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow?
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—

Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let Granta boast the patrons of her name,
Each pompous fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:

Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek;
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On fat pluralities supinely thrive:

Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
For tinsel'd courts their laurel'd mount despise,
In stars and strings superlatively wise:

No longer charm'd by virtue's golden lyre,
Who sung of old amid th' Aonian choir,
Where Cam, slow winding thro' the breezy reeds,
With kindly wave his groves of laurel feeds.

'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where Honour calls, and Justice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath which merit
brings,

And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning, and scorn'd by courts, yon Muses'
bow'r

Still nor enjoys, nor asks, the smile of pow'r.
Tho' wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal
Tho' Persecution wave her iron wing, [spring,
And o'er yon spiry temples, as she flies,
"These destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
On Isis still each gift of fortune waits,
Still peace and plenty deck my beauteous gates.
See Science walks with freshest chaplets crown'd;
With songs of joy my festive groves resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her wonted state,
The front erect, and high majestic gait;
Green as of old, each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the Graces build my Parian piles;
My Gothic spires in ancient grandeur rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

Ah, should'st thou fall (forbid it heav'nly
pow'rs!)

Dash'd into dust with all thy cloud-capt tow'rs;
Who but would mourn to British virtue dear,
What patriot could refuse the manly tear!
What British Marius could refrain to weep
O'er mighty Carthage fall'n, a prostrate heap!

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain;
When yon proud * dome, fair Learning's am-
plest shrine,

Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Mute was the voice of joy and loud applause,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd cause?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon our view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort, and an Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
Then Music left her golden sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the full song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full Pæans of mellifluous sound.
My Naiads blythe the floating accents caught,
And list'ning danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my wanton wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo! at once the swelling concerts cease,
And crouded theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart. [spiri,
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts in-
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tel.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warn;
Untaught in flow'ry diction to dispense
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence;
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal priz,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise.
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, wins applause,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my steadfast sages yield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the Puny Champion fondly dare
To wage, with force like this, scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in the stately ship that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief swells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret toil
The deep foundations of the wat'ry pile.
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
In vain the thunder's martial rage she flood,
With each fierce conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than waves, or wars, or Eurus' wint'ry pow'r.

Ye venerable bow'rs, ye seats sublime,
Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time;
Ye stately piles of old Munificence,
At once the pride of Learning, and defence,
Where ancient Piety, a matron hoar,
Still seems to keep the hospitable door;
Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the sight,
Still step by step to musings mild invite; [caught
Ye, high-arch'd walks, where oft the bard has
The glowing sentiment, the lofty thought;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free!

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy sacred sons arise;

With ev'ry various flower their temples wreath'd,
That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy crouding bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
And beams on all around celestial fire:
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
To all, but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke leads Reason, his majestic bride:
See sacred Hammond, as he treads the field,
With godlike arm uprears his heav'nly shield.

All who beneath the shades of gentle peace
Best plann'd the labours of domestic ease;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion
nov'd; [prov'd;

Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense im-
Who told the pow'rs of reason, or refin'd,
All, all that strengthen'd or adorn'd the mind:
Each priest of health, who mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All croud around, and echoing to the sky,
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon solemn band! with virtuous aim,
'Twas theirs in thought the glorious deed to
fame:

With pious plans each musing feature glows,
And well weigh'd counsels mark their meaning
brows:

"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
Hampton, and Hooker, Hyde, and Sidney shine;
These from thy source the fires of freedom
caught:

How will thy sons by their example taught!
While in each breast th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!

Nor all the toils of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.

I see the fable-suited prince advance [France,
With filies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding
Edward—the Muses in yon hallow'd shade
Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father of the laureat band,
The * British King before me seems to stand.
He by my plenty-crowned scenes beguil'd,
And genial influence of my seasons mild,
Hither of yore (forlorn, forgotten maid)
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Gothic rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
Soon pour'd her blessings o'er th' enlighten'd
land.

Tho' rude the † dome, and humble the retreat,
Where first his pious care ordain'd her seat,
Lo! now on high she dwells in Attic bow'rs,
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.
He first fair Learning's and Britannia's cause
Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws;

He bade relent the Briton's savage heart,
And form'd his soul to social scenes of art,
Wiseft and best of kings! with ravish'd gaze
Elate, the long procession he surveys:
Joyful he smiles to find, that not in vain
He plann'd the rudiments of Learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race express:
With rapture views fair Freedom still survive
In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive)
(Such seen, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
Unfollied on his ancient diadem)
Well-pleas'd that in his own Pierian seat
She plumes her wings, and rests her weary feet;
That here at last she takes her fav'rite stand,
"Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land."

§ 121. *A Love Elegy.* HAMMOND.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty
crown'd;

Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But cheaply blest'd, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with it's master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range the sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide it's thoughtless dam.

What joy, to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest!

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on Delia as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's
In silent happiness I rest unknown; [dream,
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia, and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man! who thus of her possest,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;

* Alfred. Regis Romani. V. Virg. Æn. 6.

† Ad Capitolia ducit

Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis,

The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here, I know, that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom, as in wit, divine,
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws :

Let Stanhope speak his list'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid,
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's Patron cull the best.

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock,
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah ! what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep ?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
With her enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows thro' every night.

Beauty and worth alone in her contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind :
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze when others loves are o'er,
And, dying, press her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh ! when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing
hair,

Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart !
O leave me, Delia ! ere thou see me dead, [part.
These weeping friends will do thy mournful]

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

§ 122. *On the Death of Frederic Prince of Wales. Written at Paris, by DAVID LORD VISCOUNT STORMONT, of Christ Church, Oxon.*

LITTLE I whilom deem'd my artless zeal
Should woo the British Muse in foreign
To strains of bitter argument, and teach [land

The mimic Nymph, that haunts the winding
And oozy current of Parisian Seine, [verge
To syllable new sounds in accents strange.

But sad occasion calls : who now forbears
The last kind office ? who but consecrates
His off'ring at the shrine of fair Renown
To gracious Frederic rais'd ; tho' but compos'd
Of the waste flow'rets, whose neglected hues
Chequer the lonely hedge, or mountain slope ?
Where are those hopes, where fled th' illu-
five scenes [bark

That forgetful fancy plann'd, what time the
Stem'd the salt wave from Albion's chalky

Then filial Piety and parting Love [bourn ?
Pour'd the fond pray'r ; " Farewell, ye less'ning
" cliffs,

" Fairer to me, than aught in fabled song
" Or mystic record told of shores Atlantic !
" Favour'd of Heav'n, farewell ! imperial isle,
" Native to noblest wits, and best approv'd
" In manly science, and advent'rous deed !
" Celestial Freedom, by rude hand estrang'd
" From regions once frequented, with Thee
" takes

" Her steadfast station, fast beside the throne
" Of scepter'd rule, and there her state
" maintains

" In social concord, and harmonious love.
" These blessings still be thine, nor meddling
" fiend

" Stir in your busy streets-foul Faction's roar ;
" Still thrive your growing works, and gales
" propitious

" Visit your sons who ride the wat'ry waste ;
" And still be heard from forth your glad some
" bow'rs

" Shrill tabor-pipes, and ev'ry peaceful sound.
" Nor vain the wish, while George the
" golden scale [sway.

" With steady prudence holds, and temp'rate
" And when his course of earthly honours run,
" With lenient hand shall Frederic sooth your
" Rich in each princely quality, mature [care,
" In years, and happiest in nuptial choice.

" Thence too arise new hopes, a playful troop
" Circles his hearth, sweet pledges of that bed,
" Which Faith, and Joy, and thousand Vir-
" tues guard.

" His be the care to inform their ductile minds
" With worthiest thoughts, and point the
" ways of honour.

" How often shall he hear with fresh delight
" Their earnest tales, or watch their rising
" passions

" With timorous attention ; then shall tell
" Of justice, fortitude, and public weal ;
" And oft the while each rigid precept smooth
" With winning tokens of parental love !"

Thus my o'erweening heart the secret stores
Of Britain's hope explor'd, while my strain'd
fight

Pursued her fading hills, till wrapt in mist
They gently sunk beneath the swelling tide.
Nor slept those thoughts, whene'er in other
climes

R

I mark'd

I mark'd the cruel waste of foul oppression,
Saw noblest spirits, and goodliest faculties,
To vassalage and leathome service bound.
Then conscious preference rose; then north-
My eye, to gratulate my natal soil. [ward turn'd
How have I chid with froward eagerness
Each veering blast, that from my hand withheld
The well known characters of some lov'd
friend,

Tho' distant, not unmindful! Still I learn'd,
Delighted, what each patriot plan devis'd
Of arts, or glory, or diffusive commerce.
Nor wanted its endearment every tale
Of lightest import. But oh! heavy change,
What notices come now? Distracted scenes
Of helpless sorrow, solemn sad accounts;
How fair Augusta watch'd the weary night,
Tending the bed of anguish; how great George
Wept with his infant progeny around;
How heav'd the orphan's and the widow's sigh,
That follow'd Frederic to the silent tomb.

For well was Frederic lov'd, and well de-
serv'd:

His voice was ever sweet, and on his steps
Attended ever the alluring grace
Of gentle lowliness and social zeal.
Him shall remember oft the labour'd hind,
Relating to his mates each casual act
Of courteous bounty. Him th' artificer,
Plying the varied woof in sullen sadness,
Tho' wont to carrol many a ditty sweet.
Soon too the mariner, who many moons
Has counted, beating still the foamy surge,
And treads at last the wish'd-for beach, shall
stand

Appall'd at the sad tale, and soon shall steal
Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.

Be this our solace yet, all is not dead;
The bright memorial lives: for his example
Shall Hymen trim his torch, domestic praise
Be countenanc'd, and virtue fairer shew.
In age succeeding, when another George,
To ratify some weighty ordinance
Of Britain's peers conven'd, shall pass beside
Those hallow'd spires, whose gloomy vaults
enclose,

Shrouded in sleep, pale rows of scepter'd kings,
Oft to his sense the sweet paternal voice
And long-remember'd features shall return;
Then shall his generous breast be new inflam'd
To acts of highest worth, and highest fame.

These plaintive strains, from Albion far
I lonely meditate at even-tide; [away,
Nor skill'd nor studious of the raptur'd lay;
But still rememb'ring oft the magic sounds,
Well-measur'd to the chime of Dorian lute,
Or pastoral stop, which erst I lov'd to hear
On Isis' broider'd mead, where dips by fits
The stooping osier in her hasty stream. [fame'd

Hail Wolsey's spacious domel hail, ever
For faithful nurture, and truth's sacred lore,
Much honour'd parent! You my duteous zeal
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath
You deign to interweave this humble song.

§ 123. Ode on the Approach of Summer. By
a Gentleman formerly of the University of
Aberdeen.

*Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila caeli,
Adventumque tuum; tibi suavis dædala tellus
Submittit flores; tibi ridens æquora ponti;
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.*

LUCRETIVS.

HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!

Haste to thy polar solitude;

Mid cataracts of ice, [ments rude,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in frag-

From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety show'rs,
Thy gloomy Gothic castle tow'rs;
Amid whose howling iles and halls,
Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Autler, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threat'ning with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat, embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come, thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blythe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With muskie nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring,)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint, in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found, an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.

There on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nest'rine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonnaire;
And then he gave the blessed isle
Ave to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste

Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy;
Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph; and Peace,
Meek cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
On river-margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air:
'Tis May, the Grace—confest she stands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;
With whom the powers of Flora play,
And paint with panishes all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,
Has dress'd the groves in liv'ry green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading steams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in muleful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chaunts.
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet;
Nor wants there note of Philonel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cott:
Ruffle the breezes lightly borne,
Or deep-embattel'd ears of corn;
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime a thousand dies invest
The ruby chambers of the West!
That all afloat the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour,

While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze:
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blythe heart in extasies;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ:
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musing lapt, nor heed the way;
Wandering thro' the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill;
And on each moss-wove border damp,
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown,
On couch more soft than palace down,
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;
And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grafs.

But ever, after summer-show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving nature's form;
By sweet-briar hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail;
While as I walk, from pearled bush,
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue:
And so loud the black-bird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blythe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever, against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its sides with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Where Helicon's fresh fountain wells;

Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steep.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ler stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To flake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark;
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The Genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd:
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Illissus' laureat shore.—
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges grey
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling thro' the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cott, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might chuse
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t'appease
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:
Or bow'r in Vallambrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior-guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.

As thro' the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhimes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile!

But when mild Morn in saffron stole
First issues from her Eastern goal;
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence nature's universal face,
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves, and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear.

O! every village-charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,
And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens;
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a Bow'r of bliss!
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys where mild whispers use,
Of shade and stream to court the muse.
While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs
It's tides a sa-fam'd river pours:
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and chearful night.
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.

Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
 Rapt with the charms of classic wit;
 To catch the bold heroic flame,
 That built immortal Græcia's fame.
 Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
 The solemn song to Britain's praise:
 To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
 And paint heroic ancient deeds:
 To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
 And Edward, stern in sable mail.
 Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom,
 Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesie
 Let me live true votary!
 She shall lead me by the hand,
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
 She from her precious stores shall shed
 Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head:
 She, from my tender youthful cheek
 Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
 The secret and unpitied tear,
 Which still I drop in darkness drear.
 She shall be my blooming bride;
 With her, as years successive glide,
 I'll hold divinest dalliance,
 For ever rapt in holy trance,

§ 124. *Inscribed on a beautiful Grotto near the Water.*

THE Graces sought in yonder stream
 To cool the fervid day,
 When love's malicious godhead came,
 And stole their robes away.
 Proud of the theft, the little god
 Their robes bade Delia wear;
 While They, ashamed to stir abroad,
 Remain all naked here.

§ 125. *A Panegyric on Oxford Ale. By a Gentleman of Trinity College.*

— *Mea nec Falernæ
 Temperant vites, neque Formani
 Pocula colles.* HORAT.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail Juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
 Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
 Let pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful
 My soberev'ning let the tankard bless, [night;
 With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg
 fraught,
 While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
 Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
 A calm Lethæan creeps; in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion
 wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
 Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
 Its opiate influence. What tho' sore ill
 Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals,

Or chearful candle, save the make-weight's
 Haply remaining; heart-rejoicing Ale [gleam,
 Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
 Of Tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
 Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate;
 While Ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
 The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
 Sweet Helicon of Logic! But if friends
 Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
 To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
 Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort
 Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
 Of monumental oak and antique mould,
 That long has stood the rage of conquering
 Inviolatè, (nor in more ample chair [years
 Smoaks rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
 Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
 In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
 Studious of ease, and provident, I place
 My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
 Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
 And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
 While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours
 In innocent delight, amusive Putt
 On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
 The vain vicissitudes of fortune shews. [turbs,
 Nor Reck'ning, name tremendous, me dis-
 Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden
 fear;

While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
 The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
 In snowy characters and graceful row. —

Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of distress!
 Beneath thy shelter pennyless I quaff
 The chearful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
 New oysters cry'd:—tho' much the poet's friend,
 Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
 Accept this tribute of poetic praise! —

Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
 Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
 Of pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
 The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
 Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
 Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
 But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
 While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
 Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale:
 In vain—the Proctor's voice arrests their joys;
 Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
 All-pow'rful Ale! whose sorrow-soothing
 Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon, [sweets
 When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
 Not unexperienc'd; while the tedious toil
 Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
 Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
 Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
 Be mine each morn with eager appetite,
 And hunger undissembled, to repair
 To friendly buttery; there on smoaking crust
 And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
 Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
 Our ancestors robust with lib'ral cups
 Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons

Of modern times : Nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British Ale improving British worth.

With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate : whether the plaintive-voice
Of laundress thrill awake my startled ear ;
Or barber spruce with supple look intrude ;
Or taylor with obsequious bow advance ;
Or groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier
beams,

Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat : All-pow'ful Ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks :
E'en Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns ! and conquer'd quits the field.

Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recall ? —
Thus, while improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard unrestrain'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicenc'd bliss ;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent !)
Th' unpitying Bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'er shades the skies ;
Nor Shepherd, barb'rous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust ; and Winter ticks no more.

Thus Adam, exil'd from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden, griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade or vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot ;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace :
Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
The splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret pin'd for cheerful Ale ;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower, like him with honest love
Of Ale divine inspir'd, and love of song :
But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful
Avert his hapless lot ! Enough for me [care
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

§ 126. *Epistolary Verses, to George Colman, Esq; written in the Year 1756. By the late Mr. ROBERT LLOYD.*

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of those
That condescend to write in prose :
Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
I always fear—in doggrel rhyme,
And scarce can ask you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Besides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of easy writing ;

Perhaps the reason makes it please
Is, that I find it's writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addison and his Spectator ;
Who says (it is no matter where,
But that he says it, I can swear)
With easy verse most bards are smitten,
Because they think it's easy written ;
Whereas the easier it appears,

The greater marks of care it wears ;
Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illustration :
The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhimes :
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he labour'd to write easy.

And yet, no Critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him ;
His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no taylor e'er denied)

The better fit, the more they're tried
Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.

'Tis the result of admiration
To spend itself in imitation ;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these,
That I'm idolater of Ease.

Who but a madman would engage
A Poet in the present age ?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us
Imitatores, servum Pecus.

Talk, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road.
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil d. sum, quod non dictum prius.

The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in style so pure,
Or the great Two the Connoisseur ;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And happy in the close connexion,
To acquire some name from their's reflection ;
So (the similitude is trite)

The moon still shines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the fun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time
To shew the use I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-sinning,
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my hantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,
Is, that I ramble loose and free :

The bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhimes are fetters, links, and chains.
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keeps him pris'n'er to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhime's like your fetters on the stage,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhime, as from a handiome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may unperceiv'd elope:
So M——rs of basest tricks
(I love a fling at Politicks)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng;
And make each puny rogue a prey,
While they, the greater, sink away.
This simile perhaps would strike,
If match'd with something more alike;
Then take it dress'd a second time
In Prior's Ease, and my Sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haste to catch a thief,
While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the croud?
So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such what Briton can endure,
Minorca, and the Connoisseur!
To-day *, or e'er the sun goes down,
Will die the *Censor*, Mr. Town!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With blushing honours thick upon him;
O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave!

"Know, Reader, that on Thursday died,
"The Connoisseur, a Suicide!
"Yet think not that his soul is fled,
"Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead.
"Howe'er defunct you set him down,
"He's only going out of *Town*."

§ 127. *The Progress of Discontent. By a Gentleman of Trinity College.*

WHEN now, mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, an humble suitor,
With bows and speeches to his tutor:—
"Sir, give me leave to recommend him,
"I'm sure you cannot but befriend him;

"I'll warrant that his good behav'our
"Shall justify your future favour:
"And for his parts, to tell the truth,
"My son's a very forward youth;
"He's young indeed, but has a spirit,
"And wants but means to shew his merit;
"Has Horace all by heart,—you'd wonder,
"And mours out Homer's Greek likerhunder.
"If you'd but venture to admit him,
"A scholarship would nicely fit him;
"That he succeeds 'tis ten to one,
"Your vote and interest, Sir:—'tis done.
Our candidate at length gets in,
A hopeful scholar of Coll. Trin.
A scholarship not half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains;
So, scorning the late wish'd-for prize,
For a fat fellowship he sighs.

When, nine full tedious winters past,
His utmost wish is crown'd at last;
That utmost wish no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot.—
"These fellowships are pretty things,
"We live, indeed, like petty kings;
"But who can bear to spend his whole age
"Amid the dulness of a college;
"Debarr'd the common joys of life,
"And, what is worse than all—a wife!
"Would some snug benefice but fall,
"Ye feasts, and gaudies, farewell all!
"To offices I'd bid adieu
"Of Dean, Vice-Præs,—nay Bursar too;
"Come tythes, come glebe, come fields so
"pleasant, [fant."
"Come sports, come partridge, hare and pheasant—
Well—after waiting many a year,
A living falls,—two hundred clear.
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession;
With rapture views the sweet retreat,—
"What a convenient house! how neat!
"The garden how completely plann'd!
"And is all this at my command?
"For fuel here's good store of wood,—
"Pray God the cellars be but good!

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences Country Parson;
To make his character entire,
He weds a—Cousin of the 'Squire;
Not over-weighty in the purse;
But many Doctors have done worse.
Content at first,—he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tythes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his forplice-fee;
Studies to find out latent dues;
Smokes with the 'Squire,—and clips his yews;
Of Oxford pranks, facetious tells,
And, but on Sundays, hears no bells.

* September 30th, 1756, when Mr. Town, Author of the *Connoisseur*, a periodical Essay, (since published in four volumes, printed for R. Baldwin, London) took leave of his Readers, with an humorous account of himself.

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
 By cares domestic is oppress'd;
 Each day some scene of woe commences
 By new and unforeseen expences;
 And soon the butcher's bill, and brewing,
 Threaten inevitable ruin;
 For children more expences yet,
 And Dickey now for school is fit.
 "Why did I sell my college life
 (He cries) for benefice and wife?
 "Oh could the days once more but come,
 "When calm I smok'd in common room,
 "And din'd with breast untroubled, under
 "The picture of our pious founder;
 "When, for amusement, my tyrannic
 "Sway could put freshmen in a panic;
 "When impositions were supplied
 "To light my pipe—or sooth my pride!
 "No cares of family oppress'd me,
 "Nor wife by day—nor night distress'd me.
 "Each day received successive pleasure,
 "Or spent in reading, or in leisure;
 "And every night I went to bed
 "Without a christ'ning in my head."
 O trifling head, and fickle heart!—
 Chagrin'd at whatso'er thou art!
 A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
 And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd;
 Each prize obtain'd, thy rapture ceases,
 And in the search alone it pleases.

§ 128. *Ode * to Arthur Onslow, Esq.*

THIS goodly frame what virtue so approves,
 And testifies the pure ethereal spirit,
 As mild Benevolence?
 She with her sister Mercy still awaits
 Beside th' eternal throne of Jove,
 And measures forth with unwithdrawing
 The blessings of the various year, [hand
 Sunshine or show'r, and chides the madding
 tempest.
 With her the heaven-bred nymph meek Charity,
 Shall fashion Onslow forth in fairest portrait;
 And with recording care [claims.
 Weave the fresh wreath that flow'ring virtue
 But oh, what muse shall join the band?
 He long has sojourn'd in the sacred haunts,
 And knows each whisp'ring grot and
 glade,
 Trod by Apollo, and the light-foot Graces.
 How then shall awkward gratitude
 And the presumption of untutor'd duty
 Attune my numbers, all too rude?
 Little he reck's the meed of such a song;
 Yet will I stretch aloof,
 And when I tell of Courtesy,
 Of well-attemper'd Zeal,
 Of awful Prudence soothing fell Contention,
 Where shall the lineaments agree

But in thee, Onslow? You, your wonted leave
 Indulge me, nor misdeem a soldier's bold em-
 prize;

Who in the dissonance of barb'rous war,
 Long train'd, revisits oft the sacred treasures
 Of antique memory;
 Or where sage Pindar reins his fiery car,
 Through the vast vault of heaven secure,
 Or what the Attic muse that Homer fill'd,
 Her other son, thy Milton taught,
 Or range the flow'ry fields of gentle Spenser.

And ever as I go, allurements vain
 Cherish a feeble fire, and feed my idle
 Fancy: O cou'd I once
 Charm to their melody my thrilling reeds!
 To Henrys and to Edwards old,
 Dread names! I'd meditate the faithful song;
 Or tell what time Britannia,
 Whilom the fairest daughter of old Ocean,

In loathly disarray, dull eyes,
 And faded cheek, wept o'er her abject sons:
 Till William, great deliverer,
 Led on the comely train, gay Liberty,
 Religion, matron staid,
 With all her kindred goddesses;
 Justice with steady brow, [Commerce,
 Trim Plenty, laureat Peace, and green-hair'd
 In flowing vest of thousand hues.

Fain would I shadow out old Bourbon's pile
 Tott'ring with doubtful weight, and threat'ning
 cumb'rous fall;

Or trace our navy, where in tow'ring pride
 O'er the wide-swell'g waste it rolls aveng'ful.
 As when collected clouds

Forth from the gloomy south in deep array,
 Athwart the dark'ning landscape throng,
 Fraught with loud storms, and thunder's
 dreadful peal,
 At which the murd'rer stands aghast,
 And wasting Riot ill dissembles terror.

How headlong Rhone and Ebro, erst distain'd
 With Moorish carnage, quakes thro' all her
 branches!

Soon shall I greet the morn, [name
 When, Europe sav'd, Britain and George's
 Shall sound o'er Flandria's level field,
 Familiar in domestic merriment;
 Or by the jolly mariner

Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.

The just memorial of fair deeds
 Still flourishes, and like th' untainted soul
 Blossoms in freshest age, above
 The weary flesh, and envy's rankling wound.
 Such after years mature
 In full account shall be thy meed.

O! may your rising hope
 Well principled in ev'ry virtue bloom!
 Till a fresh-springing flock implore
 With infant hands a grandfire's pow'rful
 pray'r, [sports pursue.
 Or round your honour'd couch their prattling

* This elegant Poem was written by a Gentleman well known in the learned world, as a token of
 gratitude for favours conferred on his father, during the last war, whose character he has therein assumed.

§ 129. *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson,*
By Mr. COLLINS.

The scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck it's Poet's sylvan grave!
In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.
Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!
And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.
But Thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail!
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!
Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.
But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!
And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!
The genial meads assign'd to blest
The life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.
Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall He say,
In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

§ 130. *On a Lady's presenting a Sprig of Myrtle to a Gentleman.* By Mr. HAMMOND.

WHAT fears, what terrors does thy gift
create!
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The Myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
(Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)

Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects the lover's care.
In Myrtle groves oft sings the happy swain,
In Myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
The Myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the Myrtle spreads;
Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And cure the throbbings of an anxious heart:
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

§ 131. *Ode on the Fifth of December, being the Birth-day of a very beautiful young Lady.*
By Mr. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

HAIL, eldest of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
December, in whose iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year:
Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
And proudly plum'd in silver snow
Smile gladly on this blest of days;
The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
And Phœbus shine in all his state,
With more than summer rays.
Tho' jocund June may justly boast
Long days and happy hours;
Tho' August be Pomona's host,
And May be crown'd with flow'rs;
Tell June his fire and crimson dyes,
By Harriot's blush and Harriot's eyes
Eclips'd and vanquish'd, fade away;
Tell August, thou canst let him see
A richer, riper fruit than He,
A sweeter flow'r than May.

§ 132. *Ode on Lyric Poetry.* By Dr. AKENSIDE.

ONCE more I join the Thespian quire,
And taste th' inspiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy secret strain.—
And lo! with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat;
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, list'ning round,
By turn her melody repeat.

I see Anacreon smile and sing:
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me listen to his lay!
While flow'ry dreams my soul employ;
While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
Lead hand in hand the festal pow'rs,
Lead Youth and Love, and harmless Joy.

* The Harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.
† Richmond Church.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulse, and a threat'ning hand,
The* Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords:

Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curst of Gods and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws,

Tho' now you glory in your lust,
Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in dust,
Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your
dreadful cause.

But lo, to Sappho's mournful airs
Descends the radiant queen of love;
She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
Why is my faithful maid distressed?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He too shall give:
Slights he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve,
And bend him to thy haughtiest vow.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden shell again?
What mortal breath shall e'er presume
To echo that unbounded strain?
Majestic, in the frown of years,
Behold, the † Man of Thebes appears:
For some there are, whose mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noontide flame.

While the dim raven beats his weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muse,
While I so late unlock thy hallow'd springs,
And breathe what'er thy ancient airs infuse,
To polish Albion's warlike ear
This long-lost melody to hear,
Thy sweetest arts employ;

As when the winds from shore to shore,
Thro' Greece thy lyre's persuasive language
bore, [joy.

Till towns, and isles, and seas return'd the vocal

But oft amid the Græcian throng,
The loose-rob'd form of wild desire
With lawless notes intun'd thy song,
To shameful steps dissolv'd thy quire.
O fair, O chaste, be still with me
From such profaner discord free:
While I frequent thy tuneful shade,
No frantic shouts of Thracian dames,
No satyrs fierce with savage flames
Thy pleasing accents shall invade.
Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The fairest flow'rs of Pindus glow;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy strings attune their varied strain,
To ev'ry pleasure, every pain,

* Alcæus of Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, who fled from his native city to escape the oppression of those who had enslaved it, and wrote against them in his exile those noble investives which are so much applauded by the ancient critics. † Pindar.

† Hygieia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
And strait our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

When midnight listens o'er the slumb'ring earth,
Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear:
When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my op'ning ear.

And ever watchful at thy side,
Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide
The tenour of thy lay:

To her of old by Jove was giv'n [heav'n;
To judge the various deeds of earth and
Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

Oft as from stricter hours reign'd
I quit the maze where science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of gainful care, and wealthy age,
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely haunts engage.

With me, when mirth's consenting band
Around fair friendship's genial board
Invite the heart-awakening hand,
With me salute the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at softer hours,
O seek with me the happy bow'rs
That hear Dione's gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.
But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
Or when to nourish freedom's vestal flame,
I hear my genius utter his command,
Nor Theban voice, nor Lesbian lyre
From thee, O Muse, do I require,
While my prophetic mind,
Conscious of pow'rs she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

§ 133. *The Art of preserving Health.*

ARMSTRONG.

Book I. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
Hygieia †; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou chearful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the Western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the North,
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.

When

When thro' the blue serenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the wretched host
Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where, in deep Erebus involv'd, the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the shudd'ring air: whatever
plagues

Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten South;
Whatever kills th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world,
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay!
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
"How best the sickle fabric to support
"Of mortal man; in healthful body how
"A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
The best, and those of most extensive use;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander, doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou, belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou, long the favourite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O Mead! a well-design'd essay,
How'er imperfect: and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

YE who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not Air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw

Of nature, when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immur'd in many a fullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumbering Deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly reft; and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame
The putrid steams that over-swarm the sky,
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial
That fans the ever undulating sky; [breeze
A kindly sky! whose soft'ning pow'r regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign. (Similes
Find then some woodland scene where Nature
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy seat;
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where, enthron'd in adamant state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader the laves fair Richmond's green re-
treats,

(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay). O! from the summer's rage,
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham! But if the busy Town
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides: a meagre Fiend,
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burthen'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;

The

The vigour sinks, the habit melts away;
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
And oft the Sorceress, in her sated wrath,
Religms them to the furies of her train;
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor, for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
For from the humid soil, and wat'ry reign,
Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air
For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun
Who dreads the dropfy, palsy, or the gout,
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill-perisping, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
For Air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a stream,
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toikessay
Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
That slow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins;
Inactive in the services of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
The secret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholy Fiend (that worst despair
Of physic), hence the rust-complexion'd man
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone: And hencein climes adust
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of Air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the power of chusing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further task ensues;
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmosphere: Tho' Custom moulds
To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd,
(So kind is native air) may in the fens
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive,
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
Of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;

Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.
Mean time, at home with cheerful fires dispel
The humid air: And let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups; the languid frame,
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heavens.
But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
Unless with exercise and manly toil [blood.
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging
The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease
Avoid; if indolence would wish to live.
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning
blood,

Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store
Prevail in each repast: Your food supplied
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave;
That through the thirsty channels of the blood
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cold recess
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen Sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
For with the viscous blood the simple stream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our Seasons droop: incumbent still
A ponderous heav'n o'erwhelms the sinking soul,
Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South descends.
Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful East
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!

Bind

Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: Give the genial West
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; not mix in every monstrous day.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun [paign
Of burthen'd skies, mark where the dry cham-
Swell into chearful hills; where Marjoram
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the * Cynorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires,
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the West;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring
And bleak affliction of the peevish East. [North,
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious
frame.

Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected Gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And where so'er you build;
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd;
Dry be your house: but airy more than warm.
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarseness bind
your voice,

Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloister'd air, tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the South, commend?
Here, where the morning's misty breath infects
More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales

That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the sun!
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The soft'ring sun: whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
Glow thro' the mass of grosser elements,
And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God!

Book II. DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow; not even a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewel, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
Of life; the Table and the homely Gods,
Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu! [flow,

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; scour'd for ever round and round;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, those plastic particles
Rebuild: So mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
Nor that which Cellria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers;
And soon the tender vegetable mass
Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
Indulge the veteran Ox; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd, and scanty fare: For, old or young,
The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholesome food the abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and ail the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix, and slun with slippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Chuse sober meals; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling
Irresolute, protract the morning hours. [down,
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful ease and succulent repast
Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion; what the various powers
Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
And fifty more, before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temperature affects. There are, whose
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins, [blood
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers

For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment detest
Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
Of Pales; soft, delicious and benign;
The balmy quintessence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the spring;
The soft'ning dew of tender sprouting life;
The best refection of declining age;
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food
As suits with every stomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all;)
Taught by experience, soon you may discern
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning
tongue;

Or much diminish or too much increase
Th' expence, which nature's wise œconomy,
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger loose,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve: Of milder seeds
The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish; tho' fabled Greece resound
The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd: Voluptuous
Is by superior faculties misled: [Man
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spurn beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
And know, that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim:
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men, [yours,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
The sick, the famish'd, shiver at your gates.
Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,

Constrain'd

Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we see
What trife brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.

But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not mean while
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heav'n has form'd us to the general taste
Of all its gifts; so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature; that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety; till soft and slow
A drowzy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subduces
The softest food: unfinished and deprav'd,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb

The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.

To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne:
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wintry main;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore [Joy;
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering spark
With what the soonest feels its kindred touch:
Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
At first; that kindled, add a little more;
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: So nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonably starves
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
Will save your head from harm, tho' round the
world

The dreaded * Caucasus rolls his wasteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither
claim'd,

Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
Descending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter, when th' invigorating year
Emerges; when Favonius, flush'd with love,
Toysful and young, in every breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation; yields what once suffic'd

* The burning fever.

Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;

Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast. Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole;
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave:

Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.

These are their bread, the only bread they know;
These, and their willing slave, the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains:
Or thirsty Libya, from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Aust and dry, no sweet repast affords;
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals

Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood [tain
Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes suf-
Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course;
Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the Grape:
Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows:
Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields
A generous pulp; the Coco swells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: In ruder air
Too coy to flourish, ev'n too proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
Glad Amalthea pours a copious horn.

Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th' autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in else intolerable air:
While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks [song.
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient

Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the East;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn:
What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And, more gigantic still, th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the
gloom.

Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health
Command) to praise your crystal element:
The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
Whose flexible genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer sought the fires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Bless'd with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of Gods
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury.
And luxury on sloth begot disease. [disdain

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without
The choice of Water. Thus the * Coan sage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every School.
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most insipid; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurld, yields wholesome,
pure, [thaws,
And mellow draughts; except when winter
And half the mountains melt into the tide.

Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid
The fordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters!) till the power of fire
Has from prophane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling waites its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: Tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preserve unhaw'd
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine, [years,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine: The vile excess we blame;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
And with more active poison, than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.

Ah! sly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows!—But the Parnassian Maids
* Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Mean time, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loitering crudities that burthen life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which, by habit's power,
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won:
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found

The least your bane: and only with your friends.
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow, with balm
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dextrous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.

But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime:
Except kind Nature by some hasty blow
Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.

When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their † elemental veins,
Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;

Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery; and in solid health
The Man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards
For still the beating tide consolidates [tend.
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.
This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters still: And now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of nature; thus (so Heaven ordain'd it) life
Destroys itself; and could these laws have
chang'd,

Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;
And Homer live immortal as his song.

* See Book iv. † In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood

The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself shall die; and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss:
Till the great Father thro' the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhor'd decay:
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

Book III. EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse
has past;

But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her Theme, and hardly fit for Song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength;
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies:
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infect, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
To every casualty of varied life;
Serenic he bears the peevish Eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life;
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
Is well repaid; if exercise were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons; [way,
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their
Unhurt, thro' every toil, in every clime,

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs with balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chace o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains;
such [stream
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: Tho' not a purer stream,
Thro' meads more flowery or more romantic
groves, [flood]

Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lay'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton
swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce hu-
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I) [mane.
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.

But

But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
 To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
 A soft amusement, an humane delight.
 To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance,
 Is to create; and gives a godlike joy,
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
 O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means
 Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
 His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
 Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
 Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
 Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
 A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
 Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
 The visit best, and best conducts the stream;
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who
 shews

The earliest bloom, the sweetest, proudest charms
 Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
 To match the sprightly genius of champagne.
 Thrice happy days! in rural business past:
 Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
 Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
 And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
 With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
 Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
 Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
 Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour
 Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
 His neighbours lift the latch, and blest unbid
 His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit, [nure]
 Where sense grows wild, and takes of no man)
 The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
 And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
 The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath

Or naked stubble; where from field to field
 The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
 The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
 Whom still the *meed of the green archer charms.
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate [limbs.
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your
 As beauty still has blemish; and the mind
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould
 But some one part is weaker than the rest:
 The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
 But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
 Acquire a vigour and springy activity
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
 Grow firm, to harder by just steps aspire.
 The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
 At first but saunter; and by slow degrees
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
 Well knows the master of the flying steed.
 First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
 On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock [coats,
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm,
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
 With dangerous inundation: Oft the source
 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
 Asthma, and feller † Peripneumony,
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heav'n deny'd
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
 His vegetation and brute force decay.
 The men of better clay and finer mould
 Know nature, feel the human dignity;
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
 Pursu'd prolixly, even the gentlest toil
 Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
 Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
 But when the hard varieties of life
 You toil to learn; or try the dusty chase,
 Or the warm deeds of some important day:
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
 In with'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,
 Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
 Forbear! No other pestilence has driven

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies Reward or Prize.

† The inflammation of the lungs.

Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
 Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace :
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
 Of science ; and devote seven years to toil.
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
 With what it little boots you to attain.
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirl-

pools boil,
 What signs portend the storm : To subtler minds
 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave ;
 Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why
 The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven,

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts ; [vied
 All hot and reeking from the Olympic strife,
 And warm Palestina, in the tepid bath
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs.
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
 Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to soothe and heal
 The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.

'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,
 And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels
 Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North ;
 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin

Too soft ; or teach the recremental fume
 Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways.
 For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
 In endless millions the close-woven skin,
 The baser fluids in a constant stream

Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
 While this eternal, this most copious, waste
 Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
 Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
 Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
 Withease and pleasure move : but this restrain'd
 Or more or less, so more or less you feel
 The functions labour : From this fatal source
 What woes descend is never to be sung.

To take their numbers were to count the sands
 That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air ;
 Or waves that, when the blust'ring North em-

broils
 The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.

Subject not then by soft emollient arts [pend,
 This grand expence, on which your fates de-
 To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart
 The genius of your clime : For from the blood
 Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
 And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
 Which breathe thro' straiter and more cal-

lous pores. [treads
 The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked
 His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement
 And hence our painted ancestors defied [heaven ;
 The East ; nor curs'd, like us, their sickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
 Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost ;
 Except, by habits foreign to its turn,

Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
 By long acquaintance : Study then your sky,
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
 Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent
 The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,
 I praise their dauntless heart : A frame so steel'd
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
 That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism ;
 The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
 But all things have their bounds : and he who
 By daily use the kindest regimen [makes
 Essential to his health, should never mix
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life
 Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he
 To want the known, or bear unusual things.
 Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
 Should never with your prosperous days of health
 Grow too familiar : for by frequent use
 The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
 And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
 Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,
 Or the wide flood thro' rich Indostan roll'd,
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
 Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free
 Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
 So shall they scape the fever's rapid flames ;
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
 With us, the man of no complaint demands
 The warm ablution, just enough to clear
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;
 The want of this is Poverty's worst woe ;
 With this external virtue Age maintains
 A decent grace ; without it Youth and charms
 Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know ;
 So doubtless do your wives : For married fires,
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
 From foreign themes recall my wandering song.
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
 'Tis wisely done : For while the thirsty veins,
 Impatient of lean penury, devour
 The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
 Now while the stomach from the full repast
 Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
 Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil :
 And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
 But from the recent meal no labours please,

Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
 Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event :
 A work of time : and you may rue the day
 You hurried, with untimely exercise,
 A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
 The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
 Much toil demands : The lean elastic leis. [veins,
 While winter chills the blood, and binds the
 No labours are too hard : By those you 'scape
 The slow diseases of the torpid year ;
 Endless to name ; to one of which alone,
 To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
 Is pleasure : Oh ! from such inhuman pains
 May all be free who merit not the wheel !
 But from the burning Lion when the sun
 Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the
 Too much already maddens in the veins, [blood
 And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
 Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade
 Reclin'd, or sauntering in the lofty grove,
 No needless slight occasion should engage
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
 To shady walks and active rural sports
 Invite. But while the chilling dews descend,
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
 Of humid skies ; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
 While the soft evening saddens into night :
 Tho' the sweet Poet of the vernal groves
 Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.
 The shades descend, and midnight o'er the
 world
 Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops
 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
 A pleasing lassitude : He not in vain
 Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
 In soft repose : On him the balmy dews
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
 In deep oblivion ; or on Fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
 And waken chearful as the lively morn ;
 Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full :
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil [rocks
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy dæmons hurl : or in the main
 O'erwhelm ; or bury struggling under ground,
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain, [thought :
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself [soul ;
 For ever torn ; and chaos floating round. [those
 What dreams preface, what dangers these or

Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
 To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
 Of th' ever-varying circle of the day ;
 Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps ;
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
 Defies the early fogs : but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic languor ; and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?
 O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale Quadrille,
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind
 Sleep fast and deep : their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply ;
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
 The sons of indolence with long repose
 Grow torpid ; and with slowest Lethe drunk,
 Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
 Blunt every sense, and powerless every limb.
 Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
 On the hard matras or elastic couch [sloth ;
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down ;
 Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
 Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd
 Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
 But pliant nature more or less demands,
 As custom forms her ; and all sudden change
 She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
 If faults in life, or new emergencies,
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
 Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage ;
 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
 Her seasons change ! Behold ! by slow degrees,
 Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring ;
 The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows ;
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store ;
 And aged Autumn brews the Winter-storm.
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void
 Of mortal shocks : The cold and torrid reigns,

The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well advis'd, who taught our wiser sires,
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring [death
Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to
With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what seasons teem
With what diseases; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the East:
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides whatever plagues, in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, [you,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celsus call'd: The fates come rushing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay,
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardest frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity:
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundation of the world,
Th' imprison'd plagues, a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the Gods has drank,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head,
This rapid Fury not, like other pests,
Hurl'd a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,

And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence, the quivering
spark

Shot to the heart, and kindled all within:
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoaky sweats; but nought
assuag'd

The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
heav'd.

At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harrass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: They slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and flow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid steams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay [malign,
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the
third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
In vain: where'er they fled, the fates pursu'd.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the
To seek protection in far distant skies; [main,
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste [tain'd.
The foreign blood which England then con-
Where should they fly? The circumambient
heav'n

Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane,

Where

Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeleſs omens gave.
To Heav'n with ſuppliant rites they ſent their
pray'rs;

Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigu'd with vain reſources; and ſubdu'd
With woes reſiſtleſs and enfeebling fear;
Paſſive they ſunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable ſounds was heard,
Nor aught was ſeen but ghawly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale deſpair. 'Twas all the buſineſs then
To tend the ſick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they ſay,
The ſick'n'g, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the fates de-
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal Fires [pend
That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year! ye
That o'er th' incircling elements preſide! Powers
May nothing worſe than what this age has ſeen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
Has Albion bled. Here a diſtemper'd heav'n
Has thinn'd her cities; from thoſe lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the Weſt, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her braveſt ſons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from theſe views the weeping Muſes turn,
And other themes invite my wand'ring ſong.

Book IV. THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,
The uſe of Toil, and all external things,
Already ſung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourſelves proceeds:
And how the ſubtle principle within
Inſpires with health, or mines with ſtrange decay
The paſſive body. Ye poetic Shades,
That know the ſecrets of the world unſeen,
Aſſiſt my ſong! for, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' myſterious ways,

There is, they ſay, (and I believe there is)
A ſpark within uſ of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the groſſer frame;
And when the body ſinks eſcapes to heaven,
Its native ſeat, and mixes with the Gods.
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleaſure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its ſecret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the groſs corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or deſtroys itſelf.
Nor leſs the labours of the mind corrode
The ſolid fabric: for by ſubtle parts,
And viewleſs atoms, ſecret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this ſtupendous world.
By ſubtle fluids pour'd thro' ſubtle tubes
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
By theſe the ſtubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart diſtributes life and ſtrength;

Theſe the ſtill-crumbling frame rebuild; and
Are loſt in thinking, and diſſolve in air. [theſe
But 'tis not Thought (for ſtill the ſoul's em-
ploy'd)

'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long
On microſcopic arts its vigour fails. [intent
Juſt ſo the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor akes itſelf, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious Study, Diſcontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealouſy, fatigue the ſoul,
Engroſs the ſubtle miniſters of life,
And ſpoil the lab'ring functions of their ſhare.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
The Lover's paleneſs; and the fallow hue
Of Envy, Jealouſy; the meagre ſtare
Of ſore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind. [day

The ſtrong-built pedant; who both night and
Feeds on the coarſeſt fare the ſchools beſtow,
And crudely fattens at groſs Burman's ſtall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropſy
Or ſinks in lethargy before his time. [drown'd,
With uſeful ſtudies you, and arts that pleaſe,
Employ your mind, amuſe but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowſy metaphyſic ſage!
And ever may all heavy ſyſtems reſt!

Yet ſome there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom ſtrong and obſtinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to reſiſt what their generous taſte
Would elſe reſuſe. But may nor thirſt of ſame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With conſtant drudgery the liberal ſoul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour ſeize you, from Philoſophy
To Fable ſhift; from ſerious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from proſe to ſong.

While reading pleaſes, but no longer, read;
And read aloud reſounding Homer's ſtrain,
And wield the thunder of Demotheſenes.
The cheſt ſo exerciſ'd improves its ſtrength;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The reſtleſs blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter elſe thro' unelaſtic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What poſture ſuits: To ſtand and ſit by turns,
As nature prompts, is beſt. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The reſtleſs mind. For ever on purſuit
Of knowledge bent, it ſtarves the groſſer powers:
Quite unemploy'd, againſt its own repoſe
It turns its fatal edge, and ſharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, ſad nurſe of Care,
To ſickly muſing gives the penſive mind,
There Madneſs enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The ſun grows pale;
A mournful viſionary light o'erſpreads
The chearful face of nature; earth becomes

A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise :
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing ; and with monsters teems
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves ;
And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes, [breast.
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a home to pore upon ;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason : some, for fear of want,
Want all their lives ; and others every day
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.
Ah ! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests : and first the Demon Fear ;
That trembles at impossible events,
Left aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than Fear itself ?

And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?
Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares,
Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's
Appal the fairest hour that life bestows. [womb,
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare [Heaven.
For what may come ; and leave the rest to

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils sprung, the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy : and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.

These chronic Passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infect the soul, admit one only cure ;
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.

Vain are the consolations of the wise ; [pain.
In vain your friends would reason down your
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain !
Court not the luxury of tender thought ;
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful
haunts

Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud ;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the
with

Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field

Where war grows hot ; and, raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul :
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.
Struck by the pow'ful charm, the gloom dis-
In empty air ; Elysium opens round. [solves
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars :
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head : and, as the thund'ring
stream,

Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man :
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes ; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing heart ;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream
Involves you ; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish Port ; you curse the
The felon, with unnatural mixture first [wretch,
Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.
Or on the fugitive Champain you pour
A thousand curses ; for to heav'n it rapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine :
And wish that Heaven from mortals had with-
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls. [held

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts
decay ;

Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transform'd,
They hardly know you ; or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
Despis'd, unwept you fall ; who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name ;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
The

The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he
read,

Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied Man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with
To dissipate their days in quest of joy. [means
Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of faunting Joy
Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: and were the fates more
kind,

Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain,
Rather than teize her fated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquets e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
Buthim the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless Heart betrays the Head unsound.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones
But at his heart the most undaunted son [dare;
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gawdy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness

That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supply'd.)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul;
To shew the virtues in the fairest light;
To make Humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong
he taught

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he
preach'd.

Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as Reason can controul
The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is Hope; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to Life: perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul; [clown,
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer,
(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
May safely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleasures. But, ye finer souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose, [cares.
Nor court too much the Queen of charming
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and powers of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
The genial board: your cheerful days are gone;
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is
To sighs devoted, and to tender pains, [fled.
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,

And

And that fomented into serious love ;
Which musing daily strengthens and improves :
Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body wastes away ; th' infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heaven from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts ! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to Health ; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
And some have died for Love ; and some run
mad ; [slain.

And some with desperate hand themselves have
Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,
Court all they meet ; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of Love amongst an hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful : for there are who find
A cure in this ; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas ! it rather galls
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,
The tender Fancy smarts with every sting,
And what was Love before is Madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim ?
Be temperate still : When Nature bids, obey ;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb :
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose Imagination, spurs you on
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates.
Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Lais melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of soft joys [was !
How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
Grows rapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves
(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues
Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ;
Your vigour pines ; your vital powers decay ;
Diseases haunt you ; and untimely Age
Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious, epicure ! to waste
The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health !
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with Love, or in lascivious flames

Consumes, is with his own consent undone ;
He chuses to be wretched, to be mad ;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy.
For pale and trembling Anger rushes in, [stare ;
With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !
Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,
Envy, or Ignominy, or tender Grief,
Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades.
But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the body thro' unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the Soul ;
As is the Passion, such is still the Pain
The Body feels ; or chronic, or acute.

And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear,
And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous
Is Health, and only fills the sails of life. [fit
For where the Mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a Body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;
A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute ; be cautious if you joke ;
Keep Lent for ever ; and forswear the Bowl.
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched, in an hour.
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own Wrath, nor gives more sudden
blows. [be wrong ;

While Choler works, good friend, you may
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave ;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little ; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well, see as you ought to see,
And wonder at the madness of mankind :
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
The speculation of your wiser hours.
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
With all that urge or lure us on to fate :
What refuge shall we seek, what arms prepare ?
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
To

To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new Passions to your aid :
With Indignation would extinguish Fear,
With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,
And Love with Pride ; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power that sways the
Bids every Passion revel or be still ; [breast ;
Inspires with Rage, or all your Cares dissolves ;
Can sooth Distraction, and almost Despair.

That power is Music : Far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no Passion justly but Contempt :
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong !)
Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts ;
Good Heaven ! we praise them : we, with
loudest peals,

Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ;
And with insipid shew of rapture, die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.

But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire ;
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;

Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In Love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.

Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul. [old
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.

Music exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,
Expels Diseases, softens every Pain,
Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague ;
And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd
One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

§ 134. *The First Book of The Minstrel ; or the Progress of Genius.*

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
afar !

Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war !
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and un-
known !

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of
Fame ;

Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had He, whose simple tale these artless lines
proclaim.

This sapient age disclaims all classic lore ;
Else I should here in cunning phrase display,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey ;
And, from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not yourselves, ye silken sons of pride,
That a poor Wanderer should inspire my strain,
The Muses Fortune's fickle smile deride,
Nor ever bow the knee in Mammon's fane ;
For their delights are with the village-train,
Whom Nature's laws engage, and Nature's
charms :

They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain ;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of wealth
alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn.
While warbling larks on russet pinions float ;
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander
where they will.

Liberal, not lavish is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below :
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow ;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the
eyes.

Then grieve not, thou to whom th' indulgent
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ; [Muse
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd ?
No ; let the heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony resign'd ;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen :
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride.

O how

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her vot'ry yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be
forgiven!

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart;
For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish
scheme,

The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful
dream.— [theme.]

Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed
There liv'd in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose fires, perchance, in Fairyland might
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady; [dwell,
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie:
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent though free;
Patient of toil: serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
[soe'er they went.
Did guide and guard their wanderings, where-
From labour health, from health contentment
springs.

Contentment opens the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
Which chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy;
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a
child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it pass'd,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.
The wight whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this simple pair;

His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and
worth; [mirth.
And one long summer-day of indolence and

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy,
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours star'd, and sigh'd, yet bless'd
the lad: [believ'd him mad.

Some deem'd him wond'rous wise, and some
But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the weary
team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might
yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert
join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms
to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.—
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth,
ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like

Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, length'ning to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulphs, with mountains now
embos'd!

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar
profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

' O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)

' Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy
gloom,

' Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!

' Why do the birds, that song and rapture
brought [flute?]

' To all your bowers, their mansions now for-

' Ah! why has fickle Chance this ruin wrought?

' For now the storm howls mournful through
the brake, [flute.

' And the dead foliage lies in many a shapeless

' Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,

' And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty
crown'd!

' Ah! see, th' unfightly slime, and sluggish pool,

' Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd; [found.

' Fled each fair form, and mute each melting

' The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:

' And hark! the river, bursting every mound,

' Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful
sway, [away.

' Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks

' Yet such the destiny of all on earth:

' So flourishes and fades majestic man.

' Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,

' And fostering gales a while the nursing fan.

' O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,

' Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy

' Nor lessen of his life the little span. [prime,

' Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,

' Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

' And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,

' Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.

' But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,

' Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.

' Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?

' Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?—

' Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,

' And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,

' Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

' Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,

' When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?

' Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,

' Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?

' Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive

' With disappointment, penury, and pain?—
' No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
' And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
' Bright through th' eternal year of Love's tri-
umphant reign.'

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught,
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew;
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue. [view,
' Let man's own sphere (quoth he) confine his
' Be man's peculiar work his sole delight.'
And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

' And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of
' O never, never turn away thine ear. [Woe,
' Forlorn is this bleak wilderness below,
' Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to
' To others do—(the law is not severe)—[hear!
' What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
' Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
' And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
' All human weal and woe learn thou to make
thine own.'

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly!
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And lo! in the dark East, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
Fond fool, that deem'd the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chace thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom
warm, [rage,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's
And Disappointment of her sting disarm.—
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves
expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves and corse pale;
And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song, [along.
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles
Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his intranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of
Night.

Apo

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.—
' But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
' And Innocence thus die by doom severe ?'
O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
But let us hope,——to doubt is to rebel ;——
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.
Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt hath
driven

To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.
Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer-day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend !
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gain say,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages
without end !

One part, one little part, we dimly scan [dream :
Through the dark medium of life's feverish
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem,
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise :
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years,
For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar,
On Fancy's wing, above this vale of tears ;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping,
Through microscope of metaphysic lore : [pore
And much they grope for Truth, but never hit.
For why ? their powers, inadequate before,
This art preposterous renders more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain
blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth,
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social
hearth ;

Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.—
Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at eve, to view
The cloud stupendous from th' Atlantic wave
High towering sail along th' horizon blue :

Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulphs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts
rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array,
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the darkening wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling
thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
Edwin of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly
melancholy !

Is there a heart that Music cannot melt ?
Ah me ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born ?
He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or
mourn,

And delve for life, in Mammon's dirty mine ;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with
glutton swine.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute,
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute ;
Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
For this of time and culture is the fruit ;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale or song, or fable old,
Rous'd him still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury control'd,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms hath
bound ; [sound,
From silent mountains, straight with startling
Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,
The

The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;

Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow.

§ 135. *A Description of a Parish Poor House.*
CRABBE.

THEIR's is yon house that holds the parish poor, [door;
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken
There, where the putrid vapours flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day; [care;
There children dwell who know no parents' Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears, [fears;
And crippled age with more than childhood-
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,

Mixt with the clamours of the croud below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man.
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance

With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease; [dure,
Who with mock patience dire complaints en-
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death? [vides,

Such is that room which one rude beam di-
And naked ratters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,

And lath and mud is all that lie between; [way
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

§ 136. *Description of a Country Apothecary.*
CRABBE.

BUT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat, [walls;
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply he rushes on the door:
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

§ 137. *Description of a Country Clergyman visiting the Sick.*
CRABBE.

BUT ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise;

Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above;
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls;
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah! no, a shepherd of a different flock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd, the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them or to chide;
Sure in his shot, his game he seldom miss,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist;
Then, while such honours bloom around his
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed, [head,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that ev'n the pious feel?

§ 138. *Description of the Poor Man's Funeral.*
CRABBE.

UP yonder hill, behold how sadly flow
The bier moves winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee;
No more, oh! Death, thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer;
No more the farmer gets his humble bow,
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!
Now

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid, and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend;
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relicks of the parish poor:
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight, and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest.

§ 139. *The Reason for describing the Vices of the Village.* CRABBE.

YET why, you ask, these humble crimes relate,
Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
—To show the great, those mightier sons of
How near in vice the lowest are allied; [Pride,
Such are their natures, and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much:
So shall the man of power and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxuriant lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind;
And each in all the kindred vices trace
Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race;
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last.—
And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you reckon great;
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress;
While Sloth with many a pang torments her
slave, [brave.
Fear waits on guilt, and Danger shakes the

§ 140. *Apology for Vagrants.* ANON.

FOR him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy, and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who, then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

§ 141. *Epistle to a young Gentleman, on his leaving Eton School.* By Dr. ROBERTS.

SINCE now a nobler scene awakes thy care,
Since manhood dawning, to fair Granta's
towers,
Where once in life's gay spring I lov'd to roam,
Invites thy willing steps; accept, dear youth,
This parting strain; accept the fervent prayer
Of him, who loves thee with a passion pure
As ever friendship dropp'd in human heart,
The prayer, that he who guides the hand of youth
Thro' all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meandering path, upon thy head
May shower down every blessing, every joy,
Which health, which virtue, and which fame
can give.

Yet think not, I will deign to flatter thee;
Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart to feel a spurious glow
At undeserved praise? Perish the slave
Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul
With vain conceit; whose base ungenerous art
Fawns on the vice, which some with honest hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast.

Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day
When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand
To touch th' accordant strings? From that blest
hour
I've seen thee panting up the hill of fame;
Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,
Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling
eye

Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breast.
Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute, or pealing organ strikes
The well attemper'd ear; sweet is the breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each others hearts;
But nor the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute, or pealing organ strikes
The well attemper'd ear: nor the sweet breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each others heart,
So charm with rapture the raptur'd sense,
As does the voice of well-deserv'd report
Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.

On every object thro' the giddy world
Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,
Fresh is the gloss of newness; look, dear youth,
Oh look, but not admire: O let not these
Rise from thy noble heart the fair records
Which youth and education planted there;
Let not affection's full impetuous tide,
Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd
By selfish cares; nor let the idle jeers
Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself.
When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe,
And feel thy heart at rest? Have I not seen
In thy swollen eye the tear of sympathy,
The milk of human kindness? When didst thou,
With envy rankling, hear a rival praise'd?

T

When

When didst thou slight the wretched? When
The modest humble suit of poverty? [despise
These virtues still be thine; nor ever learn
To look with cold eye on the charities
Of brother, or of parents; think on those [path
Whose anxious care thro' childhood's slippery
Sustain'd thy feeble steps; whose every wish
Is waited still to thee; remember those,
Even in thy heart while memory holds her seat.
And oft as to thy mind thou shalt recall
The sweet companions of thy earliest years,
Mates of thy sport, and rivals in the strife
Of every generous art, remember me.

§ 142. *Dialogue between a Nobleman, in a Dream in which he fancied himself dead, and a dead Beggar, buried by the Side of him. From the FRENCH.*

I DREAMT that, buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
Thus (like a corpse of quality) I cry'd,
' Away! thou scoundrel; henceforth touch
me not;
' More manners learn, and at a distance rot.'
' Thou scoundrel! in a louder tone, cry'd he,
' Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and
thee;
' We're equal now, I'll not an inch resign;
' This is my dunghill, as the next is thine.'

§ 143. *Epigram. By Dr. DODDRIDGE, on his Motto, Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

LIVE while you live, the Epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the present day:
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.—
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee.

Dr. BARNARD having advanced in conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds and other wits, that he thought "no man could improve when he was past the age of forty-five;" Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was in company, immediately turned round to the facetious Dean, and told him that he was an instance to the contrary, for that there was great room for improvement in him (the Dean), "and wished he'd set about it:" upon which, the Dean the next day sent the following elegant Bagatelle to Sir Joshua Reynolds and the same Company.

§ 144. *Verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds and Co. By the Rev. Dr. BARNARD, Dean of Derry.*

I LATELY thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventur'd to assert it;

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

† This alludes to Mr. G's having reversed a few stanzas of a Pindaric ode, upon a gentleman's asserting that all Pindarics might be treated in the same manner, and be equally intelligible. But so far from Mr. G's having the least intention of ridiculing either the Ode or the Author, he had before expressed his approbation of it, without knowing at the time who wrote it.

‡ Made Bishop of Norwich in 1632.

The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true,
That none could controvert it.

"No, Sir," says Johnson, "'tis not so;
That's your mistake, and I can shew
An instance, if you doubt it;
You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve, 'tis not too late,
I with you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
Which way I should apply it;
Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach?
And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill,
You can inform me if you will,
(My books are at a distance.)
With you I'll live and learn, and then,
Instead of books, I shall read men,
So lend me your assistance.

Dear * Knight of Plympton, teach me how
To suffer, with unruffled brow,
And smile serene like thine,
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
By studious imitation:
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy, till I make thee mine,
By constant application.

The art of pleasing, teach me, Garrick,
Thou †, who reverest Odes Pindaric,
A second time read o'er;
Oh! could we read thee backward too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
Gibbons shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow'd grace;
From him I'll learn to write;
Copy his clear familiar style,
And, from the roughness of his file,
Grow like himself—polite.

§ 145. *Bishop CORBET ‡ to his Son Vincent Corbet, two Years of Age.*

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish you well;

I wish

I wish thee, Vin. before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health :
Not too much wealth nor wit come to thee—
Too much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know ;
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table and at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at Court,
Not to build on, but support ;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days ;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

§ 146. *Extract from Mason's English Garden.*

NOR is that Cot, of which fond Fancy draws
This casual picture, alien from our theme.
Revisit it at morn ; its opening latch,
Tho' Penury and Toil within reside,
Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny [dower
Glowing with health and beauty : (such the
Of equal Heav'n) see how the ruddy tribe
Throng round the threshold, and, with vacant
Salute thee; call the loiterers into use, [gaze,
And form of these thy fence, the living fence
That graces what it guards. Thou think'st,
perchance,
That, skill'd in nature's heraldry, thy art
Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June
Spreads its peculiar crimson; do not err,
The loveliest still is wanting, the fresh rose
Of Innocence, it blossoms on their cheek,
And, lo, to thee they bear it ! striving each,
In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas !
Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs
Are shapely ; their rude locks start from their
Yet on that open brow, its dearest throne, [brow,
Sits sweet Simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop
In such a russet garb as best befits
Their pastoral office ; let the leathern scrip [steel,
Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with
And braid their hat with rushes, then to each
Assign his station ; at the close of eve,
Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
Their care to set them free ; yet watching still
The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog
Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads ;
They bask on sunny hillocks, or disport
In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace,
Which only lives in action unrestrain'd,
To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm.

§ 147. *Sonnet by Mr. WARTON, To the River London.*

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders
crown'd, [ground,
And thought my way was all through fairy
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun :
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun,
While pensive memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between ;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the
scene. [pure
Sweet native stream ! whose skies and suns so
No more return, to cheer my evening road !
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime
mature ;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbeflow'd—

§ 148. *Verses by the late Earl of CHATHAM, to David Garrick, Esq. when on a Visit some years ago at Mount Edgumbe.*

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly
gay,
Docks, forts, and navies bright'ning all the bay :
To my plain roof repair, primæval seat !
Yet there no wonders your quick eyes can meet,
Save should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind ;
A Statesman without pow'r, and without gall,
Hating no Courtiers, happier than them all ;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Vot'ry alone to freedom and the laws ;
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And, interspers'd, an heart-enlivening train
Of sportive children frolic o'er the green ;
Mean time pure love looks on and consecrates
the scene.
Come then, immortal spirit of the Stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of ev'ry age ;
Come, taste the simple life of Patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of
pomp or gold.

§ 149. *From HAYLEY's Epistle to a Painter.*

THINK not, my friend, with supercilious air,
I rank the portrait as beneath thy care.
Blest be the pencil ! which from death can save
The semblance of the virtuous, wife, and brave ;
That youth and emulation still may gaze
On those inspiring forms of ancient days,
And from the force of bright example bold,
Rival their worth, " and be what they behold."
Blest be the pencil whose consoling pow'r,
Soothing soft Friendship in her pensive hour,
Dispels the cloud, with melancholy fraught,
That absence throws upon her tender thought.
Blest be the pencil ! whose enchantment gives
To wounded Love the food on which he lives.
Rich in this gift tho' cruel ocean bear
The youth to exile from his faithful fair, [cheek,
He in fond dreams hangs o'er her glowing
Still owns her present, and still hears her speak :
Oh !

Oh! Love, it was thy glory to impart
 Its infant being to this sweetest art!
 Inspir'd by thee, the soft Corinthian maid
 Her graceful lover's sleeping form portray'd:
 Her boding heart his near departure knew,
 Yet long'd to keep his image in her view.
 Pleas'd she beheld the steady shadow fall,
 By the clear lamp upon the even wall.
 The line she trac'd, with fond precision true,
 And, drawing, doated on the form she drew:
 Nor, as she glow'd with no forbidden fire,
 Conceal'd the simple picture from her fire;
 His kindred fancy, still to nature just,
 Copied her line, and form'd the mimic bust.
 Thus from thy inspiration, Love, we trace
 The modell'd image, and the pencil'd face!

When Britain triumph'd, thro' her wide
 domain,
 O'er France, supported by imperious Spain,
 And, fated with her laurels' large increase,
 Began to cultivate the plants of Peace;
 Fixt by kind Majesty's protecting hand,
 Painting, no more an alien in our land,
 First smil'd to see, on this propitious ground,
 Her temples open'd, and her altars crown'd:
 And Grace, the first attendant of her train,
 She, whom Apelles wooed, nor wooed in vain,
 To Reynolds gives her undulating line,
 And judgment doats upon his chaste design.
 Tho' Envy whispers in the ear of Spleen,
 What thoughts are borrow'd in his perfect scene,
 And with glee marks them on her canker'd
 scroll,
 Malicious friend! twas thus that Virgil stole,
 To the bright image gave a brighter gloss,
 Or turn'd to purest gold the foreign dross.
 Excelling artist! long delight the eye!
 Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly,
 Britain shall then her own Apelles see,
 And all the Grecian shall revive in thee.
 Thy manly spirit glories to impart
 The leading principles of lib'ral art;
 To youthful genius points what course to run,
 What lights to follow, and what rocks to shun:
 So Orpheus taught by Learning's heavenly sway
 To daring Argonauts their doubtful way,
 And mark'd, to guide them in their bold career,
 Th' unerring glories of the starry sphere.
 Thy hand enforces what thy precept taught,
 And gives new lessons of exalted thought,
 Thy nervous pencil on the canvass throws
 The tragic story of sublimest woes: [tear,
 The wretched sons, whom grief and famine
 The parent petrified with blank despair,
 Thy Ugolino gives the heart to thrill [chill.
 With Pity's tender throbs, and Horror's icy

§ 150. *On her Majesty's rebuilding the Lodgings of the Black Prince, and Henry V. at Queen's College, Oxford.* TICKELL.

WHERE bold and graceful soars, secure of
 fame,
 The pile, now worthy great Philippa's name,

Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth,
 Where the Black Edward pais'd his beardless
 youth;
 And the Fifth Henry, for his first renown,
 Out-stripp'd each rival, in a student's gown.
 In that coarse age were Princes fond to dwell
 With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell:
 Sent from the Monarch's to the Muse's court,
 Their meals were frugal, and their sleeps were
 short;
 To couch at curfew-time they thought no scorn,
 And froze at matins every winter-morn;
 They read, an early book, the starry frame,
 And hush'd each constellation by its name;
 Art after art, still dawning to their view,
 And their mind opening, as their stature grew.
 Yet, whose ripe manhood spread our fame to
 Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war! [far,
 Who, stern in fight, made echoing Cressi ring,
 And, mild in conquest, serv'd his captive King?
 Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays,
 Nor took himself, but gave good Heaven the
 praise? [form'd:
 Thy nurselings, ancient dome! to virtue
 To mercy listening, whilst in fields they storm'd;
 Fierce to the fierce; and warm th' oppress to
 save; [grave.
 Through life rever'd, and worship'd in the
 In tenfold pride their mouldering roofs shall
 shine,
 The stately work of bounteous Caroline;
 And blest Philippa, with unenvious eyes,
 From Heaven behold her rival's fabric rise,
 If still, bright faint, this spot deserves thy care,
 Incline thee to th' ambitious Muse's prayer:
 O, could'st thou win young William's bloom
 to grace
 His mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,
 How would that genius, whose propitious wings
 Have here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings,
 Descend triumphant to his ancient seat,
 And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

§ 151. *From an Elegy on the Death of Captain Cook, by Miss SEWARD.*

YE, who 'ere while for Cook's illustrious
 brow
 Pluck'd the green laurel, and the oaken bough,
 Hung the gay garlands on the trophied oars,
 And pour'd his fame along a thousand shores,
 Strike the slow death-bell!—weave the sa-
 cred verse,
 And strew the cypress o'er his honour'd hearse;
 In sad procession wander round the shrine,
 And weep him mortal, whom ye sung divine!
 Say first, what Pow'r inspir'd his dauntless
 breast
 With scorn of danger, and inglorious rest,
 To quit imperial London's gorgeous plains,
 Where, rob'd in thousand tints, bright Plea-
 sure reigns;
 In cups of summer-ice her nectar pours,
 And twines 'mid wintry snows her roseate
 bow'rs &

Where

Where beauty moves with undulating grace,
Calls the sweet blush to wanton o'er her face,
On each fond youth her soft artillery tries,
Aims her light smile, and rolls her frolic eyes?
What Pow'r inspir'd his dauntless breast to brave

The scorch'd Equator, and th' Antarctic wave?
Climes, where fierce suns with cloudless ardour shine,

And pour the dazzling deluge round the Line;
The realms of frost, where icy mountains rise,
'Mid the pale summer of the polar skies?

It was Humanity!—on coasts unknown,
The shiv'ring natives of the frozen zone,
And the swart Indian, as he faintly strays
“Where Cancer reddens in the solar blaze,”
She bade him seek;—on each inclement shore
Plant the rich seeds of her exhaustless store;
Unite the savage hearts, and hostile hands,
In the firm compact of her gentle bands;
Strew her soft comforts o'er the barren plain,
Sing her sweet lays, and consecrate her fane.

It was Humanity!—O Nymph divine!
I see thy light step print the burning Line!
There thy bright eye the dubious pilot guides,
The faint oar struggling with the scalding tides.—

On as thou lead'st the bold, the glorious prow,
Mild, and more mild, the sloping sun-beams glow;

Now weak and pale the less'n'd lustres play,
As round th' horizon rolls the timid day;
Barb'd with the fleeted snow, the driving hail,
Rush the fierce arrows of the polar gale;
And thro' the dim, unvaried, ling'ring hours,
Wide o'er the waves incumbent horror low'rs.

And now antarctic Zealand's drear domain
Frowns, and overhangs th' inhospitable main.
On it's chill beach this dove of human-kind
For his long-wandering foot short rest shall find,

Bear to the coast the * olive-branch in vain,
And quit on wearied wing the hostile plain.—
With jealous low'r the frowning natives view
The stately vessel, and th' advent'rous crew;
Nor fear the brave, nor emulate the good,
But scowl with savage thirst of human blood!

And yet there were, who in this iron clime
Soar'd o'er the herd on Virtue's wing sublime;
Rever'd the stranger-guest, and smiling strove
To soothe his stay with hospitable love;

* *The olive-branch.*—“To carry a green branch in the hand on landing, is a pacific signal, universally understood by all the islanders in the South Seas.”

† *And name exchang'd.*—The exchange of names is a pledge of amity among these islanders, and was frequently proposed by them to Captain Cook and his people; so also is the joining noses.

‡ *His living store.*—Captain Cook left various kinds of animals upon this coast, together with garden-seeds, &c. The Zealanders had hitherto subsisted upon fish, and such coarse vegetables as their climate produced; and this want of better provision, it is supposed, induced them to the horrid practice of eating human flesh.

§ *Walls of coral.*—The coral rocks are described as rising perpendicularly from the greatest depths of the ocean, inasmuch that the sounding-line could not reach their bottom; and yet they were but just covered with water.—These rocks are now found to be fabricated by sea-insects.

¶ *And sleepless Patience.*—“We had now passed several months with a man constantly in the chains heaving the lead.”

Fann'd in full confidence the friendly flame,
Join'd plighted hands, and † name exchang'd
for name.

To these the Hero leads † his living store,
And pours new wonders on th' uncultur'd shore;

The silky fleece, fair fruit, and golden grain;
And future herds and harvests bless the plain.
O'er the green soil his Kids exulting play,
And sounds his clarion loud the Bird of day;
The downy Goose her ruffled bosom laves,
Trims her white wing, and wantons in the waves;

Stern moves the Bull along th' affrighted shores,
And countless nations tremble as he roars.

Now the warm solstice o'er the shining bay,
Darts from the north its mild meridian ray;
Again the Chief invokes the rising gale,
And spreads again in desert seas the sail;
O'er dangerous shoals his steady steerage keeps,
O'er ‖ walls of coral, ambush'd in the deeps;
Strong Labour's hands the crackling cordage twine, [line.

And § sleepless Patience heaves the sounding-

§ 152. *On the Love of our Country. Spoken in the Theatre as the Prize Poem at Oxford,*

1772. By the Rev. CHRIST. BUTSON.

Εἰς οἶκον ἀπὸς ἀμνηστίας πρὸς πατρίδα.

YE souls illustrious, who in days of yore
With peerless might the British target bore,

Who, clad in wolf-skin, from the scythed car
Frown'd on the iron brow of mailed war,
And dar'd your rudely-painted limbs oppose
To Chalybean steel and Roman foes!

And ye of later age, tho' not less fame
In Tilt and Tournament, the princely game
Of Arthur's barons, wont by hardiest sport
To claim the fairest guerdon of the court;
Say, holy shades, did e'er your generous blood
Roll thro' your faithful sons in nobler flood,
Than late, when George bade gird on every
The myrtle-braided sword of liberty? [thigh

Say, when the high-born Druids magic strain
Rous'd on old Mona's top a female train
To madness, and with more than mortal rage
Bade them, like furies, in the fight engage;
Frantic when each unbound her bristling hair,
And shook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild despair;

Or when on Cressy's field the fable might
Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight;
Say, holy Shades, did patriotic heat
In your big hearts with quicker transports beat;
Than in your sons, when forth, like storms,
they pour'd

In Freedom's cause the fury of the sword;
Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
With Hawke, who conquer'd, or with Wolfe,
who bled?

Poor is his triumph, and disgrac'd his name,
Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or
fame;

For him tho' wealth be blown on every wind,
Tho' Fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
Tho' twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade.

For him no prayers are pour'd, no pæans sung,
No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue;
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier:

The curse of Orphans, and the Widow's tear,
Cry to high Heaven for vengeance on his head,
Alive, deserted, and accurs'd, when dead.

Indignant of his deeds the Muse who sings
Undaunted truth, and scorns to flatter kings,
Shall shew the monster in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake or a storm.

Not so the patriot Chief who dar'd withstand
The base invader of his native land,

Who made her weal his noblest, only end,
Rul'd but to serve her, fought but to defend;
Her voice in council, and in war her sword,

Lov'd as her father, as her God ador'd;
Who firmly virtuous and severely brave,

Sunk with the freedom that he could not save;
On worth like his the Muse delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph and defeat,

Crowns with true glory and with spotless fame,
And honours Paoli more than Frederick's
name. [tain'd veil,

Here let the Muse withdraw the blood-
And shew the boldest trait of public zeal.

Lo! Sydney pleading o'er the block—his mien,
His voice, his hand, unshaken, clear, serene:

Yet no harangue proudly declaim'd aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward croud;

No specious vaunt Death's terrors to defy,
Still Death deferring as afraid to dye;

But sternly silent down he bows, to prove
How firm his virtuous, tho' mistaken, Love.

Unconquer'd Patriot! form'd by antient lore,
The love of ancient freedom to restore;

Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And seal'd by Death the lesson that he taught.

Dear is the tie that links the anxious fire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire:

Dear is the love that prompts the generous
youth,

His fire's fond cares and drooping age to sooth;
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife,

Dear all the charities of social life:

Nor wants firm friendship holy wreaths to bind
In mutual sympathy the faithful mind:

But not th' endearing springs that fondly
To filial duty or parental love, [move

Nor all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
Nor all in Friendship's holy wreaths entwin'd,

Are half so dear, so potent to controul
The generous workings of the patriot soul,

As is that holy voice that cancels all
Those ties, that bids him for his country fall.

At this high summons with undaunted zeal
He bares his breast; invites th' impending
steel:

Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one sigh for all he leaves below.

Nor yet doth Glory, tho' her port be bold,
Her aspect radiant and her tresses gold,

Guide thro' the walks of Death alone her car,
Attendant only on the din of war:

She ne'er disdains the gentle vale of peace,
Or olive shades of philosophic ease; [rejoice,

Where Heaven-taught minds to woo the muse
Create in colours, or with sounds transport;

More pleas'd on Isis' silent marge to roam,
Than bear in pomp the spoils of Minden home.

To read with Newton's ken the starry sky,
And God the same in all his orbs descry;

To lead forth Merit from her humble shade;
Extend to rising arts a patron's aid;

Build the nice structure of the generous law,
That holds the free-born mind in willing awe,

To swell the sail of trade—the barren plain
To bid with fruitage blush, and wave with
grain;

O'er pale Misfortune drop with anxious sigh
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye;

These, these are deeds Britannia must approve,
Must nurse their growth with all a parent's
love;

These are the deeds that Public Virtue owns,
And, just to Public Virtue, Glory crowns.—

§ 153. *Extract from the Ode to John Howard,*
Esq. Author of the State of English and Fo-
reign Prisons; by W. HAYLEY.

HAIL! generous Howard! tho' thou bear

A name which Glory's hand sublime
Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,

In characters that fear not Time;
For thee she fondly spreads her wings;

For thee from Paradise she brings,
More verdant than her laurel bough,

Such wreaths of sacred Palm, as ne'er till now
The smiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal
brow.

I see the hallow'd shade of Hales*,
Who felt like thee, for human woe,

And taught the health-diffusing gales
Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,

* Stephen Hales, minister of Teddington: he died at the age of 84, 1761; and has been justly called
"An ornament to his profession as a clergyman, and to his country as a philosopher." I had the hap-
piness of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young; and well remember the warm glow of
benevolence

As thy protecting angel wait;
To save thee from the snares of Fate,
Commission'd from the Eternal Throne:
I hear him praise, in wonder's warmest tone,
The virtues of thy heart, more active than his
own.

Thy soul supplies new funds of health
That fail not in the trying hour,
Above Arabia's spicy wealth,
And Pharmacy's reviving power.
The transports of the generous mind,
Feeling its bounty to mankind,
Inspire every mortal part;
And, far more potent than precarious art,
Give radiance to the eye, and vigour to the
heart.

Nature! on thy maternal breast
For ever be his worth engrav'd!
Thy bosom only can attest
How many a life his toil has sav'd:
Nor in thy rescued Sons alone,
Great Parent! this thy guardian own!
His arm defends a dearer slave;
Woman, thy darling! 'tis his pride to save †
From evils that surpass the horrors of the grave.

Ye sprightly nymphs, by fortune nurs'd,
Who sport in Joy's unclouded air,
Nor see the distant storms, that burst
In ruin on the humble Fair;
Ye know not to what bitter smart
A kindred form, a kindred heart,
Is often doom'd, in life's low vale,
Where frantic fears the simple mind assail,
And fierce afflictions press, and friends and
fortune fail.

His Care, exulting Britain found
Here first display'd, not here confin'd!
No single tract of earth could bound
The active virtues of his mind.
To all the lands, where'er the tear,
That mourn'd the Prisoner's wrongs severe,
Sad Pity's glist'ning cheek impearl'd,
Eager he steer'd, with every sail unfurl'd,
A friend to every clime! a Patriot of the World!

Venations thro' whose fair domain
Our flying sons of joy have past,
By Pleasure driven with a loosen'd rein,
Astonish'd that they flew so fast!

benevolence which used to animate his countenance, in relating the success of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleasure on the fortunate incident which led him to the discovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded.—He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms; his carpenter not having prepared the work so soon as he expected, he thought the season improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his house, and gave orders for their being deposited in his barn;—from their accidental position in that place, he caught his first idea of this useful invention.

† Mr. Howard has been the happy instrument of preserving female prisoners from an infamous and indecent outrage.—It was formerly a custom in our jails to load their legs and thighs with irons, for the detestable purpose of extorting money from these injured sufferers.—This circumstance, unknown to me when the Ode was written, has tempted me to introduce the few additional stanzas, as it is my ardent wish to render this tribute to an exalted character as little unworthy as I can of the very extensive and sublime merit which it aspires to celebrate.

How did the heart-improving sight
Awake your wonder and delight,
When, in her unexampled chace,
Philanthropy outstript keen Pleasure's pace,
When with a warmer soul she ran a nobler
race!

Sweet is the joy when Science flings
Her light on philosophic thought;
When Genius, with keen ardor, springs
To clasp the lovely truth he sought:
Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
Flows from the spirit of the lyre;
When Liberty and Virtue roll
Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,
That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the
pole.

Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
Feels Consolation's lenient hand
Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
With Friendship's life-supporting band!
And sweeter still, and far above
These fainter joys, when purest Love
The soul his willing captive keeps!
When he in bliss the melting spirit sleeps,
Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that
he weeps!

But not the brightest joy which Arts,
In floods of mental light, bestow;
Nor what firm Friendship's zeal imparts,
Blest antidote of bitterest woe!
Nor those that Love's sweet hours dispense,
Can equal the ecstatic sense,
When, swelling to a fond excess,
The grateful praises of relieved distress, [blefs.
Re-echoed thro' the heart, the soul of Bounty

§ 154. *Characters of Sallust and Livy. From
HAYLEY'S Essay on History.*

BUT Rome's proud Genius, with exulting
claim,
Points to her rivals of the Grecian name!
Sententious Sallust leads her lofty train;
Clear, tho' concise, elaborately plain,
Poling his scale of words with frugal care,
Nor leaving one superfluous atom there.
Yet well displaying, in a narrow space, [grace;
Truth's native strength, and Nature's early
Skill'd to detect, in tracing Action's course,
The hidden motive, and the human source.

T 4 *guy bar yeg yeg yeg and His*

His lucid brevity the palm has won,
 By Rome's decision, from Olorus-Son.
 Of mightier spirit, of majestic frame,
 With powers proportion'd to the Roman fame,
 When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings
 unfurl'd, [world,
 And shadow'd with his plumes the subject
 In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might
 own,
 Sublimed Livy claims th' Historic throne;
 With that rich Eloquence, whose golden light
 Brings the full scene distinctly to the sight;
 That Zeal for Truth, which Interest cannot
 bend,
 That Fire, which Freedom ever gives her friend.
 Immortal artist of a work supreme!
 Delighted Rome beheld, with proud esteem,
 Her own bright image, of colossal size,
 From thy long toils in purest marble rise.
 But envious time, with a malignant stroke,
 This sacred statue into fragments broke;
 In Lethe's stream its nobler portions sunk,
 And left Futurity the wounded trunk.
 Yet, like the matchless, mutilated frame,
 To which great Angelo bequeath'd his name,
 This glorious ruin, in whose strength we find
 The splendid vigour of the Sculptor's mind,
 In the fond eye of Admiration still
 Rivals the finish'd forms of modern skill.

§ 155. *On Biography, and the Character of Plutarch. From the same.*

O BLEST Biography! thy charms of yore
 Historic Truth to strong Affection bore,
 And fostering Virtue gave thee as thy dower,
 Of both thy parents the attractive power;
 To win the heart, the wavering thought to fix,
 And fond delight with wise instruction mix.
 First of thy votaries, peerless, and alone,
 Thy Plutarch shines, by moral beauty known;
 Enchanting Sage! whose living lessons teach
 What heights of Virtue human efforts reach.
 Tho' oft thy Pen, eccentrically wild,
 Ramble, in Learning's various maze beguill'd;
 Tho' in thy Style no brilliant graces shine,
 Nor the clear conduct of correct Design,
 Thy every page is uniformly bright
 With mild Philanthropy's diviner light.
 Of gentlest manners, as of mind elate,
 Thy happy Genius had the glorious fate
 To regulate, with Wisdom's soft controul,
 The strong ambition of a Trajan's soul.
 But O! how rare benignant Virtue springs
 In the blank bosom of despotic kings!

§ 156. *Character of Froissart. From the same.*

YET Courtesy, with generous Valour join'd,
 Fair Twins of Chivalry! rejoic'd to find
 A faithful Chronicler in plain Froissart;
 As rich in honesty as void of art.
 As the young Peasant, led by spirits keen
 To some great city's gay and gorgeous scene,

Returning, with increase of proud delight,
 Dwells on the various splendor of the sight;
 And gives his tale, tho' told in terms uncouth,
 The charm of Nature, and the force of Truth,
 Tho' rude engaging; such thy simple page
 Seems, O Froissart! to this enlighten'd age.
 Proud of their spirit, in thy writings shewn,
 Fair Faith and Honour mark thee for their own;
 Tho' oft the dupe of those delusive times,
 Thy Genius, foster'd with romantic rhymes,
 Appears to play the legendary Bard,
 And trespass on the truth it meant to guard.
 Still shall thy name, with lasting glory, stand
 High on the list of that advent'rous band,
 Who, bidding History speak a modern tongue,
 From her cramp'd hand the Monkish fetters
 flung,
 While yet depress'd in Gothic night she lay,
 Nor saw th' approaching dawn of Attic day.

§ 157. *Character of Father Paul. From the same.*

SARPI, blest name! from every foible clear,
 Not more to Science than to Virtue dear.
 Thy pen, thy life, of equal praise secure!
 Both wisely bold, and both sublimely pure!
 That Freedom bids me on thy merits dwell,
 Whose radiant form illum'd thy letter'd cell;
 Who to thy hand the noblest task assign'd,
 That earth can offer to a heavenly mind:
 With Reason's arms to guard invaded laws,
 And guide the pen of Truth in Freedom's
 cause.

Too firm of heart at Danger's cry to stoop,
 Nor Lucre's slave, nor vain Ambition's dupe,
 Through length of days invariably the same,
 Thy country's liberty thy constant aim!
 For this thy spirit dar'd th' Assassin's knife,
 That with repeated guilt pursu'd thy life;
 For this thy fervent and unwearied care
 Form'd, ev'n in death, thy patriotic prayer,
 And, while his shadows on thine eye-lids hung,
 "Be it immortal!" trembled on thy tongue.

§ 158. *Character of Voltaire. From the same.*

THO' Pontiffs execrate, and Kings betray,
 Let not this fate your generous warmth
 allay,
 Ye kindred worthies! who still dare to wield
 Reason's keen sword, and Toleration's shield,
 In climes where Persecution's iron mace
 Is rais'd to massacre the human race!
 The heart of Nature will your virtue feel,
 And her immortal voice reward your zeal:
 First in her praise her fearless champions live,
 Crown'd with the noblest palms that earth can
 give.
 Firm in this band, who to her aid advance,
 And high amid th' historic sons of France,
 Delighted Nature saw, with partial care,
 The lively vigour of the gay Voltaire;
 And fondly gave him, with Anacreon's fire,
 To throw the hand of Age across the lyre:

But

But mute that vary'd voice, which pleas'd so long!

Th' Historian's tale is clos'd, the Poet's song!
Within the narrow tomb behold him lie,
Who fill'd so large a space in Learning's eye!
Thou Mind unweary'd! thy long toils are o'er;
Censure and Praise can touch thy ear no more:
Still let me breathe with just regret thy name,
Lament thy foibles, and thy powers proclaim!

On the wide sea of Letters 'twas thy boast
To croud each sail, and touch at every coast:
From that rich deep how often hast thou
brought [Thought!

The pure and precious pearls of splendid
How didst thou triumph on that subject-tide,
Till Vanity's wild gust, and stormy Pride,
Drove thy strong bark, in evil hour, to split
Upon the fatal rock of impious Wit!
But be thy failings cover'd by thy tomb!
And guardian laurels o'er thy ashes bloom!

From the long annals of the world thy art,
With chemic process, drew the richer part;
To Hist'ry gave a philosophic air,
And made the interest of mankind her care;
Pleas'd her grave brow with garlands to adorn,
And from the rose of Knowledge strip the thorn.

Thy lively Eloquence, in prose, in verse,
Still keenly bright, and elegantly terse,
Flames with bold spirit; yet is idly rash:
Thy promis'd light is oft a dazzling flash:
Thy wisdom verges to sarcastic sport,
Satire thy joy! and ridicule thy forte!
But the gay Genius of the Gallic soil,
Shrinking from solemn tasks of serious toil,
Thro' every scene his playful air maintains,
And in the light Memoir unrival'd reigns.
Thy Wits, O France! (as e'en thy Critics
Support not History's majestic tone; [own)
They, like thy Soldiers, want, in feats of
The persevering soul of British strength [length,

§ 159. *Characters of Camden, Rawleigh, Clarendon, Burnet, Rapin, Hume, Lyttelton. From the same.*

HAIL to thee, Britain! hail! delightful land!

I spring with filial joy to reach thy strand:
And thou! blest nourisher of Souls, sublime
As e'er immortaliz'd their native clime,
Rich in poetic treasures, yet excuse
The trivial offering of an humble Muse,
Who pants to add, with fears by love o'ercome,
Her mite of Glory to thy countless sum!
With varied colours, of the richest die,
Fame's brilliant banners o'er thy offspring fly:
In native Vigour bold, by Freedom led,
No path of honour have they fail'd to tread:
But while they wisely plan, and bravely dare,
Their own achievements are their latest care.
Tho' Camden, rich in Learning's various store,
Sought in Tradition's mine Truth's genuine
ore,

The waste of Hist'ry lay in lifeless shade,
Tho' Rawleigh's piercing eye that world sur-
vey'd.

Tho' mightier names there cast a casual glance,
They seem'd to saunter round the field by
chance,

Till Clarendon arose, and in the hour
When civil Discord wak'd each mental power,
With brave desire to reach this distant goal,
Strain'd all the vigour of his manly soul.
Nor Truth, nor Freedom's injur'd Powers, allow
A wreath unspotted to his haughty brow:
Friendship's firm spirit still his fame exalts,
With sweet atonement for his lesser faults.
His pomp of phrase, his period of a mile,
And all the maze of his bewilder'd style,
Illum'd by warmth of heart no more offend:
What cannot Taste forgive, in Falkland's
friend?

Nor flow his praises from this single source;
One province of his art displays his force:
His Portraits boast, with features strongly like,
The soft precision of the clear Vandyke:
Tho', like the Painter, his faint talents yield,
And sink embarrass'd in the Epic field.
Yet shall his labours long adorn our isle,
Like the proud glories of some Gothic pile:
They, tho' constructed by a Bigot's hand,
Nor nicely finish'd, nor correctly plann'd,
With solemn majesty, and pious gloom,
An awful influence o'er the mind assume;
And from the alien eyes of every sect
Attract observance, and command respect.

In following years, when thy great name,
Nassau!

Stamp'd the blest deed of Liberty and Law;
When clear, and guiltless of Oppression's rage,
There rose in Britain an Augustan age,
And cluster'd Wits, by emulation bright,
Diffus'd o'er Anna's reign their mental light;
That constellation seem'd, tho' strong its flame,
To want the splendor of Historic fame:
Yet Burnet's page may lasting glory hope,
Howe'er insulted by the spleen of Pope.
Tho' his rough language haste and warmth
With ardent honesty of soul he wrote; [denote,
Tho' critic censures on his work may shower,
Like Faith, his freedom has a saving power.

Nor shalt thou want, Rapin! thy well-
earn'd praise,

The sage Polybius thou of modern days!
Thy sword, thy pen, have both thy name en-
dear'd;

This join'd our arms, and that our story clear'd:
Thy foreign hand discharg'd th' Historian's
Unsway'd by Party, and to Freedom just. [trust,
To letter'd Fame we own thy fair pretence,
From patient Labour, and from candid Sense.
Yet public Favour, ever hard to fix,
Flew from thy page, as heavy and prolix.
For soon, emerging from the Sophist's school,
With Spirit eager, yet with Judgment cool,
With subtle skill to steal upon applause,
And give false vigour to the weaker cause;

To paint a specious scene with nicest art,
Retouch the whole, and varnish every part;
Graceful in Style, in Argument acute;
Master of every trick in keen Dispute! [tale,
With these strong powers to form a winning
And hide Deceit in Moderation's veil,
High on the pinnacle of Fashion plac'd,
Hume shone the idol of Historic Taste.
Already, pierc'd by Freedom's searching rays,
The waxen fabric of his fame decays.—
Think not, keen Spirit! that these hands pre-
sume

To tear each leaf of laurel from thy tomb!
These hands! which, if a heart of human frame
Could stoop to harbour that ungenerous aim,
Would shield thy grave, and give, with guar-
dian care,

Each type of Eloquence to flourish there!
But public Love commands the painful task,
From the pretended Sage to strip the mask,
When his false tongue, averse to Freedom's
Profanes the spirit of her ancient laws. [cause,
As Asia's soothing opiate drugs, by stealth,
Shake every slacken'd nerve, and sap the health;
Thy writings thus, with noxious charms refin'd,
Seeming to sooth its ills, unnerve the mind.
While the keen cunning of thy hand pretends
To strike alone at Party's abject ends, [feel,
Our hearts more free from Faction's weeds we
But they have lost the flower of Patriot zeal.
Wdd as thy feeble Metaphysic page,
Thy Hist'ry rambles into Sceptic rage;
Whose giddy and fantastic dreams abuse
A Hampden's Virtue, and a Shakespeare's
Muse.

With purer spirit, free from party strife,
To sooth his evening hour of honour'd life,
See candid Lyttelton at length unfold
The deeds of liberty in days of old!
Fond of the theme, and narrative with age,
He winds the lengthen'd tale thro' many a
page;
But there the beams of Patriot Virtue shine;
There Truth and Freedom sanctify the line,
And laurels, due to Civil Wisdom, shield
This noble Nestor of th' Historic field.

The living names, who there display their
power,
And give its glory to the present hour,
I pass with mute regard; in fear to fail,
Weighing their worth in a suspected scale;
Thy right, posterity! I sacred hold,
To fix the stamp on literary gold;
Blest! if this lighter ore, which I prepare
For thy supreme Assay, with anxious care,
Thy current sanction unimpeach'd enjoy,
As only tinctur'd with a slight alloy!

§ 160. *Extract from The Triumphs of Tem-
per, a Poem, by Mr. HAYLEY.*

SCARCE had her radiant eyes began to close,
When to her view a friendly vision rose:

A fairy Phantom struck her mental sight,
Light as the gossamer, as æther bright;
Array'd like Pallas was the pigmy form,
When the sage Goddess stills the martial storm.
Her casque was amber, richly grac'd above
With down, collected from the callow dove;
Her burnish'd breast-plate, of a deeper dye,
Was once the armour of a golden fly;
A lynx's eye her little ægis shone,
By fairy spells converted into stone,
And worn of old, as elfin poets sing,
By Ægypt's lovely queen, a favourite ring;
Mysterious power was in the magic toy,
To turn the frowns of care to smiles of joy.
Her tiny lance, whose radiance stream'd afar,
Was one bright sparkle from the bridal star.
A filmy mantle round her figure play'd,
Fine as the texture, by Arachne laid [view
O'er some young plant, when glittering to the
With many an orient pearl of morning dew.
The Phantom hover'd o'er the conscious Fair
With such a lively smile of tender care,
As on her elfin lord Titania cast,
When first she found his angry spell was past.
Round her rich locks Serena chanc'd to tie
An ample ribband of cerulean dye:
High o'er her forehead rose the graceful bow,
Whose arch commanded the sweet scene below:
The hovering Spirit view'd the tempting spot,
And lightly perch'd on his unbending knot:
As the fair flutterer, of Psyche's race,
Is seen to terminate her airy chase, [to close,
When, pleas'd at length her quivering wings
Fondly she settles on the fragrant rose.

Now in soft notes, more musically clear
Than ever Fairy breath'd in mortal ear,
These words the visionary voice convey'd
To the charm'd spirit of the sleeping maid:

“Thou darling of my care, whose ripen'd
worth

Shall spread my empire o'er the smiling earth;
Whom Nature blest, forbidding modish Art
To cramp thy spirit, or contract thy heart;
Screen'd from thy thought, nor in thy visions
felt,

Long on thy opening mind I've fondly dwelt;
In childhood's sorrows brought thee quick
relief,

And dry'd thy April showers of infant grief;
Taught thee to laugh at the malicious boy,
Who broke thy playthings with a barbarous joy,
To bear what ills the little Female haunt,
The testy nurse, th' imperious governante,
And that tyrannic pest, the prying maiden
aunt.

Now ripening years a nobler scene supply;
For life now opens on thy sparkling eye:
Thy rising bosom swells with just desire
Rapture to feel, and rapture to inspire;
Not the vain blis, the transitory joys,
That childish woman feels in radiant toys;
The costly diamond, or the lighter pearl,
The massive Nabob, or the tinsel Earl.

Thy heart demands, each meaner aim above,
Th' imperishable wealth of sterling love;
Thy wish, to please by every softer grace
Of elegance and ease, of form and face!
By lively fancy and by sense refin'd,
The stronger magic of the cultur'd mind!
Thy pure ambition, and thy virtuous plan,
To fix the variable heart of man!
Short is the worship paid at Beauty's shrine;
But lasting love and happiness are mine:
Mine, tho' the earth's mistaken, blinded race
Despise my influence, and my name debase;
Nor breathe one vow to that ætherial friend,
On whom the colours of their life depend.
But to thy innocence I'll now display
The mystic marvels of my secret sway:
And tell, in this thy fate-deciding hour,
My race, my name, my office, and my power.

First, hear what wonders human forms contain!

And learn the texture of the female brain!
By Nature's care in curious order spread,
This living net is fram'd of tender thread;
Fine, as thy hand, some favour'd youth to grace,
Knits with nice art to form the mimic lace.
Within the center of this fretted dome,
Her secret tower, her heaven-constructed home,
Soft Sensibility, sweet Beauty's soul!
Keeps her coy state, and animates the whole,
Invisible as Harmony, who springs,
Wak'd by young Zephyr, from Æolian strings;
Her subtle power, more delicately fine,
Dwells in each thread, and lives in every line,
Whole quick vibrations, without end, impart
Pleasure and pain to the responsive heart.
As Zephyr's breath the willing chord inspires,
Whispering soft music to the trembling wires,
So with fond care I regulate, unseen,
The softer movements of this nice machine:
TEMPER my earthly name, the nurse of love!
But call'd Sophrosyne in realms above!
When lovely woman, perfect at her birth,
Blest with her early charms the wond'ring earth,
Her soul, in sweet simplicity array'd,
Nor shar'd my guidance, nor requir'd my aid.
Her tender frame, nor confident nor coy,
Had every fibre tun'd to gentle joy:
No vain caprices swell'd her pouting lip;
No gold produc'd a mercenary trip;
Soft innocence inspir'd her willing kiss,
Her love was nature, and her life was bliss,
Guide of his reason, not his passion's prey,
She tam'd the savage, man, who blest'd her sway,
No jarring wishes fill'd the world with woes,
But youth was ecstacy, and age repose."

§ 161. *Description of the Sphere of Sensibility.*
From the same.

"WELL may'st thou bend o'er this congenial sphere;

"For Sensibility is sovereign here.

"Thou see'st her train of sprightly damsels sport,

"Where the soft Spirit holds her rural court:

"But fix thine eye attentive to the plain,
"And mark the varying wonders of her reign."
As thus she spoke, she pois'd her airy seat
High o'er a plain exhaling every sweet;
For round its precincts all the flowers that bloom
Fill'd the delicious air with rich perfume;
And in the midst a verdant throne appear'd,
In simplest form by graceful Fancy rear'd,
And deck'd with flowers; not such whose flaunting
dyes

Strike with the strongest tint our dazzled eyes;
But those wild herbs that tenderest fibres bear,
And shun th' approaches of a damper air.
Here stood the lovely Ruler of the scene,
And Beauty, more than Pomp, announc'd the
Queen.

The bending snow-drop, and the briar-rose,
The simple circle of her crown compose;
Roses of every hue her robe adorn,
Except th' insipid rose without a thorn.
Thro' her thin vest her heighten'd beauties shine;
For earthly gauze was never half so fine.
Of that enchanting age her figure seems,
When smiling Nature with the vital beams
Of vivid Youth, and Pleasure's purple flame,
Gilds her accomplish'd work, the female frame,
With rich luxuriance tender, sweetly wild,
And just between the woman and the child.
Her fair left arm around a vase she flings,
From which the tender plant Mimosa springs:
Towards its leaves, o'er which she fondly bends,
The youthful Fair her vacant hand extends
With gentle motion, anxious to survey
How far the feeling fibres own her sway:
The leaves, as conscious of their Queen's com-
mand,

Successive fall at her approaching hand;
While her soft breast with pity seems to pant,
And shrinks at every shrinking of the plant.

Around their Sovereign, on the verdant
ground,

Sweet airy forms in mystic measures bound.
The mighty master of the revel, Love,
In notes more soothing than his mother's dove,
Prompts the soft strain that melting virgins sing,
Or sportive trips around the frolic ring,
Coupling, with radiant wreaths of lambent fire,
Fair fluttering Hope and rapturous Desire.
Unnumber'd damsels different charms display,
Pensive with bliss, or in their pleasures gay;
And the wide prospect yields one touching sight
Of tender, yet diversified delight.

But, the bright triumphs of their joy to check,
In the clear air there hangs a dusky speck;
It swells—it spreads—and rapid, as it grows,
O'er the gay scene a chilling shadow throws.
The soft Serena, who beheld its flight,
Suspects no evil from a cloud so light;
For harmless round her the thin vapour's wreath,
Not hiding from her view the scene beneath;
But ah! too soon, with Pity's tender pain,
She saw its dire effect o'er all the plain:
Sudden from thence the sounds of Anguish flow,
And Joy's sweet carols end in shrieks of woe:

The

The wither'd flowers are fall'n, that bloom so
And poison all the pestilential air. [fair,
From the rent earth dark demons force their way,
And make the sportive revellers their prey.
Here gloomy Terror, with a shadowy rope,
Seems, like a Turkish Mute, to strangle Hope;
There jealous Fury drowns in blood the fire
That sparkled in the eye of young Desire;
And lifeless Love lets merciless Despair
From his crush'd frame his bleeding pinions tear.
But pangs more cruel, more intensely keen,
Wound and distract their sympathetic Queen:
With fruitless tears she o'er their misery bends;
From her sweet brow the thorny rose she reads,
And, bow'd by Grief's insufferable weight,
Frantic she curses her immortal state:
The soft Serena, as this curse she hears,
Feels her bright eye suffus'd with kindred tears;
And her kind breast, where quick compassion
swell'd,

Shar'd in each bitter suffering she beheld.

The guardian Power survey'd her lovely grief,
And spoke in gentle terms of mild relief:

"For this soft tribe thy heaviest fear dismiss,
"And know their pains are transient as their
"bliss;

"Rapture and Agony, in Nature's loom,

"Have form'd the changing tissue of their
"doom;

"Both interwoven with so nice an art,

"No power can tear the twisted threads apart:

"Yet happier these, to Nature's heart more
"dear,

"Than the dull offspring in the torpid sphere,

"Where her warm wishes, and affections kind,

"Lose their bright current in the stagnant

"Here grief and joy so suddenly unite, [mind,

"That anguish serves to sublimate delight."

She spoke; and, ere Serena could reply,

The vapour vanish'd from the lucid sky;

The Nymphs revive, the shadowy Fiends are fled,

The new-born flowers a richer fragrance shed;

The gentle ruler of the changeable land,

Smiling, resum'd her symbol of command;

Replac'd the roses of her regal wreath,

Still trembling at the thorns that lurk beneath:

But, to her wounded subjects quick to pay

The tender duties of imperial sway,

Their wants she succour'd, they her wish obey'd,

And all recover'd by alternate aid;

While, on the lovely Queen's enchanting face,

Departed Sorrow's faint and fainter trace,

Gave to each touching charm a more attrac-

tive grace.

Now, laughing Sport, from the enlighten'd
plain,

Clear'd with quick foot the vestiges of Pain;

The gay scene grows more beautifully bright,

Than when it first allur'd Serena's sight.

§ 162. *Address to Poetry: an Extract from
An Essay on Epic Poetry, by WILLIAM
HAYLEY, Esq.*

THOU first and fairest of the social arts!
Sovereign of liberal souls, and feeling
hearts,

If, in devotion to thy heavenly charms,
I clasp'd thy altar with my infant arms,
For thee neglected the wide field of wealth,
The toils of int'rest, and the sports of health,
Enchanting Poesy! that zeal repay
With powers to sing thy universal sway!
To trace thy progress from thy distant birth,
Heaven's pure descendant! dear delight of earth!
Charm of all regions! to no age confin'd!
The prime ennobler of th' aspiring mind!

Nor will thy dignity, sweet power! disdain
What Fiction utters in her idle strain, [truth,
Thy sportive friend! who, mocking solemn
Tells her fond tales of thy untutor'd youth.
As wrong'd Latona (so her tale begins)
To Delphos travell'd with her youthful twins;
The envenom'd Python, with terrific sway,
Cross'd the fair Goddess in her destin'd way:
The heavenly parent, in the wild alarm,
Her little Dian in her anxious arm,
High on a stone, which she in terror trod,
Cried to her filial guard, the Archer God,
Bidding with force, that spoke the mother's
heart,

Her young Apollo launch his ready dart;
In measur'd sounds her rapid mandate flow'd,
The first foundation of the future ode!
Thus, at their banquets, fabling Greeks re-
The fancied origin of sacred verse: [hearse*
And though cold reason may with scorn assail,
Or turn contemptuous from their simple tale,
Yet, Poesy! thy sister art may stoop [group.
From this weak sketch to paint th' impassion'd
Though taste refin'd to modern verse deny
The hacknied pageants of the Pagan sky,
Their sinking radiance still the canvass warms,
Painting still glories in their graceful forms;
Nor canst thou envy, if the world agree
To grant thy sister claims denied to thee;
For thee, the happier art! the elder-born!
Superior rights and dearer charms adorn:
Confin'd she catches, with observance keen,
Her single moment of the changeable scene;
But thou, endu'd with energy sublime,
Unquestion'd arbiter of space and time!
Canst join the distant, the unknown create,
And, while existence yields thee all her state,
On the astonish'd mind profusely pour
Myriads of forms, that fancy must adore.
Yet of thy boundless power the dearest part
Is firm possession of the feeling heart:
No progeny of chance, by labour taught,
No flow-form'd creature of scholastic thought,

* Thus, at their banquets, fabling Greeks rehearse
The fancied origin of sacred verse.] For this fable, such as it is, I am indebted to a passage in Athe-
næus, which the curious reader may find in the close of that fanciful and entertaining compiler, page
701 of Casaubon's edition.

The child of passion thou! thy lyre she strung,
To her parental notes she tun'd thy tongue!
Gave thee her boldest swell, her softest tone,
And made the compass of her voice thy own.

To Admiration, source of joy refin'd!
Chaste, lovely mover of the simple mind!
To her, though sceptics, in their pride, declaim,
With many an insult, on her injur'd name;
To her, sweet Poesy! we owe thy birth,
Thou first encomiast of the fruitful earth!
By her inspir'd, the earliest mortal found
The ear-delighting charm of measur'd sound;
He hail'd the Maker of a world so fair,
And the first accent of his song was prayer.
O! most attractive of those airy powers,
Who most illuminate man's chequer'd hours!
Is there an art, in all the group divine,
Whose dawn of being must not yield to thine?
Religion's self, whose provident controul
Takes from fierce man his anarchy of soul,
She o'er thy youth with fond affection hung,
And borrow'd music from thy infant tongue.
Law, sterner Law, whose potent voice impress
Severest terror on the human breast,
With thy fresh flowers her awful figure crown'd,
And spoke her mandate in thy softer sound.
E'en cold Philosophy, whom later days
Saw thy mean rival, envious of thy praise;
Who clos'd against thee her ungrateful arms,
And urg'd her Plato to defame thy charms;
She from thy childhood gain'd no fruitless aid,
From thee she learnt her talent to persuade.
Gay nature view'd thee with a smiling glance,
The Graces round thee fram'd the frolic dance:
And well might festive joy their favour court;
Thy song turn'd strife to peace, and toil to sport.
Exhausted Vigour at thy voice reviv'd,
And Mirth from thee her dearest charm deriv'd.
Triumphant Love, in thy alliance blest,
Enlarg'd his empire o'er the gentle breast;
His torch assum'd new lustre from thy breath.
And his clear flame defied the clouds of death.
But of the splendid train, who felt thy sway,
Or drew existence from thy vital ray,
Glory, with fondest zeal, proclaim'd thy might,
And hail'd thee victor of oblivious night;
Her martial trumpet to thy hand she gave,
At once to quicken, and reward the brave:
It sounds—his blood the kindling hero pays,
A cheap and ready price for thy eternal praise!
Tho' selfish Fear th' immortal strain deride,
And mock the warrior's wish as frantic pride!

§ 163. *Sketches of the most distinguished Epic Poets of England. From the same.*

NOW, graver Britain, amiably severe,
To thee, with native zeal, to thee I steer;
My vent'rous bark, its foreign circuit o'er,
Exulting springs to thy parental shore.
Thou gorgeous queen, who on thy silvery
Sittest encircled by a filial host, [coast
And seest thy sons, the jewels of thy crown,
Blaze with each varying ray of rich renown;

If with just love I hold their genius dear,
Lament their hardships, and their fame revere,
O bid thy Epic Muse, with honour due,
Range her departed champions in my view!

See, on a party-colour'd steed of fire,
With Humour at his side, his trusty squire,
Gay Chaucer leads—in form a knight of old,
And his strong armour is of steel and gold;
But o'er it age a cruel rust has spread,
And made the brilliant metals dark as lead.

Now gentle Spenser, Fancy's fav'rite bard,
Awakes my wonder, and my fond regard;
Encircling fairies bear, in sportive dance,
His adamant shield and magic lance;
While Allegory, drest with mystic art,
Appears his guide; but, promising to dart
A lambent glory round her list'ning son,
She hides him in the web herself has spun.

Ingenuous Cowley, the fond dupe of wit,
Seems like a vapour o'er the field to flit;
In David's praise he strikes some epic notes,
But soon down Lethe's stream their dying mur-
mur floats.

While Cowley vanish'd in an amorous riddle,
Up rose the frolic Bard of Bear and Fiddle:
His smiles exhilarate the sullen earth,
Adorning satire in the mask of mirth:
Taught by his song, fanatics cease their jars,
And wise astrologers renounce the stars.
Unrival'd Butler! blest with happy skill
To heal by comic verse each serious ill,
By wit's strong flashes reason's light dispense,
And laugh a frantic nation into sense!

Apart, and on a sacred hill retir'd,
Beyond all mortal inspiration fir'd,
The mighty Milton sits—an host around
Of list'ning angels guard the holy ground;
Amaz'd they see a human form aspire
To grasp with daring hand a seraph's lyre,
Inly irradiate with celestial beams,
Attempt those high, those soul-subduing themes,
(Which humbler denizens of heaven decline)
And celebrate, with sanctity divine,
The starry field from warring angels won,
And God triumphant in his Victor Son.
Nor less the wonder, and the sweet delight,
His milder stenes and softer notes excite,
When at his bidding Eden's blooming grove
Breathes the rich sweets of innocence and love.
With such pure joy as our forefather knew
When Raphael, heavenly guest, first met his
view,

And our glad fire, within his blissful bower,
Drank the pure converse of th' ætherial power,
Round the blest bard his raptur'd audience
throng,

And feel their souls imparadis'd in song.
Of humbler mien, but not of mortal race,
Ill-fated Dryden, with imperial grace,
Gives to th' obedient lyre his rapid laws;
Tones yet unheard, with touch divine, he draws,
The melting fall, the rising swell sublime,
And all the magic of melodious rhyme.
See with proud joy imagination spread
A wreath of honour round his aged head!

But two base spectres, tho' of different hue,
The bard unhappy in his march pursue;
Two vile disgraceful fiends, of race accurs'd,
Conceiv'd by Spleen, by meagre Famine nurs'd,
Malignant Satire, mercenary Praise,
Shed their dark spots on his immortal bays.

Poor Davenant march'd before, with nobler
His keen eye fixt upon the palm of fame; [aim,
But cruel fortune doom'd him to rehearse
A theme ill-chosen, in ill-chosen verse.

Next came Sir Richard, but in woe's plight,
Dryden's led-horse first threw the luckless knight.

He rode advent'rous still—O who may count
How oft he tried a different steed to mount!
Each angry steed his awkward rider slung;
Undaunted still he fell, and falling sung.

But Æsculapius, who, with grief distress'd,
Beheld his offspring made a public jest,
Soon bade a livelier son with mirth efface
The shape he suffer'd from Sir Richard's case.
Swift at the word his sprightly Garth began
To make an * helmet of a close-stool pan;
An urinal he for his trumpet takes,
And at each blast he blows see Laughter shakes.

Yet peace—new music floats on æther's
Say, is it harmony herself who sings? [wings;
No, while enraptur'd sylphs the song inspire,
'Tis Pope who sweetly wakes the silver lyre
To melting notes, more musically clear
Than Ariel whisper'd in Belinda's ear.
Too soon he quits them for a sharper tone;
See him, tho' form'd to fill the epic throne,
Decline the sceptre of that wide domain,
To bear a lister's rod in Satire's train;
And, shrouded in a mist of moral spleen,
Behold him close the visionary scene!

§ 164. *Extract from MASON's Translation
of Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting.*

RISE then, ye youths! while yet that warmth
inspires,
While yet nor years impair, nor labour tires,
While health, while strength are yours, while
that mild ray,
Which shone auspicious on your natal day,
Conduſts you to Minerva's peaceful quire,
Sons of her choice, and sharers of her fire,
Rise at the call of art: expand your breast,
Capacious to receive the mighty guest,
While, free from prejudice, your active eye
Preserves its first unſullied purity;
While new to beauty's charms, your eager soul
Drinks copious draughts of the delicious whole,
And Memory on her soft, yet lasting page, [age,
Stamps the fresh image which shall charm thro'

When duly taught each geometric rule,
Approach with awful step the Grecian school,
The sculptur'd reliques of her skill survey,
Muse on by night, and imitate by day;
No rest, no pause till, all her graces known,
A happy habit makes each grace your own.

As years advance, to modern masters come,
Gaze on their glories in majestic Rome;
Admire the proud productions of their skill
Which Venice, Parma, and Bologna fill;
And, rightly led by our preceptive lore, [plore.
Their style, their colouring, part by part, ex-
See Raphael there his forms celestial trace,
Unrivall'd sovereign of the realms of grace.
See Angelo, with energy divine,
Seize on the summit of correct design,
Learn how, at Julio's birth, the Muses smil'd,
And in their mystic caverns nurs'd the child;
How, by th' Aonian powers their smile bestow'd,
His pencil with poetic fervor glow'd;
When faintly verse Apollo's chams convey'd,
He op'd the shrine, and all the God display'd:
His triumphs more than mortal pomp adorns,
With more than mortal rage his battle burns;
His heroes, happy heirs of fav'ring fame,
More from his art than from their actions
claim.

Bright, beyond all the rest, Correggio flings
His ample lights, and round them gently brings
The mingling shade. In all his works we view
Grandeur of style, and chastity of hue.

Yet higher still great Titian dar'd to soar,
He reach'd the loftiest heights of colouring's
power;

His friendly tints in happiest mixture flow,
His shades and lights their just gradations know,
He knew those dear delusions of the art,
That round, relieve, inspirit ev'ry part:
Hence deem'd divine, the world his merit own'd,
With riches loaded, and with honours crown'd,
From all their charms combin'd, with happy
toil,

Did Annibal compose his wond'rous style:
O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,
That every borrow'd grace becomes his own.

If then to praise like theirs your souls aspire,
Catch from their works a portion of their fire;
Revolve their labours all, for all will teach,
Their finish'd picture, and their slightest sketch,
Yet more than these to meditation's eyes
Great Nature's self redundantly supplies:
Her presence, best of models! is the source
Whence genius draws augmented power and
force;

Her precepts, best of teachers! give the powers,
Whence art, by practice, to perfection soars.

These useful rules from time and chance to
save,

In Latian strains, the studious Fresnoy gave;
On Tiber's peaceful banks the poet lay,
What time the pride of Bourbon urg'd his way,
Thro' hostile camps, and crimson fields of slain,
To vindicate his race, and vanquish Spain;
High on the Alps he took his warrior stand,
And thence, in ardent volley from his hand,
His thunder darted;—[so the flatterer sings,
In strains best suited to the ear of kings]
And like Alcides, with vindictive tread,
Crush'd the Hispanian lion's gasping head.

* And his high helmet was a close-stool pan.

But mark the Proteus policy of state:
Now, while his courtly numbers I translate,
The foes are friends, in social league they dare
On Britain to "let slip the dogs of war."
Vain efforts all, which in disgrace shall end,
If Britain, truly to herself a friend,
Thro' all her realms bids civil discord cease,
And heals her empire's wounds by arts of peace.
Rouse then, fair Freedom! fan that holy flame
From whence thy sons their dearest blessings
claim;
Still bid them feel that scorn of lawless sway,
Which interest cannot blind, nor power dismay:
So shall the throne thou gav'st the Brunswick
line, [shine.
Long by that race adorn'd, thy dread palladium

§ 165. *On the Death of Dr. Robert Levett.*
Dr. JOHNSON.

CONDEMN'D to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.
Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.
Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.
When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And how'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.
In misery's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.
No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supplied.
His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.
The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.
Then with no throbbing fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

§ 166. *The Shepherd's Lamentation.* POPE.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,

Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's
beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing;
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay:
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

§ 167. *Ægon's Song.* POPE.

NEXT Ægon sung, while Windsor groves
admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain; [strain!
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat; [seen,
While curling smokes from village-tops are
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

§ 168. *The Death of Daphne.* POPE.

THYRSIS.

YE gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands
bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let Nature change, let heav'n and earth de-
plore, [more!"
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now on
'Tir done—and Nature's various charms de-
cay:
See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees ap-
pear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flow'ry glories lie!
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties Nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

§ 169. *The Art of Criticism.* POPE.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense:
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong, for one who write amiss,
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

Fi

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share:
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light;
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good-sense defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but
fools.

In search of wit these lose their common-sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence.
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite, [write.
There are who judge still worse than he can
Some have, at first, for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools
at last.

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass. [ise
Those half-learn'd Witlings, num'rous in our
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain Wit's that might a hundred tire.

§ 170. *The Rules of Nature.* POPE.

FIRST follow Nature, and your judgment
frame

By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright.
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp pre-
In some fair body thus th' informing soul [sides.
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife, [wise.
Though meant each other's aid, like man and
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed,
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his
course.

Those Rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd:
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

§ 171. *Boldness of Composition.* POPE.

GREAT Wits sometimes may gloriously
offend,

And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment,
gains

The heart, and all its ends at once attains.

In prospects thus, some objects please our
eyes,

Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have
made)

Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead:
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

§ 172. *Pride.* POPE.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the
mind,

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd
She gives in large recruits of needless Pride!
For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood, and spirits, swell'd with
wind.

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain;
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But, more advanc'd, behold with strange sur-
New distant scenes of endless science rise! [prise
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

§ 173. *Candor.*

§ 173. *Candor.* POPE.

A Perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the
mind;

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd
dome, [Romè!]

(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes; [pear;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length ap-
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

§ 174. *True Wit.* POPE.

SOME to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry
line;

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well ex-
press'd; [find,

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does 'em
good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

§ 175. *Harmony of Expression.* POPE.

BUT most, by numbers judge a Poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them is right
or wrong: [conspire,

In the bright Muse though thousand charms
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please the ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church
repair,

Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs
creep," ["sleep:"

The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow
length along. [know

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line, [ness join,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweet-
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers
flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent
roar. [throw,

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along
the main.

§ 176. *Imitation.* POPE.

SOME ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and
then

Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me!
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

§ 177. *Succession of Opinions.* POPE.

SOME praise at morning what they blame at
night;

But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by them is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-
spread;

Who knew most sentences, was deepest read:

U

Faith,

Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their
Of, leaving what is natural and fit, [turn?
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe, [laugh.
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to

§ 178. *Danger of Wit.* POPE.

UNHAPPY Wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost;
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd;
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
Sure some to vex, but never all to please: [ease,
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

§ 179. *The Duty of a Critic.* POPE.

'TIS not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischiefs than nice
falshoods do:
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to
Unbias'd or by favour, or by spite; [know?
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-
bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanely severe:

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore,
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er Wit.

§ 180. *Character of Longinus.* POPE.

THEE, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire;
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

§ 181. *Progress of Poetry.* POPE.

BUT soon, by impious arms from Latium
chac'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the Northern world ad-
vance,
But Critic-Learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules, a nation born to serve obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways:
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old:
Yet some there were among the founder few,
Of those who less presum'd and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than
good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own. [friend,
Such late was Walsley—the Muse's judge and
Who justly knew to blame, or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender
wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may
view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless

Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averie alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

§ 182. *The Sylph's Address.* POPE.

SOL through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A Youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night Beau,
(That e'en in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
Fairest of mortals! thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
Of airy Elves by moon-light shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs, [flow'rs!
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting Wits may give;
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air. [fled,
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards, [cards.
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death, survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their Souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name:
Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea:
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam:
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

§ 183. *The Toilet.* POPE.

AND now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears:
The inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off rings of the world appear:
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, [white:
Transform'd to Combs, the speckled and the
Here files of Pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The Fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

§ 184. *Belinda.* POPE.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-dress'd Youths, around
her shone;
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all the smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to
If to her share some female errors fall, [hide:
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung be-
hind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springs we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey:
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

§ 185. *Ariel's Address.*

AMID the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:
Ye Sylphs, and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,

Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,

Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky:
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists, in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted Bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide,

Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,

A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brightest Fair

That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or flight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.

Whether the Nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.

Haste then, ye Spirits! to your charge repair!
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale:

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever Spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopt in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the Spirits from the sails descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the Nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

§ 186. *Ombre.* POPE.

BELINDA now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,

At Ombre singly to decide their doom; [come.
And swells her breast with conquests yet to
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' ærial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:

First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank he bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when Women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,

Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care: [they were.

Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.

Spadilio first, unconquerable Lord! [board.
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

Ev'n mighty Pain, that Kings and Queens
o'erthrew,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial confort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his
face, [bin'd,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs com-
Of broken troops an easy conquest find. [seen,
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder
With throngs promiscuous strow the level
green.

Thus, when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, [all.
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth; the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive
Queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

§ 187. *Coffee.* POPE.

FOR, lo! the board with cups and spoons is
crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking
tide:

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some, o'er her lap their careful plumes dis-
play'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

§ 188. *The Rape of the Lock.* POPE.

JUST then, Clarissa drew with tempting
grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:

So Ladies in Romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings by turns blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclu'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex
wide,

T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the livid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe
their last;

Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples
twine,

(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!

§ 189. *The Curve of Spleen.* POPE.

SWIFT on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows.
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed.
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in
But diff'ring far in figure and in face. [place,
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights,
and noons,

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shews in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.

Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling
spires,

Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout.
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

§ 190. *Belinda's Lamentation.* POPE.

BUT Umbriel, hateful Gnome ! forbears
not so ;

He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see ! the Nymph in beauteous grief ap-
pears, [tears ;

Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she

For ever curs'd be this detested day, [said :
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away !
Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen !
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;

Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste
Bohea ! [eye,

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal
Likeroles that in deserts bloom and die. [roam ?
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home !
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell :
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box
fell ;

The tott'ring China shook without a wind ;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !

See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares :
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands,
O hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize
Hairs less in fight, or any hairs but these !

§ 191. *The Baron's Defeat.*

SO spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd ;
Belinda frown'd ; Thalestris call'd her
prude,

To arms, to arms ! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.

All side in parties, and begin th' attack ; [crack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whale-bones
Heroes and heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.

No common weapons in their hands are found ;
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal
wound. [engage,

So, when bold Homer makes the Gods
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage ;
'Gainst Pallas Mar ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all
around, [sound ;

Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps re-
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground
gives way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !
Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the
fight : [survey

Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites
The growing combat, or assist the fray. [flies,

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.

" O cruel Nymph ! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
" Those eyes are made so killing"—was his
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies [last.
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa
down,

Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But at her smile the Beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair ;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd :
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw ;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side :
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great-grandfire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings ; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew ;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

§ 192. *The Lock's Apotheosis.*

SOME thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,
 Since all things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.
 There Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
 And Beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken Vows and Death-bed Alms are found,
 [bound.
 And Lovers' Hearts with ends of ribband
 The Courtier's Promises, and sick Man's Pray'rs,
 The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,
 Cages for Gnats, and Chains to yoke a Flea,
 Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns with-
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view :) [drew,
 A sudden Star it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall
 And hail with music its propitious ray. [survey,
 This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless
 skies,

When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy
 ravish'd hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

§ 193. *Foreign Interment.* POPE.

WHAT can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful
 bier:

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers
 mourn'd!

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show?
 What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'er shade
 The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
 So, peaceful, rests without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and
 fame.

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

§ 194. *Great Cities, and London in particular, allowed their due Praise.* COWPER.

BUT though true worth and virtue, in the mild
 And genial soil of cultivated life

Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
 Yet not in cities oft. In proud and gay
 And gain-devoted cities; thither flow,
 As to a common and most noisome sewer,
 The dregs and fæculence of ev'ry land.

In cities foul example on most minds
 Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
 In grofs and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
 And wantonness and gluttonous excess.

In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
 Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
 By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
 Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.

I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
 In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
 Of public note, they reach their perfect size.

Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
 The fairest capital of all the world,

By riot and incontinence the worst. [comes
 There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank be-
 A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees

All her reflected features. Bacon there
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.

Nor does the chissel occupy alone
 The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much;
 Each province of her art her equal care.

With nice incision of her guided steel
 She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
 So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
 The richest scen'ry, and the loveliest forms.

Where finds philosophy her eagle eye,
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?

In London. Where her implements exact,
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world?

In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied
 As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and still
 Increasing London? Babylon of old

Not more the glory of the earth, than she
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two
That so much beauty would do well to purge;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul, so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline; more prompt
To avenge than to prevent the breach of law.
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
To peculators of the public gold.
That thieves at home must hang; but he that puts
Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, she has presum'd to annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
And cent'ring all authority in modes
And customs of her own, till sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorc'd.
God made the country, and man made the town.

What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life hold out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only ye can shine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps, they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush de-
parts

Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth,
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

§ 195. *The Want of Discipline in the English Universities.* COWPER.

IN colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile

Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth
That blush'd at its own praise, and press the youth
Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleap'd
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years;
A palsy struck his arm, his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age, his voice un-
strung

Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than reverence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend, and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
Then study languish'd, emulation slept,
And virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then compromise had place, and scrutiny
Became stone-blind, precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensu'd;
The curbs invented for the muleish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse, and massy gates
Forgot their office, opening with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
The tassell'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world. What need of these
For gamesters, jockies, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And such expence as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name,
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly; but to spoil him is a task

That

That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now, blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
The children crook'd, and twist'd, and deform'd
Through want of care, or her whose winking eye
And slumb'ring of scitancy mars the brood?
The nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

§ 195*. *Happy the Freedom of the Man whom
Grace makes free—His Relish of the Works of
God.—Address to the Creator.* COWPER.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the resplendent rivers; his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say---My Father made them all.
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a
world,

So cloath'd with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes---ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find,
In feast or in the chace, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or e'er the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state,
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst
taste

His works. Admitted once to his embrace,

Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have
wrought.

Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them, or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate, heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires, but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his
praise,

But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from
Heav'n,

And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the
Fair as it is, existed ere it was: [world,
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praise;
Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledg'd Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.

The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things, what with stupid gaze
Of ignorance till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heav'nly light gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heav'n, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference; enquires what strains were
they

With which heav'n rang, when ev'ry star, in
To gratulate the new-created earth, [haste
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy---"Tell me, ye shining hosts,
"That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
"Beneath a vault unfill'd with a cloud,
"If from your elevation, whence ye view
"Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
"And systems of whose birth no tidings yet
"Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
"Favour'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,
"And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
"And to possess a brighter heav'n than yours?
"As one who, long detain'd on foreign shores
"Pants to return, and when he sees afar [rocks
"His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd
"From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
"Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
"So I with animated hopes behold,
"And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
"That shew like beacons in the blue abyss,
"Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
"From toilsome life to never-ending rest.

" Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
 " That give assurance of their own success,
 " And that infused from heav'n must thither
 " tend."

So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
 Illuminates; thy lamp, mysterious word!
 Which who so sees no longer wanders lost,
 With intellects bemaz'd, in endless doubt,
 But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,
 With means that were not till by thee employ'd,
 Worlds that had never been, had it thou in strength
 Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
 They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
 And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
 That hear not, or receive not their report.
 In vain thy creatures testify of thee
 Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
 A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
 That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
 And with the boon gives talents for its use.
 Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
 Possess the heart, and fables false as hell,
 Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
 The uninform'd and heedless sons of men.
 We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as
 blind,

The glory of thy work, which yet appears
 Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
 Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
 Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
 But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st:
 Thy providence forbids that sickle pow'r
 (If pow'r be he that works but to confound)
 To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
 Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
 Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
 Gods such as guilt makes welcome, Gods that
 Or disregard our follies, or that sit [sleep,
 Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
 Thee we reject, unable to abide
 Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
 Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
 For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
 Then we are free: then liberty like day
 Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heav'n
 Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
 A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not
 Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of
 song,

A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,
 Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
 And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
 In that blest moment, Nature throwing wide
 Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
 The Author of her beauties, who, retir'd
 Behind his own creation, works unseen
 By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
 Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
 Their only point of rest, eternal word!
 From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
 At random, without honour, hope, or peace.
 From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
 His high endeavour, and his glad success,
 His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.

But, oh! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
 Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
 Give what thou canst; without thee we are poor,
 And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

§ 196. *That Philosophy which stops at secondary Causes, reprov'd.* COWPER.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employ'd
 In all the good and ill that chequer life!
 Resolving all events, with their effects
 And manifold results, into the will
 And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
 Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
 The least of our concerns (since from the least
 The greatest oft originate) could chance
 Find place in his dominion, or dispose
 One lawless particle to thwart his plan,
 Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
 Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
 The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
 This truth, philosophy, though eagle-eyed
 In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks,
 And having found his instrument, forgets
 Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
 Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
 His hot displeasure against foolish men
 That live an atheist life; involves the heav'n
 In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
 And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
 Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
 And putrify the breath of blooming health.
 He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend
 Blows mildew from between his shrivel'd lips,
 And taints the golden ear: he springs his mines,
 And desolates a nation at a blast.
 Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
 Of homogeneous and discordant springs
 And principles; of causes, how they work
 By necessary laws their sure effects,
 Of action and re-action. He has found
 The source of the disease that Nature feels,
 And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
 Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
 Suspend th' effect or heal it? Has not God
 Still wrought by means since first he made the
 world?

And did he not of old employ his means
 To drown it? What is his creation less
 Than a capacious reservoir of means
 Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
 Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve, ask of him,
 Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
 And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

§ 196*. *The Temple of Fame.* POPE.

O'E R the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murmur'ing on the hollow shore;
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds con-
 High on a rock of Ice the structure lay, [ceal'd.
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way:

The

The wond'rous rock like Parian marble
shone,

And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile Time subdu'd;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy than excess of Praise.
Yet part no injuries of Heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the Temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade:
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall
These, ever new, nor subject to decays, [last;
Spread and grow brighter with the length of
days. [frost]

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale funs, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply, [sky;
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years;
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd,
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace;
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arts or arms adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace;
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Refts on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees, moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade
Amphion there the loud creating lyre [around:
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires
ascend,

The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,

The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With di'monds flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian
fame,

And the great founder of the Persian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd;
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd;
These stopp'd the Moon, and call'd th' unbo-
dy'd shades [glades;

To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But, on the South, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's Priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry
spheres,

And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew;
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics
grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous
pride, [crown'd,

There huge Colosses rose, with trophies
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies. [blood;
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps un-
strung)

And youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dies,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic fame increases all. [fold,

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates un-
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd;
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels
And ever-living lamps depend in rows. [glows,
Full in the passage of each spacious gate
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats, the form of Time was
found,

His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound,
But

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne:
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast:
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian
Queen;

Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd to affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part.
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate:
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged Sire; [throne
Troy flam'd in burning gold; and o'er the
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers
shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd
for flight:

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race. [run;
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage to infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here:
The Doves, that round the infant Poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his
head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat, fix'd in thought, the mighty Stagyrite:
His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd;
And various animals his sides surround:
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
The Roman rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with civic
crowns,

And the great Father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam. [shone,
With various-colour'd light the pavement
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size the more I gaz'd,
'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd:
With her the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long ailes extend.
Such was her form as ancient Bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'n-
ing ears.

Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the
string:

With Time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were
heard;

In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the Spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age,
Their pleas were different, their request the
same;

For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours
Unlike successes equal merits found. [crown'd;
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we sought t' instruct and please
mankind,

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On Wit and Learning the just prize bestow;
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bid the Muses raise
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odors shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.—
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Prefer the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful Trump of Slander
sounds; [bounds:

Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black Trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling
smoke:

The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies. [wore,

A troop came next, who crowns and armour
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee, (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We fail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and
blood,

And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for the alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and
frown'd)

Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues mould'ring, and your names un-
known! [my sight,

A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
Great Idol of Mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame;
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves re-
O let us still the secret joy partake, [quite.
To follow Virtue e'en for Virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal
Fame?

Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would
hide.

Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
E'en list'ning Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
To furthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows ex-
press'd, [dress'd:

With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days.
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid:
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell;
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies. [skies,
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
prest

Around the shrine, and made the same request.
What, you! (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to
please,

Slaves to yourselves, and e'en fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days, [praise?
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs
done,

Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics; [fix,
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.

The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

§ 197. *Rural Sounds as well as Sights*
delightful. COWPER.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose
notes
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

§ 198. *The Wearisomeness of what is com-*
monly called a Life of Pleasure. COWPER.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears,
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her
own.

It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid
life

A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt and weary of the path they
tread.

The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's
hand

To deal and shuffle, to divide and fort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet ev'n these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—
the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been
long

The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day
bed;

And save me too from theirs whose haggard
eyes

Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with
woe.

§ 199. *Satirical Review of our Trips to*
France. COWPER.

NOW hoist the sail, and let the streamers
float

Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility. Breathe soft
Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes,
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True, we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew.
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state.
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets, in peace, the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
And, sham'd as we have been, to th' very beard
Brav'd and defy'd, and in our own sea prov'd
Too weak for those decisive blows, that once
Insur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence; we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own.

Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the
plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!

§ 200. *The Pulpit the Engine of Reformation.*
COWPER.

THE pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well be-
ware

With what intent I touch that holy thing)
The pulpit (when the fat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world
shall stand,

The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there
stands

The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

§ 201. *The Petit-Maitre Clergyman.*
COWPER.

I VENERATE the man, whose heart is
warm, [whose life
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they resp. & themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes,
But rare at home, and never at his books
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepared by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride—
From such apostles, oh, ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

§ 202. *The good Preacher and the clerical
Coxcomb.* COWPER.

WOULD I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve,
and own,

Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain;
And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again: pronounce a text,
Cry, hem! and, reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loath
All affectation: 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he in-
A silly fond conceit of his fair form [dulse
And just proportion, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the di'mond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore, avaunt! all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass.
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much
admir'd

By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twag
At conventicle heard, where worthy men,
Mistled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the prest nostril, spectacle-bedrid.
Some, decent in demeanor while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves,
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye—
Whoe'er was edify'd, themselves were not.
Forth comes the pocket mirror. First we
stroke [look;
An eye-brow; next, compose a straggling
Then with an air, most gracefully perform'd,
Fall back into our seat; extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low.
The better hand more busy, gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye
With op'ra glass to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the slow-retiring fair.

Now this is fulsome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. An heav'nly
May be indifferent to her house of clay, [mind
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge an heavenly mind—demands a
doubt.

§ 203. *Description of a Noon in Winter.*

COWPER.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood,
The morning sharp and clear. But now
at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern
blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage, [blue
And has the warmth of May. The vault is
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And through the trees I view th' embattled
Whence all the music. I again perceive [tow'r,
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings, as I tread
The walk still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches over-arch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The red-breast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half sup-
press'd:
Pleas'd with his solitude, and sitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.

§ 204. *The Alley.* POPE.

IN ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tide,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat, soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller
squall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the
wall, [ter call.
And as they crouchen low, for bread and but-
And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry. [by;
At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neigh-
bourhood, I ween.

The snappish cur (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heels with yelping treble flies!
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser screaming
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries; boy,
The scolding Queen to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours
round, [base are drown'd.
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep
Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd the speech from tongues that
never cease.

Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy ('pitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her chatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all
to tatters.

Her digs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall;
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And Bitch and Rogue her answer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the
wall,

And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look.
Such place hath Deptford, navy-building
town, [pitch;
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of
Such Lambeth, envy of each hand and gown,
And Twick'nham such, which fairer scenes
enrich, [bitch.
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo---n's dog and
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown, [ey'd
Ne Richmond's self from whose tall front are
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Wind-
sor's tow'ry pride.

§ 205. *The Country Parson.* POPE.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince:
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysoptom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit---likewise---now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;

On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Dr. S—t.

§ 206. Man. POPE.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things

To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous
shoot;

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield!
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be
known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy prevailing soul
Look'd thro' or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou
find,

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less.
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade;
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full, or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God;
Then shall Man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffer'd, check'd, impell'd; and
This hour a slave, the next a deity. [why

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault:
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?

The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago. [Fate,
Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
Or who could suffer Being here below? [know:
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
soar;

Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore,
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold,
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

§ 207. *The Progression of Animal Life.* POPE.

WHAT would this Man? Now upward will he soar,

And, little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing
Is not to act or think beyond mankind; [find])

No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not Man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,

To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,

To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?

Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,

Die of a rose in aromatic pain?

If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,

And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,

How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still

The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill!

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,

Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,

The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:

Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,

From the green myriads in the peopled grass;

What modes of fight betwixt each wide extreme,

The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

Of smell, the headlong lioness between,

And hound sagacious on the tainted green:

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,

To that which warbles through the vernal wood!

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!

Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true

From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!

How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,

Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!

'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!

For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!

Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;

What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!

And Middle natures, how they long to join,

Yet never pass th' insuperable line!

Without these just gradations, could they be

Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?

The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,

Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

Above, how high progressive life may go!

Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vast chain of being! which from God began,

Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,

Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,

No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,

From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs

Were we to press, inferior might on ours;

Or in the full Creation leave a void, [stroy'd:

Where, one step broken, the great scale's de-

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,

Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

§ 208. *Universal Order.* POPE.

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,

Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,

Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;

Lives through all life, extends through all extent;

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,

As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:

To him no high, no low, no great, no small;

He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor Order imperfection name:

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: This kind, this due de-

gree

Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.

Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,

Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;

All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;

All Discord, Harmony not understood;

All partial Evil, universal Good:

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,

One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

§ 209. *Self-Knowledge.* POPE.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,

The proper study of mankind is Man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise, and rudely great:

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,

With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,

He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;

In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;

In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;

Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,

Whether he thinks too little, or too much:

Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;

Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;

Created half to rise, and half to fall;

Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd;

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go,

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides;

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And, quitting sense, call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to
come!

§ 210. *Self-Love and Reason.* POPE.

TWO principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.

Self-Love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its talk, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng:
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.

Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire.

§ 211. *The Passions.* POPE.

MODES of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all;
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain.
These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with
his strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul;
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root,
What crops of wit and honesty appear,
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
E'en av'rice, prudence: sloth, philosophy;

Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

§ 212. *Vice and Virtue.* POPE.

FOOLS! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the
Tweed;

In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there, [where.
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own:
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal; [Whole.
But Heav'n's great view is One, and that the

§ 213. *Human Bliss.* POPE.

SEE some fit passion ev'ry age supply; [die.
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-things gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy:
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
E'en mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, 'Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

§ 214. *The Order and Harmony of Nature.* POPE.

HERE then we rest; "the Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various
In all the madness of superfluous health, [laws."
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of
Combining all below and all above. [Love
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one center still, the Gen'ral Good.
See dying Vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish, other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy
good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my
use!"

"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason He must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:

All

All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury;
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view,
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them
To bliss alike by that direction tend, [best;
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sore by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?
Prestient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'n's not his own, and worlds unknown be-
fore?

Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness:
So from the first, eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.

Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands;
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in Nature's State they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's Attribute was Universal Care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-Passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy instinct then was Reason's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets
"yield;
"Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to
"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail, [weave;
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all forms of social union find,
"And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:
"Here subterranean works and cities see;
"There towns aerial on the waving tree.
"Learn each small People's genius, policies,
"The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
"How those in common all their wealth bestow,
"And Anarchy without confusion know;
"And these for ever, though a Monarch reign,
"Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.

" Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 " Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 " And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too
 " strong.

" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
 " And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made:
 Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, through love
 or fear.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What War could ravish Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

Converse and Love mankind might strongly
 draw,

When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form'd; the name of King un-
 known,

'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
 'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of his People made.

§ 215. *Nature deformed by Superstition.* POPE.

'TILL then, by Nature crown'd, each Patri-
 arch fate,

King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' æreal eagle to the ground,

'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man;

Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
 One great First Father, and that first ador'd.

Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;

The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple Reason never sought but one:

Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;

To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.

Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
 For Nature knew no right divin'd in Men,

No ill could fear in God; and understood
 A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.

True faith, true policy, united ran;
 That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms
 undone,

Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
 That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T'invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?

Force first made Conquest, and that Conquest,
 'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe, [Law;
 Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conquerors, Slaves of Subjects
 made:

She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's
 sound, [the ground,

When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,

To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,

Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes:

Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,

Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,

And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;

And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;

Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore;
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food;

Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world
 below,

And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

§ 216. *Social Love.* POPE.

FOR Forms of Government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:

For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity:

All must be false that thwart this one great End;
 And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives:
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he

On their own Axes as the Planets run, [gives.
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;

So two consistent motions act the Soul,
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral
 frame,

And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

§ 217. *Happiness.* POPE.

OH Happiness! our being's end and aim!
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er
 thy name:

That something still which prompts th' eternal
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:

Plant of celestial seed if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?

Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field? [toil,

Where grows! where grows it not? If vain our
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:

Fix'd

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

[blind:
Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some sunk to Beasts, find Pleasure end in Pain;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess e'en Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;

And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

Order is Heav'n's first Law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:
But mutual wants this Happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
God in External could not place Content.

§ 218. *The True Rewards of Virtue.* POPE.

"BUT sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice
is fed."

What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want Health, the good
"want Pow'r?"

Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing.
"Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no
Nay, why external for internal giv'n? [king?"
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;

Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?

Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a Conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The Boy and Man an individual makes;
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life

Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,

As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.

§ 219. *The Vanity of Human Acquisitions.* POPE.

HONOUR and shame from no Condition rise
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Fortune in Men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and
"cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,

Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;

The rest is all but leather or prunella. [strings,
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with

That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,

In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,

Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood

Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;

Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards. [lies.
Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness

"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,

Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,

Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wife;

All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes;
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take;

Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;

'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,

Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed

Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.

Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown

The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly, [fall?
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and
great,
See the false scale of Happiness complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray,

§ 220. Human Felicity. POPE.

KNOW then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good, without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blest'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd; [acquir'd,
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

§ 221. Prejudice. POPE.

YET more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the object seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd through our Passions shown,
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes,

§ 222. Inconsistency. POPE.

SEE the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chace, wise at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall,
Cautious is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without.
Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all Int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not; his pride is in Piquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a Bett,

§ 223. Pre-eminence. POPE.

'TIS from high life high characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
Wife, if a Minister; but, if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry
thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate,

§ 224. Fallacy of Judgment. POPE.

JUDGE we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place;
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with
Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

§ 225. *The Ruling Passion.*

SEARCH then the Ruling Passion : There,
 alone, [known ;
 The Wild are constant, and the Cunning
 The Fool consistent, and the False sincere ;
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest ;
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
 Women and Fools must like him, or he dies :
 Though wond'ring Senates hung on all he
 spoke,
 The Club must hail him master of the joke,
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too :
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
 Enough if all around him but admire,
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier,
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing, but an honest heart ;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt ;
 His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise ;
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
 A constant Bounty which no friend has made ;
 An Angel Tongue, which no man can persuade ;
 A Fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd :
 A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A Rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton brokethrough ev'ry rule ?
 'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him
 Fool.

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests
 attend,
 Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
 Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
 For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

" Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a faint pro-
 voke,"

(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 " No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace,
 " Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless
 " face : [dead—

" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
 " And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had
 An humble servant to all human-kind, [thin'd
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue
 could stir, [Sir ?"

" If—where I'm going—I could serve you,

" I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
 And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."
 Your money, Sir ?—" My money, Sir ! what all ?

" Why—if I must—(then wept)—I give it
 " Paul." [cry'd,

The manor, Sir ?—" The manor ! hold," he
 " Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you ! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
 Shall feel your Ruling Passion strong in death :
 Such in those moments as in all the past,
 " Oh, save my Country, Heav'n !" shall be
 your last.

§ 226. *Woman.* POPE.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 " Most women have no characters at all ;"
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
 How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true !
 Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is, there, Pastora by a fountain side.
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a Swan,
 Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,
 Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine, [vine ;
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps di-
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,
 If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it. [pare !
 Come then, the colours and the ground pre-
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air ;
 Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this mi-
 nute.

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock ;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
 With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Mask :
 So morning insects, that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;
 The frail-one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice ;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice. [wink,
 Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the
 But spare your censure ; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose,
 All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—" How charming is a
 " Park !"

A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears—" Oh odious, odious Trees !"

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show,
 'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe ;
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy spots the nice admirer take.

'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
 Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd ;
 Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
 Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wife ;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ;
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child ;

Has

Has e'en been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradesman once, to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor, and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Char-
tres: [burns;

Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion
And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state, majestically drunk;
Proud as a Peerefs, prouder as a Punk;
Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault;
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of
Thought:

Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with Poets through pure love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemaine.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
The Nose of Haut-goût, and the Tip of Taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind
On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Duncce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A Spark too sickle, or a Spouse too kind.
Wise Wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to
please;

With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common
Thought;

You purchase pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind,
Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
Who with herself, or others, from her birth,
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage;
So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,
The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.

Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from
Hell,

But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her Hate than Gratitude:
To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her
hate:

Superiors? Death! and Equals? what a Curse!
But an Inferior not dependant, worse.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
And Temple rise—then fall again to dust.

Last night, her Lord was all that's good and
great;

A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of
Friends,

By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown descends th' unguarded
store,

Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal Colours do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a
spot."—

Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,

"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a
Heart.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd,

As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.

She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair,
Forbid it, Heav'n! a Favour or a Debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.

Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;

But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.

Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,

But cares not if a thousand are undone.

Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?

She bids her Footman put it in her head.

Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?

Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a
Queen:

The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown
and Ball.

Poets

Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,
None see what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of Body, or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.
From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in Public, Men sometimes are
A Woman's seen in Private Life alone: [shown,
Our bolder Talents in full light display'd;
Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or
Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice, [Pride,
That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men we various Ruling Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.

That, Nature gives; and where the lesson
taught

Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second, not to lose the first.

Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake: [take;
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of Follies, with our scorn of Fools:
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.

§ 227. *Wealth.* POPE.

BLEST paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest
things,

Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,
Or ship off Senates, to some distant Shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villains!

Could France or Rome divert our brave de-
signs,

With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and
'Squires confound,

Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would
spoil!

"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and
hogs,

Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?

His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head;
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine, [weep?
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?

Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall,
What say you? B. Say! Why take it, Gold
and all.

P. What Riches give us, let us then inquire?
Meat, Fire, and Clothes. B. What more? P.
Meat, Clothes, and Fire.

Is this too little? Would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow;
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narces, thy obscurer ail,
With all th'embroid'ry plaiter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a Friend;
Or find some Doctor that would save the live
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat. [fate,
To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier
T'enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.

§ 228. *Avarice.* POPE.

OLD Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cressies stor'd,
With soups unbought and sallads blest'd his
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more [board?
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To

To cram the rich was prodigal expence,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old
Hall,

Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
And turn th'unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the fav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat,

§ 229. *The Man of Rofs.* POPE.

BUT all our praises why should Lords en-
gross?

Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Rofs:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding
bounds,

And rapid Severn hoarse applause refounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady
rows?

Whose seats the weary Traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Rofs," each lisping babe re-
plies.

Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Rofs divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Rofs relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and
Is there a variance? enter but his door, [gives.
Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile Attornies, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what fums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, Wife and Children
clear, [year.

This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, with-
draw your blaze!

Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

§ 230. *Villers, Duke of Buckingham.* POPE.

IN the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-
hung,

The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,

The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from
him,

That life of Pleasure, and that soul of Whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimic'd Statesmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends.

§ 231. *Sir Balaam.* POPE.

WHERE London's column, pointing at the
skies,

Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth,
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at Church, and 'Change; his gains
were sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to be-
hold,

And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds
sweep

The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a Gem away: [wit,
He pledg'd it to the Knight, the Knight had
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go
"twice—

"And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.

Things change their titles, as our manners
turn: [morn:

His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-
Seldom

Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife. [tide
There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the
Fair)

The well-bred cuckolds of St. James's air:
First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs;
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

§ 232. *Taste.* POPE.

'TIS strange the Miser should his cares employ

To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his Pictures, Music, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs;
For Pembroke, Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare Monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone;
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and
planted?

Only to shew how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some Dæmon whisper'd "Visto! have a Taste."
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod but Riply with a Rule.
See! sportive Fate, to punish aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You shew us, Rome was glorious, not pro-
fuse, [use.

And pompous buildings once were things of
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with imitating Fools; [take,
Who random drawings from your sheets shall
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't, [wall;
That, lac'd with bits of Rustic, makes a Front;
Shall call the winds through long arcades to
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door; [roar,

Conscious they act the true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art?

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than Expence,
And something previous e'en to Taste,—'tis
Sense:

Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And, though no Science, fairly worth the seven:
A Light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'n's to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from
shades;

Now breaks, or now directs, th'intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

§ 233. *False Magnificence.* POPE.

AT Timon's Villa let us pass a day, [away!"
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a Town,
His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down:
Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around;
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before; a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees;
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-house, that knows no
shade:

Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs:
Unwater'd see the drooping Sea-horse mourn;
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:

But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot Terrace
sweat; [your thighs,

And when up ten steep Slopes you've dragg'd
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord:
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo! some are Vellom; and the rest as good,
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern Book.

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r.
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted Ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre;
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.

To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. [call;

But, hark! the chiming Clocks to Dinner
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace.
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.

Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No; 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb:
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state;
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.

So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling falvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state, [King.
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate;

Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill. [fed;

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The Lab'rer bears. What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity supplies.

§ 234. *The Medal.* POPE.

AMBITION sigh'd: she found it vain to
trust

The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust:
Huge Moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore
to shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.

A narrow orb each crowded Conquest keeps;
Beneath her Palm here sad Judea weeps:
Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the Piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and
name;

In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pelsennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his Bride.

§ 235. *Literary Persecution.* POPE.

IS there a Parson much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, or rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd
walls?

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope. [long,

Friend to my Life! (which did not you pro-
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What Drop or Nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped: [dead.
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me
Seiz'd, and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lye:
To laugh, were want of goodness, and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of Face.

I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears, [years."
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine
"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-
lane, [pane,

Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term
ends,

Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why
"take it; [it."

"I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and Ten Pound.
Pitholeon sends to me—"You know his
"Grace;

"I want a Patron:—ask him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no
"better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine.
"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine."
Bless me! a packet—" 'Tis a stranger sues—
"A Virgin Tragedy—an Orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."

There

There (thank my stars!) my whole commission ends;

The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fir'd that the house reject him—"Sdeath! I'll print it, [with Lintot."

"And shame the fools.—Your int'rest, Sir, Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and re-touch."

All my demurs but double his attacks:

At last he whispers—"Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door, Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend;
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend:
This prints my Letters; that expects a bribe;
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, sub-
scribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace; and, though lean, am Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such Ovid's nose; and "Sir, you have an Goon, obliging creatures! make me see [eye"—
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

§ 236. *Addison*. POPE.

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose fires

True genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd, to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieg'd;
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause,
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

§ 237. *Calumny and Falsehood*. POPE.

CURST be the Verse, how well see'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in distress;
Who loves a Lye, lame Slander helps about;
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whose pride affects a Patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an Author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you
And, if he lye not, must at least betray; [say,
Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction lye.
A last like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

§ 238. *Contemptible Insignificance*. POPE.

YET let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad, [squeaks;
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lyes;
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now }
And he himself one vile antithesis. [mis,
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, Flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will
trust, [dust.
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the

§ 239. *Honest Indignation*. POPE.

WHAT? arm'd for Virtue when I point
the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the
Laws?

Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'ers and Bigots e'en in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'rengage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?
I will,

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause : [Laws.
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble Knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave,
To Virtue only and her Friends a Friend,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.

§ 240. *Inconstancy of Property.* POPE.

WHAT's Property? dear Swift! you see
it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or, in pure equity, (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's
"my own."
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord.

§ 241. *Fame.* POPE.

AND what is Fame? the meanest have their
day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords;
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his Country's
pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!

§ 242. *Old English Manners.* POPE.

TIME was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule; [School.
And send his Wife to Church, his Son to
To worship like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the
bays; [Plays;
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.

§ 243. *Scale of Poetical Perfection.* POPE.

WE conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's
charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to
join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine;

Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Shew'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone;
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal life,
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom e'en the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert low Dialogue has Parquar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos, or by Pun.

§ 244. *Courage in Poverty.* POPE.

IN Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doir.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger
join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great Commander
cry'd,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next, pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
"Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd) see yonder
"walls!" [calls!
"Advance and conquer! go, where glory
"More honours, more rewards attend the
"brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot?
"Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

§ 245. *Reciprocal Flattery.* POPE.

THE Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one skunn'd the
Rolls.
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
'Twas, "Sir your law,"—and "Sir, your elo-
"quence," [Talbot's sense."
"Your's, Cowper's manner"—and your's,
Thus

Thus we dispose of all poetic merit; [spirit.
Your's Milton's genius, and mine Homer's
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the
Nine,

Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names
we please.

"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
"And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waispish, wrong-head, rhyming
race;

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

§ 246. *The Manners of a Court.* POPE.

IN that nice moment, as another Lye
Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by:
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than
Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail, [he,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me
hence

To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of Sense:
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Vision herinits can to Hell transport,
And forc'd e'en me to see the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and darest who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puff Nobility?
Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who shew a Court in wax!
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them
Kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no
more,

At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine;
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.

"That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer
swears;

[Lear's.
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King
Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools coats, and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
And all is splendid poverty at best.

"Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineil,
Sail in the Ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim;
He boarded her, she striking sail to him: [hit!"
"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much
"wit!"

[nought,
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burst e'en Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-
god.

See them survey their limbs by Dorer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair, [head!
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair:
So first to preach, a white-glov'd Chaplain
goes,

With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest!
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu! [you,

Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his bro-
Just as one beauty mortifies another. [ther,
But here's the Captain, that will plague them
both, [oath:

Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an
The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's buller, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring-rams, beats open ev'ry door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:

Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lind with giants deadlier than 'em all;
Each man an Atkapart, of strength to tofs,
For quits, both Temple-bar and Charing-
Cross.

Scar'd at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's artillery, bold
Divine!

From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whose Satire's sacred, and who rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my Wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Wit.

§ 247. *Lawful Satire.* POPE.

F. WHY so? if Satire knows its Time and
Place,

You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace:
For Merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.

Silent and soft, as Saints remov'd to Heav'n,
All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near the King!
There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame trans-
port,

Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court,
There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's
disgrace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their
But past the Sense of human Miseries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast
their glory,

Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And, when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce
be vex'd,

Consid'ring what a gracious Prince was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things

As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;

And at a Peer, or Peerefs, shall I fret,

Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;

But shall the Dignity of Vice be lost?

Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,

Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?

A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,

Be brib'd as often, and as often lye? [skill?

Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's

Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?

Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things) (Kings?

To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may't thou, illustrious Passeran!

But shall a Printer, weary of his life, [Wife?
Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice, thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care;
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gin.

Let modest Foster, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;

A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo Landaff in Doctrine,—yea in Life:

Let humble Allen, with an awkward Shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same belov'd, contented thing.

Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth;

But 'tis the Fall degrades her to a Whore;
Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more.

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crouds and Courts con-
fess; [bless;

Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops
In golden Chains the willing World she draws,

And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws;
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,

And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,

Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,

His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,

Before her dance: behind her crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,

And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land pro-
That *Not to be corrupted* is the *shame*. [claim,

In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!

See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!

The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:

All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:

While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they
decry—

“Nothing is sacred now but Villainy.”
Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)

Show there was one who held it in disdain.

§ 248. *Ridicule.* POPE.

YES, I am proud; I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Infolence!

To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must

guide;

Rev'rent

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the Watchmen of the Public Weal;
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a Court maintains,
That count your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day,
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of
Kings:
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

§ 249. *Dullness.* POPE.

IN eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dullness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind,
Still her old Empire to restore she tries;
For, born a Goddess, Dullness never dies.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her
throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness. [down,
Hence Bards, like Proteus, long in vain ty'd
Escape in Monsters, and amaze the Town.
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Maga-
zines:

Sepulchral Lyes, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street
race.

In clouded Majesty here Dullness shone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her
throne:

Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears; [take
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those par-
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale, [jail:
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she
weighs,

And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third Day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play: [lie,
How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry;

Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet;
Here one poor word an hundred clenchings makes,
And ductile Dullness new meanders takes;
There motley Images her fancy strike,
Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike:
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land:
Here gay description Ægypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs:
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling
Queen

Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary Monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

§ 250. *Cibber.* POPE.

IN each she marks her image full express,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast;
Bays, form'd by Nature Stage and Town to blest,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success.
Dullness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
Now (thame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third Day:
Sweating and supperless the Hero sate, [Fate;
Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his
Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the
ground, [found!

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast pro-
Plung'd for his Senie, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
Round him much Embrio, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipp'd thro' crags and zig-zags of the
Head;

All that on Folly, Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole; [snug,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and
The frippery of crucify'd Moliere: [here
There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
With'd he had blotted for himself before.

The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a Room;
Such with their selves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines
complete.

Here all his suff'ring Brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire.
A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and
Broome.

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide:
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear; [year,
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest
size,

Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise;
An hecatomb of pure unsully'd lays
That altar crowns; a folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the pyre.

§ 251. *Cibber's Consecration.* POPE.

WITH that a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold
Face;

And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.

The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires;
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.

Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rous'd by the light, old Dullness heav'd the
head,

Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:

Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and
May's

She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:

Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So Spirits, ending their terrestrial race,

Ascend, and recognize their Native Place.

This the Great Mother dearer held than all

The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:

Here flood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,

And here she plann'd th' Imperial seat of Fools.

Here, to her Chosen, all her works she shows;

Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:

How random thoughts now meaning chance to
Now leave all memory of sense behind: [find,
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,

And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index learning turns no Student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:

How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or
Greece,

A vast, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new Piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and
Corneille,

Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed:

And, lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre and Owl)

Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail
again,

My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for Sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days:

Safe, where no Critics damn, no Duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon
rest,

And high-born Howard, more majestic fire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.

Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support;
Folly, my Son, has still a Friend at Court.

Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye Viols! be the Cat-call dumb!

Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join. [Vine,
And thou, his Aid-de-camp, lead on my Sons,

Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and
Puns:

Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my Daughter dear,
Support his front; and Oaths bring up the rear:

And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King.

"O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the Throne;

'Twixt Prince and People close the curtain
draw,

[Law,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from
Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned Band,

And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the Land:
'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,

And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine!"

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-Royal

throat,

God save King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, God save King Colley! cries;

God save King Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,

But pious Needham dropt the name of God:
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,

And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high,

(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,

And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King

Log L

§ 252. *The Games.* POPE.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden
show'rs,

Great Cibber fate: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they
gaze.

His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dullness, and new bronze their
face.

So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and
point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific
With scarlet hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of Wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, pro-
claims

By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They summon all her Race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.

A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags;
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from
garrets;

On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded cha-
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain) [Strand,
A Church collects the Saints of Drury-lane.

With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all.)
Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dullness ever loves a joke.

A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve Bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling Bards of these degen'rate
days;

All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes the window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strains;
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A Fool, so just a copy of a Wit;
So like, that Critics said, and Courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

All gaze with ardour: Some a Poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose: [foes;
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my
"With me began this Genius, and shall end."
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl: "Behold that rival here!
"The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
"So take the hindmost, Hell!" (he said) and
Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind, [run.
He left huge Lintot, and out-strip'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and
hops;

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread;
With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to
make:

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop.)
Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band;
And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the
Strand.

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works the stands confess'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkail
dress'd.

[high
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on
"The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
"His be yon Juno of majestic size,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan let the Chief o'ercome
"Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Though this his Son dissuades, and that his
One on his manly confidence relies; [Wife.)
One on his vigour and superior size.

First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most:

So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd.)

A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild meander wash'd the Artist's face:
Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl: impetuous spread
The stream, and smothering flourish'd o'er his
head:

So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph'it Victor of the high-wrought
day,

And the pleas'd Dame, soft-smiling, lead'ft
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented
home.

But now for Authors nobler palms remain :
Room for my Lord ! three jockies in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dullness thus exprest,
" He wins this Patron, who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of
With ready quills the Dedicators wait : [state :
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace ;
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our Operas ;
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd Orator bursts out in tropes :
But Wellsted most the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;
Unlucky Wellsted ! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fit the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing
pain,

And quick sensations skip from vein to vein ;
A Youth unknown to Phoebus, in despair,
Puts his large refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows ! The Queen of
Love

Her sister sends, her vot'refs, from above ;
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part ;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. [cries]

" Now turn to different sports (the Goddess
And learn, my Sons, the wond'rous power of
Noise.

To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart [art.
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's
Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell !
Such happy arts attention can command,
When Fancy flags, and Sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey
tribe :

And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud claron of the braying Ass."

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud
The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in ; [din :
"Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jab-
b'ring, all,

And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval ;
Dennis and Diffonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart ;
And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.

" Hold (cry'd the Queen)—A Cat-call each
shall win ;

Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend."

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboгуing
streams

Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The King of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper fable blots the silver flood.

" Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
" Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and
" thin,

" And who the most in love of dirt excel,
" Or dark dexterity of groping well. [round
" Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes a-
" The stream, be his the weekly Journals bound ;
" A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;
" A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands ;
Then sighing thus, " And am I now threefold ?
" Ah, why, ye Gods ! should two and two make
" four ?"

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd down-
right.

The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next Smedley div'd ; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost ;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then ——— essay'd ; scarce vanish'd out of
sight,

He buoys up instant, and returns to light :
He hears no tokens of the fabled streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames,

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep :
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :
No noise, no stir, no motion can't thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a
lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back :

Sons of a Day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupified to stone !
And Monumental Brass this record bears,
" These are,—ah no ! these were the Gazet-
" teers !"

Not so bold Arnall ; with a weight of skull,
Furious he drives, precipitately dull.

Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journal and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous
With holy envy gave one Layman place. [Grace,
When, lo ! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud ;
Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.

Greater

Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares:

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mein, the Mud-nymphs suck'd
him in:

How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Mermadante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago: [maids
Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown
A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,
That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's off'ring to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep;
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and
sleep. [pose,

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards re-
They led him soft, each rev'rend bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
"Receive (he said) these robes which once were
"Dullness is sacred in a sound divine." [mine,
He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd
confess

The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd drefs.
Around him wide a sable Army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,
Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any God, or Man.

§ 253. *Henley.* POPE.

BUT, where each Science lifts its modern
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe, [type,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest fight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley
stands,

Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in
Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage, [vain,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where Monkeys were the Gods!
But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

§ 254. *The Court of Dullness.* POPE.

NOW flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious
ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay!
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding
hour;

Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne; her head a cloud
conceal'd,

In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dullness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.

Beneath her footstool, Science groans in
Chains,

And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains,
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gag'd and
bound; [ground;

There, stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the
His blunted Arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her Robes adorn.

Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and Casuistry in Lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dullness gives her Page the

Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd, [word.
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare,
Now running round the Circle, finds its square.

But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;

But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her Sister Satire held her head;

Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle
Muse.

When, lo! a Harlot-form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside;
By singing Peers upheld on either hand, [stand:
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,

Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke:
O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting
Stage;

To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, encore!
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.

But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with an hundred hands;

To stir, to rouse, to shake the Soul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's
Drums.

Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.

X 4

§ 255. *Scholastic Terror.* POPE.

WHEN, lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's
tears.

O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their Sons.
All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his
hands.

§ 256. *Pedantry.* POPE.

PROMPT at the call, around the Goddess's roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable
shoal: [tends,

Thick and more thick the black blockade ex-
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
Tho' Christ church long kept prudishly away
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and
thick,

On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmur fall
To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.

Low bow'd the rest: He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown?

The mighty Scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's
strains.

Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.

Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your
Better:

Author or something yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*;
To sound or sink in cano O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.

§ 257. *The Courtier.* POPE.

IN slow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And, titt'ring, push'd the Pedants off the
place: [drown'd

Some would have spoken, but the voice was
By the French-horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mein,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen.

When thus th' attendant Orator begun;
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never fear'd with God.

The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.

Thou gav'st that Ripentess, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man;
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'er-
Safe and unseen the young Æneas pass: [cast,
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid, then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.

There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:

To where the Seine, obsequious as the runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her filken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:

To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Isles of Fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-refounding
waves.

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deep;
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd
swain.

Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
His royal Sense, of Op'ras or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
Try'd all hors-d'œuvres, all liquors defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
And last turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound!

See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head;
As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone!

See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my soul adores);
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour
And make a long Posterity thy own! [Throne,

§ 258. *Philosophy.* POPE.

THEN thick as Locusts black'ning all the
ground,

A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r. [Pow'r,
But

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal. [call,
The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's
Great Queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air and sun and
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread, [show'r:
Bright with the gilded button upt its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth,
Divine!

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd
the Queen:

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere, [Air.
Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r [flow'r.
The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd;
And, where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
Whose spoils this Paper offers to your eye,
Fair e'en in death! this peerless Butterfly. [parts:

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a Mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
A drowsy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
The Mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of Moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the Sons of Men once think their
And Reason giv'n them but to study Flies! [Eyes
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape;
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,

And damns implicit faith, and holy lyes,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause through Nature led.
All seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God.
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause:
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in Self, and but for Self be born:
Of nought so certain as our Reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see,
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw.
Wild through Poetic scenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
That Nature our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

§ 259. *The Convocation dismissed.* POPE.

NEXT, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd fort,
Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court,
Impale a Glow-worm, or Virtù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-masons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
Or issue Members of an Annual feast,
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Then, blessing all, Go, Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.
The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace;
With Staffs and Pumps the Marquis leads the
race;

Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioter the Sun;
From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
The learned Baron Butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtil line;
The Judge to dance his brother Serjeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the ball;
The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkey in a pye;

The

The sturdy 'Squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one Monarch more:
And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings.
Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the Land!

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature
nods:

What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?
Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd:
(St. James's first, for leaden G— preach'd);
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept
awake;

The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn Union went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
E'en Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;
And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and Dunces none)
Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose Heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right,
and Wrong—

O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
Of Night Primæval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night:
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public Flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread Empire, Chaos! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word;

Thy hand, Great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal Darkness buries All.

§ 260. *The Country.* POPE.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome coun-
try air,

Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to plain-work, and to purling
brooks, [rooks:
Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours
a-day;

To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'Squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven, [heav'n.
There starve and pray, for that's the way to
Some 'Squire, perhaps, you take delight to
rack; [sack;

Whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—No
words! [stable,

Or with his hound comes hallooing from the
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a
table; [coarse,
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;
Before you pass th' imaginary fights [Knights,
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd
While the spread fan o'er shades your closing
eyes;

Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish'd sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of
rhyme)

Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my
sight;

Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

§ 261. *On the Hon. Simon Harcourt, only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire.*
1720. POPE.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw
near: [dear;
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might
divide,
Or gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

§ 262. *Know Thyself.* ARBUTHNOT.

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what
end?

Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance, born with
thought?

By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood;
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides;
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This frame compacted with transcendent skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains;
And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.

What am I then? sure, of a noble birth.
By parents right, I own as mother, earth;
But claim superior lineage by my sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heav'nly
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd, [fire;
By double nature, double instinct sway'd:
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centers roll:
What steady pow'rs their endless motions guide,
Through the same trackless paths of boundless
I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail, [void!
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale;
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind:
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me, I'm a brute as much as he,

If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, through op'ning views of various
ways

Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew,
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
Down on the turf, then next, two two-legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest:
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much. [mand,
"Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise com-
"Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand;
"Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
"Or break into my soul with perfect day!"
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller that strays [rays;
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.
"O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
"I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
"Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
"And told me what those mystic tokens meant;
"Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
"Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
"Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
"Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
"Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide, [pride;
"One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my
"Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
"Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."
Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now, and still may }
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree; [be,
Faultless thou drop'dst from his unerring skill,
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.

Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light; [flight,
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil;
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill-suited to such different guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes;
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd, or deferr'd, or baulk'd, or gratify'd,
Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd,
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast
possess'd.

In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,
Return and seek thy Father and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy;
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes;
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

§ 263. *A Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.* ADDISON.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond de-
This longing after immortality? [fire,
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Thro' what variety of untry'd being, [pass!
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we
The wide, th'unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.

§ 264. *Charity. A Paraphrase on the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.* PRIOR.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire:
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles, and law:
Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast;

Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r:
That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice:
My faith were form: my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide
Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives:
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even:
And opens in each heart a little heav'n.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds, and due restriction knows;
To one fixt purpose dedicates its pow'r;
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus in obedience to what Heav'n decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live, [ceive.
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise re-

As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass;
A little we discover; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than art can shew:
So whilst our mind its knowledge wou'd improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled
sight;

Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd:
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith, and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confess,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

§ 265. *The Frailty and Folly of Man.* PRIOR.

GREAT Heav'n! how frail thy creature man
is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Matters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind;
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,

We

We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl;
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll;
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise;
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
 And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
 And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands
 retreat.

§ 266. *A Paraphrase on the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.* THOMSON.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
 While all my warring passions are at strife,
 Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
 Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
 And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
 Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
 While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain, [again,
 And what shall cloathe these shiv'ring limbs
 Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
 And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
 See the light tenants of the barren air:
 To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
 Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing tong;
 Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
 On the least wing that flits along the sky.
 To him they sing, when spring renews the
 plain,

To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
 Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:
 He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
 And with unparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
 Observe the various vegetable race;
 They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
 Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they
 glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!
 What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
 Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

§ 267. *A Description of a Man perishing in the Snow; from whence Reflections are raised on the Miseries of Life.* THOMSON.

AS thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darken'd air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts
 of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And ev'ry tempest howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent; beyond the pow'r of frost,
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, [known,
 Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, un-
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,

In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death;
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrong bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingled storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On ev'ry nerve

The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround;
 They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.

How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread

Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse.
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought, fond
 man

Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And

And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

§ 268. *A Thaw.* THOMSON.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,

Blow hollow-blust'ring from the south. Subdu'd,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once!
And where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas
That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark! the length'ning roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches
charg'd,

That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

§ 269. *Reflections on a future State, from a Review of Winter.* THOMSON.

'TIS done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent
Thy sober Autumn fading into age, [strength,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
thoughts

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?

All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven, and earth! awak'ning nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heav'n-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

§ 270. *Reaping, and a Tale relative to it.*

THOMSON.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves:
While through their chearful band the rural talk
Flies harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The lib'ral handful. Think, O grateful think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heav'n,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and Heav'n,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage far retir'd

Among

Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unfain'd, and
 As is the lily or the mountain snow. [pure,
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appennine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia; till at length compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the gen'rous and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:

"What pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.

"Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better
 "days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never
 find. [were!"
 Romantic wish! would this his daughter
 When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shiv'ring transport
 ran? [bold;
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighted at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:
 "And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
 "She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 "So long in vain: it is! the very same,
 "The soften'd image of my noble friend.
 "Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry feature,
 "More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
 "Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 "That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 "In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
 "The kindest aspect of delighted Heav'n,
 "Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 "Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 "Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 "O let me now, into a richer soil, [show'rs
 "Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and
 "Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 "And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 "Ill it befits thee, O it ill befits
 "Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 "Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 "The father of a country, thus to pick
 "The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 "Which from his bouiteous friendship I enjoy.
 "Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
 "But ill apply'd to such a rugged task: [hand,
 "The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
 "If to the various blessings which thy house
 "Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 "That dearest bliss, the pow'r of blessing thee!"
 Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, [eye
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate; [away
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright
 gleam
 Of setting life shone on her ev'ning-hours,

Not

Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

§ 271. *Sensual Pleasures censured.* MILTON.

— JUDGE not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holy and pure, conformity divine. [tents
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd
none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that
seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only, and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and trol the tongue, and roll the eye.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,
Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.

§ 272. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at
the opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane,
in the Year 1747.* JOHNSON.

WHEN learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous
foes [rose;
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakespear
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresist'd passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the
school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,

For those who durst not censure, scarce cou'd
praise.

A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to
fame, [flame;
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakespear's
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were
strong, [long;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid. [fin'd,

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as re-
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept,
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Dufseys yet remain in store.
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride. [dy'd,
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of
chance?)

Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice,
The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we, that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescu'd nature and reviving sense; [show,
To chace the charms of sound, the pomp of
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN VERSE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

DRAMATIC, CHIEFLY FROM SHAKESPEARE.

§1. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SHAKESPEARE.

Advice.

BE thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father,
In manners as in shape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; trust a
few;

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more
will [down,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
Fall on thy head!

Too ambitious Love.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me!
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind, that wou'd be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

A parasitical, vain Coward.

I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: with all full oft
we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly

The Remedy of Evils generally in ourselves.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pain in sense: and do suppose
What hath been, cannot be. Whoever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?

Character of a noble Courtier, by an old Cotemporary.

King. I would I had that corporal sound-
ness now
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciple of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young Lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier; no contempt or bitterness
Were in him: pride and sharpness if there were,
His equal had awak'd them: and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute, when
Exception bid him speak, and at that time
His tongue obey'd the hand. Who were below
He us'd as creatures of another place, [him
And bow'd his eminent tops to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them
But goes backward. [now
Would I were with him!—He would always
say—

(Methinks I hear him, now; his plausible words

Z

He

He scatter'd not in ears; but grafted them
 To grow there, and to bear) 'Let me not live'—
 —Thus his good melancholy oft began,
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
 When it was out—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
 'After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
 'Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 'All but new things disdain; whose judgments
 are [fancies
 'Mere fathers of their garments, whose con-
 'Expire before their fashions'—This he wished.
 I, after him, do after him with too,
 —Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,—
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
 To give some labourer room.

Idolatrous Worship.

—Thus, Indian like
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun: that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more!

Mean Instruments often successful.

What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
 He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister;
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shewn,
 When judges have been babes; great floods
 have flown
 From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd;
 When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there,
 Where most it promises; and oft it hits
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

Honour due to personal Virtue, not to Birth.

Strange is it, that our bloods, [together,
 Whose colour, weight, and heat, pour'd out
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
 In difference, so mighty. If she be
 All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,—
 A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
 Of virtue for a name. But do not so—
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
 Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
 It is a drop'd honour; good alone
 Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
 The property, by what it is, should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
 In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
 And these breed honour: That is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave
 Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed.

Self Accusation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is't I
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event
 Of the none-sparing war? And is it I [thou
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
 Of smoaky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim; pierce the still-moving air,
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff that do hold him to it:
 And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
 I met the rav'ning lion, when he roar'd
 With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
 Rouffillon,
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
 Shall I stay here to do it? No, no, although
 The air of Paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all! I will be gone;
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear.

Custom of Seducers.

Ay, so you serve us,
 'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
 You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
 And mock us with our bareness.

Chastity.

Mine honour's such a ring;
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
 In me to lose.

Cowardly Braggart.

Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more,
 But I will eat, and drink, and sleep, as soft
 As captain shall; simply the thing I am [gart,
 Shall make me live. Who knows himself a brag-
 Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
 That every braggart shall be found an ass.
 Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, }
 live. [thrive:
 Safest in shame! being fool'd, by fool'ry
 There's place and means for every man alive.

The Rashness of Youth excused.

I beseech your majesty to make it
 Natural rebellion, done in the blaze of youth,
 When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
 O'erbear it and burn on.

What's lost most valued.

Praising what is lost,
 Makes the remembrance dear.

Against Delay.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;

For we are old, and on our quick'ft decrees
Th' inaudible and noiselefs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

Excuse for unreasonable Dislike.

At first

I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stol'n ;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object : thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom
myself
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in my eye
The dust that did offend it.

Impediments simulate.

As " all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of mere fancy."

§ 2. AS YOU LIKE IT. SHAKESPEARE.

Play Fellows.

WE have still slept together ; [together ;
Rose at an instant ; learn'd, play'd, eat
And wherefoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Fond youthful Friendship.

Celia. Oh my poor Rosalind, where wilt
thou go ? [mine—
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than
Rosalind. I have more cause. [I am.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin,
Prythee be cheerful, know'st thou not, the Duke
Has banish'd me, his daughter ?

Rosalind. That he hath not. [the love
Celia. No ? Hath not ? Rosalind lacks then
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one :
Shall we be Sundered ? Shall we part, sweet girl ?
No, let my father seek another heir !
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly ;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out :
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou can'st, I'll go along with thee.

Beauty.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Woman in a Man's Dress.

Wer't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)
I'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adversity.

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril, than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference ; as the icy phang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
" This is no flattery ;" these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it !

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style !

Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the melancholy Jaques.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappledfools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their old confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish : and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chace ; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1st Lord. O yes, into a thousand smiles.
First, for his weeping in the needful stream ;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him : ah, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion ; therefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?

Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

D. f. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Amiens. We did, my lord, weeping and
Upon the sobbing deer.

D. f. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in these fullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

Conspicuous Virtue exposed to Envy.

Adam. What my young master? oh my gentle
Oh my sweet master! O you memory [master,
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love
you? [valiant?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prifer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Resolved Honesty.

Orlando. What, would'st thou have me go
and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do—
Yet this I cannot do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Gratitude in an old Servant.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred
crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your servant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities. [appears
Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee
The constant service of the antique world,
When servants sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their service up,
Even with the having. It is not so with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry—
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp; with truth and loyalty—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortune seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Lower described.

O thou did'st then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd—
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd—
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.

Description of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.

Jaques. As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms—
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I; 'no Sir,'
quoth he, [fortune:]
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
And then he drew a dial from his pocket,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock: [wags:
'Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
'And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe;
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.

Duke. What fool is this? [a courtier,

Jaques. O worthy fool! one that hath been
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms: O! that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat!

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit:

Provided,

Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they
The why is plain, as way to parish-church: [so?
He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized,
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and
through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee—I can tell what thou
wouldst do. [but good?

Jaqes. What, for a counter, would I do

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin in chiding
For thou thyself hast been a libertine, [sin:
As sensual as the brutish sting itself:
And all th' imbossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wou'dst thou disgorge into the general world.

An Apology for Satire.

Jaqes. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not of my cost;
(Thinking, that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech. [wherein
There then, how then? What then? Let me see,
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then, my taxing, like a wild-goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Distress prevents Ceremony.

The thorny point
Of bare distress, hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility.

A tender Petition and Reply.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? pardon me,
I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied—

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True it is that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good mens' feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take, upon command, what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd. [while,

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd, in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hun-
I will not touch a bit! [ger,

The World compared to a Stage.

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play.

Jaqes. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his
fatchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, the
soldier;

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation [justice
Even in the canon's mouth. And then, the
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on's side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Ingratitude, A Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remembered not.

Scornful Love.

Silvius. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accus'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that eyes, and lives by, bloody drops?

Phæbe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, [things,
That eyes,—that are the frail't and softest
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them
kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou can'st not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers. [thee:
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure [eyes,
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nay, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt to any.

Silvius. O dear Phæbe,
If ever (as that ever may be near) [fancy
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Scorn retorted.

Od's my little life!

I think she means to tangle mine eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle-eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favoured
children.

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your
knees [loves;

And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

Tender Love.

So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man [then
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Real Love dissembled.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy;—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he, that speaks them, pleases those that
hear.

It is a pretty youth;—not very pretty;—
But sure, he's proud; and yet his pride be-
comes him:

He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall;—yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little ripen, and more lustrous red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the
difference

Between the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
In parcels, as I did, wou'd have gone near [him
To fall in love with him; but for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I marvel, why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

A fine Description of a sleeping Man, about to be destroyed by a Snake and a Lioness.

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd
with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats,
approach'd

The opening of his mouth, but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away,
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, [watch
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like
When that the sleeping man should stir: for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead,

Conversion.

I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Love.

Phæbe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what
'tis to love.

Silvius. It is to be made all of sighs and tears;
It is to be made all of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance.

Song.

The Uncertainty of Opinion in Anxiety.

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the
Can do all this that he hath promised? [boy

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and some-
times do not, [fear.

As those that fear, they hope, and know they

Song. On Matrimony.

Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town,

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town.

§ 3. THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Child-bearing prettily expressed.

Herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear.

Cheats well described.

They say this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin!

Man's Pre-eminence.

Why headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;
The beast, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's subjects, and at their controuls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience, easier taught than practised.

Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she
pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause:
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain.

Defamation.

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose its beauty: and tho' gold bides still,
That others touch;—yet often touching will
Wear gold. And so no man that hath a name
But falsehood, and corruption doth it shame.

Wife's Exhortation on a Husband's Infidelity.

Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. [wouldst vow,
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or
carv'd to thee. [comes it,

How comes it now, my husband, O, how
That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me;

That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulph,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition, or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'st thou but hear, I were licentious?

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate?

Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deed-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot, [it:

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;

For if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being trumpeted by thy contagion.

*A Respect to Decency and the Opinion of the
World, an excellent Bulwark to our Virtues.*

Have patience, Sir, O, let it not be so,
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The inviolated honour of your wife.
Once this—Your long experience of her wis-
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, [dom,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience, [you.
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner.
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled reputation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

*Documents for Wives, and the ill Effects of
Jealousy.*

Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by
wreck at sea? [eye

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Z 4

Adriana.

Adriana. To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely some love that drew him off from home.

Abbeſs. You ſhould for that have reprehend-

Adriana. Why ſo I did. [ed him.

Abbeſs. But not rough enough.

Adriana. As roughly as my modeſty would

Abbeſs. Haply, in private. [let me.

Adriana. And in aſſemblies too.

Abbeſs. But not enough.

Adriana. It was the copy of our conference:

In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced at it:

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad. [was mad.

Abbeſs. And therefore came it that the man

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.

It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;

And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſauc'd with thy up-

Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions; [braidings;

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:

And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?

Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale diſtemperatures and foes to life.

Ill Deeds and ill Words, double Wrong.

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in your looks at board:

Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Paſſionate Lover's Addreſs to his Miſtreſs.

Sing, ſyren, for thyſelf, and I will dote;

Spread o'er the the ſilver waves thy golden hairs;

And as a bed, I'll take them, and there lie;

And in that glorious ſuppoſition think

He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die!

Description of a beggar'y Conjuror, or a Fortune-teller.

———A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,

A meer anatomy, a mountebank,

A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp looking wretch,

A living dead man: this pernicious ſlave,

Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;

And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,

And with no face, as 'twere, outſacing me,

Cries out, I was poſſeſt.

Old Age.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,

Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,

In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow;
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left;
My deaf dull ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my ſon, Antipholis.

§ 4. LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

SHAKESPEARE.

A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conqueſt deſcribed.

King. LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,

Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs;

And then grace us in the diſgrace of death.

When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time,

The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy

That honour which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen

And make us heirs of all eternity. [edge,

Therefore, brave conquerors! for ſo you are

That war againſt your own affections,

And the huge army of the world's deſires;—

Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force.

Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;

Our court ſhall be a little academe,

Still and contemplative in living arts.

Longaville. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three year's faſt;

The mind ſhall banquet, tho' the body pine—

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumain. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:

The groſſer manner of the world's delights

Hethrows upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves—

To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die:

With all theſe living in philoſophy.

Vanity of Pleaſures.

Why, all delights are vain: but that moſt vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

On Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun, [looks;

That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save baſe authority from others books:

Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed ſtar,

Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,

Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are. [fame;

Too much to know, is to know nought, but

And every godfather can give a name.

Again.

So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;

While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the things it ſhould;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

Froſt.

Frost.

An envious-sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

The Folly and Danger of making Vows.

Necessity will make us all forsworn, [space:
Three thousand times within this three years
For every man with his effects is born,
Not-by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,
But, I protest, I love to hear him lye;
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Beauty.

My beauty, tho' but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Nor utter'd by false sale of chapmen's tongues,

A Wit.

In Normandy saw I this Longaville,
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well:
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will
Still wills
It should none spare that come within his power,
Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know. [grow.
Pri. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they

A merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

A comical Description of Cupid or Love.

O! and I, forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic: nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimp'd, whining, purblind, wayward
boy,
This Signior Julio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans;
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, stoop!
What? I love! I lue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch;
But being watch'd, that it may still go right:

Ill Deeds often done for the Sake of Fame.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair
praise—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't.
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes; [part,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill [ill.
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no

A Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argu-
Persuade my heart to this false perjury; [ment)
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove
(Thou being a goddess) I forswore not thee;
My vow was earthy, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in
me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is [shine,
If broken then; it is no fault of mine
If by me broke: what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Another.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;—
 Air! would I might triumph so!
 But, alack! my hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee:
 Thou, for whom ev'n Jove wou'd swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were:
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

Commanding Beauty.

—Who sees the heavenly Rosaline
 That, like a rude and savage man of Inde
 At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
 Bows not his vassal head, and stricken blind
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
 What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her majesty?

The Power of Love.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion and long during action, tires
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

When would you, my liege, — or you, — or you, —
 In leaden contemplation, have found out
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every pow'r;
 And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious feeling to the eye;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
 A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in
 For valour, is not love a Hercules, [taste;
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
 And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his eyes would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academies,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

Wise Men greatest Fools in Love.

Ri. None are so surely caught, when they are
 catch'd,
 As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
 Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
 Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such
 As gravity's revolt to wantonness. [excess
 Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strange a note,
 As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Keeness of Women's Tongues.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
 As is the razor's edge invisible,
 Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
 Above the sense of sense, so sensible
 Seemeth their conference; their conceit hath
 wings [things.
 Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, swifter

Ladies maskt and unmaskt.

Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in the bud;
 Dis-maskt, their damask sweet commixture shown,
 Are angels, vailing clouds, or roses blown.

A Lord Chamberlain or Gentleman Usher.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease;
 And utters it again, when God doth please:
 He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
 At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs.
 And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve,
 Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
 A' can carve too, and lisp: Why this is he
 That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
 This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
 That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
 In honourable terms: nay, he can sing,
 A mean most mainly; and in ushering
 Mend him who can: the ladies call him Sweet;
 The stairs as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone;
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,
 Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet!

See where it comes! — Behaviour what were thou,
 Till this man shewed thee? and what art thou
 now?

Elegant Compliment to a Lady.

Fair, gentle, sweet, [greet
 Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we
 With eyes best seeing, Heaven's fiery eye,
 By light we lose light: your capacity
 Is of that nature, as to your huge store [poor!
 Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but

Humble Zeal to please.

That sport most pleases, that doth least know
 how;

When

When zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies on the zeal of that which it presents,
There form confounded makes most form in
mirth, [birth,
When great things labouring perish in their

The Effects of Love.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty,
ladies, [mours
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our hu-
Even to the oppos'd end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbecoming strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every vary'd object in his glance:
Which party-colour'd presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
'T hath misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults
Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours.

Trial of Love.

If this austere unfociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fairs, hard lodging, and thin
weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bears this trial, and last love;
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me.

Jest and Jester.

Ref. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:—
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
brain;—

And therewithall to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won) [day,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of
It cannot be, it is impossible; [death,
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. [spirit,

Ref. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears
Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;

But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Spring. A Song.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!

Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!

Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!

A merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!

A merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

§ 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE,
SHAKESPEARE.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own for proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Dislike

Dislike of Popularity.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and ave's vehement :
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Authority.

Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight,
The words of Heav'n ; On whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

The Consequence of Liberty indulged.

Lucio. Why, how now, *Claudio* ? whence
comes this restraint ?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*,
As surfeit is the father of much fast, [liberty :
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

Neglected Laws.

This new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by
the wall, [round,
So long, that fourteen zodiacks have gone
And none of them been worn ; and for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me : 'tis surely for a name.

Eloquence and Beauty.

In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men ; besides she hath a prof-
p'rous art,
When she would play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Retired Life.

My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery
keeps.

*Licentiousness the Consequence of unexecuted
Laws.*

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong
steeds)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep ;
Even like an o'er grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey : now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not for use, in time the rod [crees,
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd : so our de-
ad to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Pardon, the Sanction of Wickedness.

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.

A severe saint-like Governor.

Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy : scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

A Virgin address.

Hail virgin if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less !

A Religious protest.

I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted ;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Embracing.

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd :
As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time
Doth from the seedness the bare fallow bring
To teeming foison ; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

School-fellows.

Luc. Is she your cousin ? [their names,
Isab. Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change
By vain, though apt affection.

Resolution.

Our doubts are traitors ;
And make us lose the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods ! but when they weep and
All their petitions are as truly theirs [kneel,
As they themselves would owe them.

All Men frail.

Angelo. We must not make a scare-crow of
the law,
Setting it up to scare the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Esa. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death : alas, this gen-
tleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with with-
Or that the resolute acting of your blood [ing ;
Could have attain'd the effect of your own pur-
pose ;

Whether you had not sometime in your life

Err'd

Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the pris'ner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made
to justice,
That justice seizes on. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very
pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop, and take it,
Because we see it: but what we do not see
We tread upon and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence;
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

Mercy frequently mistaken.

Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Not to be too hasty in Actions irremediable.
Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Bad Actions already condemned, the Actors to be punished.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor!

Mercy in Governors recommended.

No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The martial's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

—Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once.
And he, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Unprepared Death.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! spare
him, spare him: [chens
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kit-
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good, my lord, be-
think you

Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
—There's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though
it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If he, the first that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shews what future evils
(Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Justice.

Isab. Yet shew some pity. [justice;
Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew
For then I pity those I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall:
And do him right, that, answering one foul
Lives not to act another. [wrong,

The Abuse of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Great Men's Abuse of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder!
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. O, but man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep: who, with our
Would all themselves laugh mortal. [spleens,

The Privilege of Authority.

We cannot weigh our brother with yourself.
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in
But, in the less, foul profanation. [them:
That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Consciousness of our own Faults should make us merciful.

Ang. Why do you put those sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, [others,
That skins the vice o' the top: go to your bosom:
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth
know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Honest Bribery.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you!

Ang.

Ang. How! bribe me? [gold,

Ifab. Not with fond shekels of the tested
Or stones, whose rate is either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there,
Ere the sun rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

The Power of virtuous Beauty.

Ifab. Save your honour!

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue!—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or
mine? [Ha!—

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense,
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? Or, what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live?
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again, [her,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite—

True Repentance.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry?

Jul. I do, I bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him. [ful act

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offence—
Was mutually committed,

Jul. Mutually. [than his.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father,

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but—lest
you do repent

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always to ourselves, not
Heaven; [love it,

Showing we would not spare Heaven, as we
But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Love in a Grave, severe Governor.

When I would pray and think, I think and
pray [words,

To sev'ral subjects: Heaven hath my empty
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh, place! oh,
form!

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art but
blood!—

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;—
'Tis not the devil's crest.

A Simile on the Presence of the beloved Object.

—Oh Heav'n's!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both that unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness? [swoons;
So play the foolish throngs with one that
Come all to help him, and thus stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral, subject to a well-wisht king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Croud to his presence, where their untought
Must needs appear offence. [love

Fornication and Murder equalled.

Fie those filthy vices!—It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit [image
Their saucy lewdness, that do coin Heav'n's
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Compelled Sins.

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than account.

Lowliness of Mind.

Ifab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing
But graciously to know I am no better. [good,

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
bright,

When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshiel'd beauty, ten times louder,
Than beauty cou'd display'd.

Heroic Female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, or any other,
But in the loss of question) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could

Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law : and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself ;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed,
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd
My body up to shame. [yield

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the fen-
That you have slander'd so ? [tence

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free par-
Are of two houses : lawful mercy, sure, [don,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Self-interest palliates Faults.

Isab. It oft falls out, [what we mean :
To have what we would have, we speak not
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage, that I dearly love.

Women's Frailty.

Ang. ————Nay, Women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view
themselves ;

Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
Women ! help heaven ! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them : nay, call us ten times frail ;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Weight of established Reputation.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabell ?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall sifle in your own report,
And sinell of calumny.

Hope.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only Hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be absolute for death ; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing, [with life ;
That none but fools would keep ; a breath thou
Servile to all the skiey influences, [art,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict : merely thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not
noble ;

For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness ; thou'rt by no means
valiant ;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not
thyself ;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
certain ;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast
none ;

For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire ;
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor
youth nor age

But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb nor
beauty, [this,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in
That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we
That makes these odds all even. [fear,

The Terrors of Death most in Apprehension.

Claud. Is there no remedy ?

Isab. None but such remedy, as to save a
Wou'd cleave a heart in twain. [head

Claud. But is there any ?

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio ; and I
quake,

Left thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Resolution from a Sense of Honour.

Claud. Why give you me this shame ?

Think you I want a resolution fetch'd
From flow'ry tenderness ? If I must die
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms !

Isab. There spake my brother : there my fa-
Did utter forth a voice. [ther's grave

A fainted Hypocrite.

Isab. Yes, thou must die,
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted de-
puty,

Whose jetted visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew
As falconer doth the fowl, is yet a devil ;

His

His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned 'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards!

The Terrors of Death.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

Claud. Ah, Isabell!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud.—Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shameful life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot; [where;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Cowardly Apprehension of Death reproached.

Isab. Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest
wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood—Take my defiance—
Die, perish! might my only bending down,
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed—
Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Twere best that thou diest quickly?

Virtue and Goodness.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

A Bawd.

Fie, firrah! a bawd—a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From such a filthy vice? Say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself and live;—
Can'st thou believe thy living is a life
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, mend.

Calumny unavoidable.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Good Example necessary in Rulers.

He who the sword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy, as severe;
Pattern in himself to know;
Grace to stand and virtue go;
More or less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing:
Shame to him, whose cruel striking,
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders strings,
Most pond'rous and substantial things!

A beautiful Song.

Take, Oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love but seal'd in vain.
Hide, oh hide, those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor heart sitteth free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Guilty Diligence.

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er!

Greatness subject to Censure.

O, place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of reports
Run with their false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies.

Execution finely expressed.

By eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal!

Sound Sleep.

As fast lock'd up in deep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.

Upright Governor, supposed.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he ty-
But this being so, he's just. [rannous;

Good Jailor.

This is a gentle provost; seldom, when
The steeld jailor is the friend of men.

Comfort from Despair.

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.

Complaining useless.

Isab. Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you
a jot: [ven!
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Hea-

Character of an arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not
impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one the wickedest caitiff on the ground
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: trust me, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more
Had I more names for badness.

Respect due to Place.

Respect to your great place!—and let the devil
Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne.

Impossibility of Intercession.

Against all sense you do importune her.
Should the kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror!

Reformed Men, sometimes best.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.

Intents more excusable than Acts.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no sub-
Intents, but merely thoughts. [jects;

§ 6. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Natural Presentiment of Evil finely pointed out;
with the Contrast of a chearful and melan-
choly Man.*

Ant. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies, with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sol. Believe me, Sir, had I such ventures
The better part of my affections would [forth,
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Prying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats:
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone, [rocks,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And in a word but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
thought

To think of this? and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make
But tell not me; I know Antonio [one sad?
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted, [it,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year.

Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let us say,
you are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are
merry, [Janus,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And others of such vinegar aspect, [smile,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*The Imprudence of setting too great a Value upon
the World.*

You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world, but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play his part;
And mine a sad one!

A a

Chear-

Chearfulness and affected Gravity contrasted.

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire out in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
O, my Antonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing, who I am very sure, [ears,
If they should hear, would almost damn those
Which, hearing these, would call their brothers
I'll tell thee more of this another time: [fools.
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Joseph Satire on Silence.

Silence is only commendable [able.
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vend-

Generous and disinterested Friendship.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know
And if it stand, as you yourself still do, [it;
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bas. In my school-days, when I had lost one
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [shaft,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,—
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

—Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at
Neither have I money, nor commodity [sea,
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia,
So, presently enquire, and so will I,

Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

A Jew's Malice.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian: [Aside.
But more for that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n there, where merchants most do congre-
gate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Curfed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocrisy.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's
sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shyl. No, not take interest; as you would
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did. [say,
When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the yearlings, which were streak'd and
py'd, [rank,
Should fall as Jacob's hire;—the ewes, being
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between those woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pil'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeanning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were
Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob
serv'd for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of Hea-
Was this inserted to make interest good? [ven.
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast;
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose;
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

The Jew's Expostulation.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gabardine:
 And all for use of that, which is my own!
 Well then it now appears you need my help—
 Go to then—you come to me, and you say,
 Shylock, we wou'd have monies—you say so,
 You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger-cur
 Over your threshold—Money is your suit—
 What should I say to you?—Should I not say
 Hath a dog money?—Is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats!—or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
 Say this, "Fair Sir, you spit on me last Wednesday,
 You spurn'd me such a day. Another time
 You call'd me dog, and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much monies."

A Villain's fair Offers suspicious.
 I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

An Apology for a black Complexion.
 Mislike me not for my complexion,
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
 To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred:
 Bring me the fairest creature northern born,
 Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
 And let us make incision for your love,
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
 Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime
 Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.
 —Lead me to the calkets,
 To try my fortune. By this scymitar,
 That slew the sophy, and a Persian prince,
 That won three fields of sultan Solymán,—
 I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
 Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
 If Hercules, and Lychas, play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is Alcides beaten by his page!
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

Gravity assumed.
Bass.—But hear me, Gratiano;
 Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
 Parts that become thee happily enough,
 And in such eyes as ours appear not faults.
 But where thou art not known, why, there
 they show
 Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
 To allay with some cold drops of modesty
 Thy skipping spirit; lest through thy wild beha-
 viour I be misconstrued in the place I go to, [vicious]

And lose my hopes.

Gra.—Signior Bassanio, hear me.
 If I do not put on a sober habit,
 Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
 Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
 Nay more, while grace is saying, hold mine
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his grandam:—never trust me more.

The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.
 Hear you me, Jessica: [drum,
 Lock up my doors; and when you hear the
 And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street,
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
 But stop my house's ears;—I mean my casements;—
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
 My sober house.

Shylock's Description of his Servant.
Shyl. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
 Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day [me;
 More than the wild cat: drones hive not with
 Therefore I part with him: and part with him
 To one, that I would have him help to waste
 His borrowed purse!

Fruition more languid than Expectation.
 O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly,
 To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited. [wont
 —Who riseth from a feast
 With that keen appetite that he sits down?
 Where is the horse that doth untread again
 His tedious measures with th' unabated fire
 That he did pace them first? All things that are
 Are with more pleasure chased than enjoy'd.
 How like a younker, or a prodigal,
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet-wind!
 How like a prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet-wind!

Portia's Suitors.
 From the four corners of the earth they come
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.
 Th' Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares
 Now, for princes to come view fair Portia.
 The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

The Parting of Friends.
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part,
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed,
 Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so;
 A a a Slubber

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
As shall conveniently become you there.—
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection, wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

False Judgment of the Many.

—Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base
lead. [he hath.]
“Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
“Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.” [meant]
What many man desire!—That many may be
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the face and road of casualty.
I will not chuse what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.

Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
“Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves.”
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then shou'd cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command;
How much low peasantry wou'd then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnished!

Love Messenger compared to an April Day.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Musie.

Let music sound, while he doth make his
choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.—That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream

And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is music then? Then music is,
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ears,
And summon him to marriage.—

—Now he goes

With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy,
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visage; coming forth to view
The issue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—ding dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubt. Look on beauty,
And you shall see, 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest, that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the
Upon supposed fairness, often known [wind
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning time puts on
T' entrap the wisest:—Therefore, thou gaudy
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee: [gold,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
lead, [ought,
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; joy be the consequence.

Joy on Success.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Portia's Picture.

What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? move those eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar [hairs
Shou'd sunder such sweet friends! Here in her
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Fatter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!
How cou'd he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished.

Successful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples' eyes;
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, gazing still about,
Whether those peals of praise be his or no:
So, thrice fair lady, stand I——

An amiable Bride.

Portia. Tho' for myself alone

I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better: yet for you
I wou'd be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich; that to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account:—but the full sum of me—

——To term in gross,——

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

*Lovers Thoughts compared to the inarticulate
Joys of a Crowd.*

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express, and not express.

Valuable Friend.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in
trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
The best condition'd; an unwearied spirit [man,
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault,

Implacable Revenge.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more;
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To christian intercessions.

Generous Friendship.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your
presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: if it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it.

A pert, bragging Youth.

I'll hold thee any wager;

When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd.
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them!—

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise.

Affectation in Words.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited !
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words : and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksey word
Defy the matter.

Portia's Merit.

It is very meet

The lord Bassanio live an upright life ;
For having such a blessing in his lady
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth :
And, if on earth he do not merit it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven,
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one—there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other : for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

The Jew's Reason for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose,

And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats ? I'll not answer that ;
But say it is my humour : Is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bann'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig ;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;
And others when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine : for affection,
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your answer ;
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he a harmless necessary cat :
Why he a woollen bag-pipe ; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended :
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Unfeeling Revenge.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the
lamb ;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's har-
His Jewish heart,

[der]

Retaliation.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, ren-
d'ring none ? [wrong ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and
You use in abject and in slavish parts, [mules,
Because you bought them ; shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs,
Why sweat they under burdens, let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? you will answer,
The slaves are yours. So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law ;
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
I stand for judgment ; answer, shall I have it ?

*Jew's wolfish Spirit, an Argument for Trans-
migration.*

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To make me hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human
slaughter,
Even from the gallows, did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shyl. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off
my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Justice must be impartial.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the laws to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong ;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Per.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in
Can alter a decree established: [Venice
*Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Chearful Resignation, with friendly Tendernefs.

I am arm'd and well prepar'd,—
Give me your hand, Bassanio, fare you well,
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shews herself more kind,
Than is her custom.—It is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which ling'ring pe-
Of such a misery doth she cut me off. [nance
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Ample Payment.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.

Description of a Moon-light Night, with fine Music.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a
night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojans wall,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents
Where Cressida lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thibbe fearfully o'er trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild-sea banks, and wafte her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrif love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,

But in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls!
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,

(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change its nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the Effects of Time, Circumstance, &c.

Por. How far that little candle throws his
beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main waters. Music! hark.

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow does sing as sweetly as the
When neither is attended; and I think [lark
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day, [sick;
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Professions needless, where Intentions are sincere.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways, than words;
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy

Elegant Compliment.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

§ 7. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Description of Spendthrifts, who seek to better
their Fortunes, by rich Wives.*

HE doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being gall'd with my
I seek to heal it only by his wealth. [expende,
Besides these, other bars he lays before me—
My riots past, my wild societies:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Valuable Woman loved for her own Sake.

—Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or money in seal'd bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself,
That now I aim at.

Fairies, their Rewards and Punishments.

Cricketer, to Windsor's chimnies shalt thou leap,
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths
unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates fluts, and sluttish.
Go you, and wheresoe'er you find a maid
That ere she sleep hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides,
and shins.

§ 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

SHAKESPEARE.

Tediousness of Expectation.

Thes. **H**OW slow [my desires,
This old moon wanes! she lingers
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

The Witchcraft of Love.

My gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
—Thou, thou, Lyfander, thou hast given her
rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy [ceits,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, con-
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, messen-
gers,
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart:
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.

A Father's Authority.

To you your father should be as a god,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Nun.

Thes. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your
desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady-cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Herm. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwild'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

True Love ever crossed.

Lyf. Ah me! for aught that ever I could
Cou'd ever hear by tale or history, [read,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood;
Or else misgrafted in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary, as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth:
And, ere a man hath pow'r to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion!

Herm. Then, let us teach our trial patience;
Because it is a customary cross, [sighs,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Assignment.

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke:
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Modest and generous Eulogium of a Rival.

Hol. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay,
Demetrius loves you, fair, O happy fair! [air
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongues sweet
More

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds
appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favours so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye; [melody.]

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
Were the world mine, Demetrius being 'bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me, how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Moon.

When Phœbe both behold
Her silver visage in the watry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs.

Love.

Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Be cauſe in choiſe he often is beguil'd:
As waggiſh boys themſelves in games forſwear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

Cowſlips and Fairy Employment.

The cowſlips tall her penſioners be;
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee;
Thoſe be rubies, fairy favours;
In thoſe ſpeckles live their favours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.

Puck, or, Robin Good-fellow.

I am that merry wand'rer of the night,
I jeſt to Oberon, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly-foal;
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab,
And when the drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;
The wiſeſt aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And Tailor cries, and falls into a cough, [loſſe];
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.

Fairy Jealouſy, and the Effects of it.

Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy;
And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea

Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the green
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard: [corn
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatt'd with the murrion flock:
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt.
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old Hyems chin and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer-buds
Is, as in mock'ry, ſet: the ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn, angry winter change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increaſe now knows not which is which.

Love in Idleneſs.

—Thou remember'ſt

Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong,
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſic.
That very time I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all-arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt,
And looſ'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts.
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſte beams of the watry moon;
And the imperial vot'reſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of Cupid fell:—
It fell upon a little weſtern flow'r, [wound,
Before milk white; now purple with love's
And maidens call it, "Love in idleneſs."

Virtuous Love's Protection and Reliance.

Your virtue is my privilege. For that
It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

A Fairy Bank.

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes and with eglantine:
There ſleeps Titania, ſometime of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs with dances and delight.

Fairy

Fairy Courtesies.

Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him elves, and do him courtesies.

Swiftness of Fairy's Motion.

I go, I go, look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Sense of Hearing quickened by Loss of Sight.

Dark night; that from the eye his function
takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.

Female Friendship.

Is all the council that we two have shar'd,
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Lower's Hate the greatest Harm.

What can you do me greater harm than hate?

Female Timidity.

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst,
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice.

Day-Break.

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger:
At whose approach, ghosts wand'ring here and
Troop home to church-yards. [there,

Embracing.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,

Gently entwist—the female ivy so
Enrings the barks fingers of the elm.

Dew in Flowers.

That same dew, which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'et's eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

Hunting and Hounds.

Thef. We will, fair queen, up to the moun-
And mark the musical confusion [tain's top,
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thef. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd, like Theſſalian
bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each; a cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Fairy Motion.

Then, my queen, in silence sad;
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Confused Remembrance.

These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth
And, as imagination bodies forth [to heav'n,
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Simpleness, and modest Duty always acceptable.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

Thef. I will hear that play,
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it. [charg'd,

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
And duty in his service perishing.

Thef.

Thes. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
 Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
 And what poor duty cannot do,
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
 In least speak most, to my capacity.

Clock.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Night.

Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon:
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fore-done.
 Now the waisted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the church-way paths to glide.
 And we Fairies, that do run,
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust, behind the door.

§ 9. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SHAKESPEARE.

Peace inspires Love.

BUT now I am return'd, and that war thoughts
 Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
 Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
 All prompting me how fair young Hero is.

Friendship in Love.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
 Save in the office and affairs of love:
 Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,
 And trust no agent; beauty is a witch,
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Merit always modest.

It is the witness still of excellency,
 To put a strange face on his own perfection.

A Song.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never.
 Then sigh not so
 But let them go,
 And be you blith and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe,
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Favourites compared to Honey-suckles, &c.

—Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter; like to favourites
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it.

Scheme to captivate Beatrice.

Let it be thy part

To praise him more than ever man did merit:
 My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
 Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made
 That only wounds by hear-say.

Angling, &c.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
 So angle we for Beatrice.

A scornful and satirical Beauty.

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
 Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprizing what they look on: and her wit
 Values itself so highly, that to her
 All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
 She is so self-endear'd.

I never yet saw man, [tur'd,
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
 But she would spell him backward: if fair fac'd,
 She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister!
 If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
 Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
 If low, an aglet very vilely cut;
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
 If silent, why a block, moved with none!
 So turns she every man the wrong side out,
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that,
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Slandering the Object, a Way to destroy Affection.

No; rather I will go to Benedick,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion:
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders,
 To stain my cousin with; one doth not know,
 How much an ill-word may empoison liking.

Beatrice's Recantation.

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
 Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
 Contempt,

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
 No glory lives behind the back of such.
 And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band:
 For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
 Believe it better than reportingly.

Disimulation.

O, what authority and shew of truth
 Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
 Comes not that blood as modest evidence
 To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
 All you that see her; that she were a maid,
 By these exterior shews? But she is none:
 She knows the heat of a luxurious bed,
 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Female Seeming.

I never tempted her with word too large,
 But as a brother to his sister, shew'd
 Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Her. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claudio. Out on thy seeming! I will write a-
 You seem to me as Dian in her orb; [gainst it:
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
 But you are more intemperate in your blood
 Than Venus, or these pamp'ring animals
 That rage in savage sensuality.

An injured Lover's Abjuration of Love.

O Hero! what a hero had'st thou been,
 If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
 About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
 But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair, farewell;
 Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
 For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
 And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
 To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
 And never shall it more be gracious.

A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
 For, did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
 Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy
 shames,
 Myself would, on the rear ward of reproaches,
 Strike at thy life.—Griev'd I, I had but one?
 Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
 (O, one too much by thee!) why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not with charitable hand
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
 Who smear'd thus, and mir'd with infamy,
 I might have said "no part of it is mine;
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins."
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud of, mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her; why she—O she is fallen,
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again:
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh!

Innocence discovered by Countenance.

—I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions [shames,
 To start into her face; a thousand innocent
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold,
 Against her maiden truth, Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading; nor my observation,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

Resolution.

I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
 These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her
 honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
 Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
 Nor age so eat up my invention,
 Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
 Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
 But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,
 To quit me of them thoroughly.

The Desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.

This, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
 Change slander to remorse; that is some good;
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,
 But on this travail look for greater birth.
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
 Shall be lamented; pity'd and excus'd,
 Of every hearer. For it so falls out,
 That what we have, we prize not to the worth
 While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value; then we find
 The virtue that possession wou'd not shew us
 Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with Claudio;
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination,
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit;
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn
 (If ever love had interest in his liver),
 And wish'd he had not so accus'd her;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood,
 But, if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
 And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
 (As best befits her wounded reputation)
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Leon.

Leon. Being that, alas!
I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Counsel of no Weight in Misery.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into my ears as profitless,
As water in a sieve; give me not counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine;
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his love the length and breadth of mine;
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form;
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag: cry, hem! when he should
groan; [drunk]

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
With candle-wafers; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all mens office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself; therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ. [blood:]

Leo. I pray thee, peace—I will be flesh and
For there was never yet philosopher,
That cou'd endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the style of Gods,
And made a pish at change and sufferance.

An aged Father's Resentment of Scandal.

Tush, tush, man! never flee and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As under privilege of age to brag [do,
What I have done, being young, or what would
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my rev'rence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast bely'd mine innocent child.
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
And she lies bury'd with her ancestors: [heart.
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Talking Braggarts.

Cla. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Can'st thou so daffe me? Thou hast
kill'd my child,
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;

But that's no matter; let him kill one first,—
Win me, and wear me,—let him answer me:
Come, follow me, boy: come, Sir boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foyning fence:
Nay, as I am a gentleman I will.

Leo. Brother— [my niece:]

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd
And she is dead; slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops—

Leo. Brother Anthony. [them; yea,

Ant. Hold you content; what, man! I know
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, and show an outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

No Valour in a bad Cause.

In a false quarrel there's no true valour.

Villain to be noted.

Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

Dirge on Hero's Death by Slander.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies;

So the life that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame!

Day-break.

The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spot of grey.

Time of Slander temporary Death.

She dy'd, my lord, but while her slander liv'd.

§ 10. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SHAKESPEARE.

Hounds.

THY hounds shall make the welkin answer
them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook; [strait
And Citherea all in sedges hid, [breath,
Which seem to move, and wanton with her
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Mirth and Merriment, its Advantage.

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your
blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy,
Therefore

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

The Uses of Travel and Study.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincenzio, come of the Bentivoli;
Vincenzio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesie use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphisicks,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Love at first Sight.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me,—is it possible,
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst,
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.

Travel.

Such wind as scatters young men thro' the
world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Woman's Tongue.

Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard [clang?
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
That gives not half so great blow to th' ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Extremes cure each other.

When two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury;
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Beauty.

Say that the frown; I'll say the looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Musick.

Preposterous ass! that never read so far,
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, of his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, when I pause, serve in your harmony.

Wife married to all her Husband's Fortunes.

To me she's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

Description of a mad Wedding.

—When the priest
Did ask if Catherine should be his wife; [loud,
“Ay, by gogs-woons,” quoth he, and swore so
That all-amaz'd the priest let fall the book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
cuff, [priest;
That down fell priest and book, and book and
“Now take them up,” quoth he, “if any list.”
Tran. What said the wench when he rose up
again? [stamp'd and swore,

Grem. Trembled and shook; for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cozen him;
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: “a health,” quoth he, as if
H'ad been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaffs off the muscadell,
And threw the fops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other cause, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His fops as he was drinking. This done, he took

The

The bride about the neck, and kist her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd.

Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the
time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
And not till then. [too,

Hor. That will not be in haste. [speak;

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endured me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather, than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a filken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none. [see't.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, taylor, let's
O, mercy, God! what masking-stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and
Like to a censer in a barber's shop: [flash,
Why, what, a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou
this? [gown.

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor

Tayl. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but, if you be remem-
I did not bid you mar it to the time. [ber'd,
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more com-
mendable:

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto
your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate, neither art thou the worse,
For this poor furniture and mean array.

A lovely Woman.

Fair lovely woman, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glittering hyacinth:
—Sweet Catherine, this lovely woman—

Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes the dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Happiness attained.

Happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

Others measured by ourselves.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Greyhound.

O Sir, Lucentio slipt me for his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Wife's Submission.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy; [happy.
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind
brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair
And in no sense is meet or amiable. [buds;
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours;
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws:
Our strength is weak, our weakness past com-
pare; [are.
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands beneath your husband's
In token of which duty, if he please, [foot:
My hand is ready—may it do him ease!

§ II. THE TEMPEST. SHAKESPEARE.

Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. O, I have suffer'd [vessel,
With those that I saw suffer! A brave
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Prof. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul,
No not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel,
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Caliban's Curfes.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou camest
first [wou'd'st give me
Thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me:
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle, [thee,
The fresh springs, brine pits; barren place and
fertile:

Curs'd be I, that I did so: all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have, [me
Who first was mine own king: and here you sty
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of th' island.

*Caliban's Exultation after Prospero tells him he
sought to violate the Honour of his Child.*

Oh ho, oh ho,—I wou'd it had been done,
Thou did'st prevent me, I had peopled else
This ill; with Calibans.

Prof. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee, [hour
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
One thing or other: when thou could'st not,
savage, [like
Show thine own meaning; but would'st gabble
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy
vile race [good-nature
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my
profit on't
Is, I know how to curse; the red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Musie.

Where should this music be? in air or earth?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some God of th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

*Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on first View of
Ferdinand.*

Prof. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something
stain'd [call him
With grief, that beauty's canker, thou might'st
A goodly person.—

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Fer. Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such
If the ill spirit love so fair a house, [a temple:
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

A Lover's Speech.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up;
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's
threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but thro' my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Resignation.

Resignation and Gratitude.

Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside: and breast'd
The surge most swol'n that met him; his bold
head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis
bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Too severe Reproof, animadverted upon.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentle-
ness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should find the plaister.

Satire on Utopian Schemes of Government.

I the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; poverty, riches,
And use of service, none; contracts, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive,
none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent, and pure:
No sovereignty:
All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it's own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

A fine Apopsepsis.

They fell together, all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What
might
Worthy Sebastian—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks
My strong imagination sees a crown [thee, and
Dropping upon thy head.

Caliban's Curses.

All the infections that the sun sucks up,
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him
By inch-meal a disease: his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse; but they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them: but
For every trifle are they set upon me; [me,
Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Caliban's Promises.

I'll shew thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee
berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.—
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mels from the rock.

*True and unbiassed Affection:—Ferdinand,
bearing a Log.*

There be some sports are painful; but their
labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone: and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but [be
The mistress whom I serve, quickens what's
dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such
Had ne'er like executor: I forget; [baseness
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
Most busie-ness, when I do it. [labour,

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into hon-
dage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,

So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

*Mirinda's offering to carry the Logs for him is
peculiarly elegant.*

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile.

And afterwards, how innocent.

—— I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of!
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Punishment of Crimes delayed, not forgotten.

For which foul deed

The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-
Against your peace. [tures,

Guilty Conscience.

O, it is monstrous! monstrous! ——

Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper. It did baid my trespass.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now gins to bite thy spirit.

Prospero's Boast of Miranda.

O, Ferdinand,

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Continence before Marriage.

Prof. If thou dost break her virgin-knot,
All sanctimonious ceremonies may [before
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersions shall the heav'n's let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both; therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

A Lover's Protestation.

Ferd. As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest suggest-
Our worse genius can, shall never melt [tion
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration;
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are foun-
Or might kept chain'd below. [der'd,

Passion too strong for Vows.

Prof. Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straws;

To the fire i' th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!

Ferdinand's Answer.

I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Vanity of human Nature.

Prof. Our revels now are ended: these our
actors

(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all who it inherit, shall dissolve:
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot
with drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick their
ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd
through

Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left 'em
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Caliban.

Prof. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

Light of Foot.

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
Hear a foot fall. [may not

Fine Sentiment, of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel. —— The king, [tracted;
His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly
works 'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Prof. Do't thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Prof.

Prof. And mine shall.

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is [tent
In virtue than in vengeance; they being peni-
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd and let them
By my so potent art. [forth

Senses returning.

The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason —
Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After sun-set merrily;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Patience.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.
Prof. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft
grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

§ 12. TWELFTH NIGHT, or WHAT
YOU WILL. SHAKESPEARE

Music and Love.

[F music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall!
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough! no
more—

'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; so full of shapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Love, in reference to Hunting.

O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought the purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and
fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self-same king!

Description of Sebastian's Escape.

— I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself [tice)
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Actions of the Great always talked of.

You know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of.

Outward Appearance a Token of inward Worth.

There is fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

A beautiful Boy.

Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And

And all is semblative—a woman's part.

Beauty.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand lay'd on.
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you would lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Extreme Love.

My Lord and master loves you! O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were
The non-pareil of beauty. [crown'd

Character of a noble Gentleman.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Resolved Love.

Oliv. —Why, what wou'd you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write royal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you shou'd pity me.

Disguise.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In womens' waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For such as we are made, if such we be.

Serious Music most agreeable to Lovers.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

True Love.

Duke. Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me; [love,
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where love is thron'd.

In Love, the Woman should be youngest.

Too old by heav'n! let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him;
So sways the level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than womens' are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: [thyself,
For women are as roses; whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain,
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread
with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Song.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid;
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown;
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Concealed Love.

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite;
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
In faith, they are as true of heart as we. [owe,
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history? [love;

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

A Jester.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And,

And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wife man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit: [wit.
But wife-mens' folly fall'n, quite taints their

Flattery, its ill Effects.

My servant, Sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly-feigning was called compliment.

Unfought Love.

Cesario. By the roses of the spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason's fetter;
Love fought is good, but giv'n unfought is
better.

Ingratitude.

Ant. Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Left that it make me so unfound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Deformity in the Mind.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this
god!—

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'er flourish'd by the devil.

Ignorance of ourselves:—One Drunkard's Reflection on another.

Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure pavin;
I hate a drunken rogue.

§ 13. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF
VERONA. SHAKESPEARE.

The Advantages of Travel, &c.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days [wits:
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness:

But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
adieu!

Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy
If ever danger do environ thee, [danger,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy head's-man, Valentine.

The Evils of being in Love.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans, [moment's mirth,
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit;
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Love commended and dispraised.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow; [bud
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud;
Losing its verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with
thought.

Love froward and dissembling.

Maids, in modesty, say No, to that [Ay.
Which they would have the profferer construe,
Fy, fy; how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

The Advantages of Travel.

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me
to that

Bb 3

Whereon

Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Love compared to an April Day.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

An accomplished young Gentleman.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Contempt of Love punished.

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high, imperious thoughts have punish'd
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans; [me
With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's
sorrow.

O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction:
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love sed by Praise.

—Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Lover's Wealth.

Not for the world; why, man, she is mine
And I as rich, in having such a jewel, [own;
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

True Love jealous.

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Love compared to a waxen Image.

Now my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Unheedful Vows to be broken.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

Opposition to Love increases it.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;

Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make re-
turn. [soul's food?

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Did'st thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot
But qualify the fire's extremest rage, [fire,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up the more
it burns:

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
rage;

But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

A faithful and constant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from
earth.

Gifts prevalent with Woman.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels, often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's
mind.

Flattery prevalent with Woman.

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their
graces; [faces:
Tho' ne'er so black, swear they have angels'
That man who hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

A Lover's Banishment.

And why not death, rather than living tor-
To die, is to be banish'd from myself, [ment?
And Silvia is myself; banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection,
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon,

She

She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive,

A beautiful Person petitioning (in vain).

Ay, ay, and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so be-
came them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire.

Hope.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that ;
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Love compared to a Figure on Ice.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Three Things hated by Women.

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent :
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it : [hate.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart ;
Write, 'till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity ;
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's
finews, [stones ;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
Forfake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.

Song.

Who is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she admired might be.

Is she kind, as she is fair ?

For beauty lives with kindness ;

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness,

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling ;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling ;

To her let us garlands bring.

A Lover's Rest.

Jul. And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

True Love.

Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee
No grief did come so near thy heart, [say,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd ;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Beauty neglected and lost.

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily tincture of her face.

The Power of Action.

And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part ;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight :
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Women sacred, even to Banditti.

Fear not, he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

A Lover in Solitude.

How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
Left, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

Love unreturned.

What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Wou'd I not undergo for one calm look ?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love when they're belov'd.

*Infidelity in a Friend, and Reconciliation on Re-
pentance.*

Val. Treacherous man ! [mine eye
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but
Could have persuaded me ; now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive : thou would'st disprove
me. [right hand

Who should be trusted now, when one's own
Is perjur'd to the bosom ? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest,

Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me :

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest, —
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Inconstancy in Man.

Oh, heav'n! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

A worthy Gentleman.

Now by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe, — Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman; and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Sylvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Reformed Exiles.

These banished men,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities;
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

§ 14. THE WINTER'S TALE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Youthful Friendship and Innocence.

WE were, fair queen, [behind,
Two lads, that thought there was no more
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy-eternal. [sun,
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th'
And bleat the one at th' other: what we
chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er had been higher
rear'd [Heav'n
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Praise, its Influence on Women.

Cram us with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying
tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

Nature.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderness! and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

A Father's Fondness for his Child.

Leon. Are you so fond of your young prince
Do seem to be of ours? [as we

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He make's a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of.

Jealousy.

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more
swift?
Hours, minutes? the noon midnight? and all
eyes [only,
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs
That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this no-
thing? [nothing;
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
If this be nothing. [nothings,

King-killing detestable.

— To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not
Let villainy itself forswear it. [one,

The Effects of Jealousy.

This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Professed to him; why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter.

Knowledge sometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye; make known
How

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
With violent hefts. [udes,

Calumny.

Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha! these petty brands,
That calumny doth use.—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and
ha's, [tween,

When you have said she's goodly, come be-
ere you can say she's honest.

Fortitude and Innocence.

Her. Do, not weep, good fools; [mistress
There is no cause: when you shall know your
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.

Honesty and Honour.

Here's a do,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The accels of gentle visitors!

The Silence of Innocence eloquent.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Affectionate Child.

To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.

Child resembling its Father.

Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip; [valley
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay the
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles; [ger.—
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, fin-
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast
made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast [lours
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all co-
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

An Infant to be exposed.

Come on, poor babe! [vens
Some powerful spirits instruct the kites and ra-
To be thy nurses! wolves and bears, they say,
(Casting their savageness aside) have done
Like offices of pity.

Hermione pleading her Innocence.

If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make

False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators: for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince;—here stand-
ing,

To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for ho-
'Tis a derivative from me to mine, [mour,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my nearest kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

*A Wife's Loss of all Things dear, and Contempt
of Death.*

Leo. Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats; [seek.
The bug which you would fright me with, I
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third com-
fort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder. Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet, with unmodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurry'd
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die! Therefore, proceed,
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no life;
I prize it not a straw: but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.

Despair of Pardon.

But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore, betake
thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, cou'd not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

An Account of a Ghost's appearing in a Dream.

I've heard, but not believ'd, the spirits of the dead

May walk again : if such things be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming ; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts ; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her : " Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia ;
There weep, and leave it crying : and, (for the
Is counted lost for ever) Perdita, [babe
I pr'ythee, call it ; for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." — And so, with
She melted into air. Affrighted much, [shrieks,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber : dreams are toys :
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this.

An Infant exposed.

— Poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds : and most accurst am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell !
The day frowns more and more ; thou art like
A lullaby too rough. I never saw [to have
The heavens so dim by day !

Deities transformed for Love.

The Gods themselves,

Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now : their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame, and servant ; welcom'd all ; serv'd
all ; [here,
Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now
At upper end o' the table ; now i' the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his ; her face o' fire
With labour ; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip : you are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us, welcome ; for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes ; and present your-
self

[on,
That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

A Garland for old Men.

Per. Reverend Sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
Seeming and favour all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter ; the fairest flowers o' th'
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be :

Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes ; you see, sweet maid, we
A gentle scyon to the wildest stock ; [marry
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather ; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
And do not call them bastards. [flowers,

A Garland for middle-aged Men.

Per. — I'll not put

The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them ;
No more than, were I painted, I wou'd with
This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only
Desire to breed by me — [therefore

There's flowers for you ;

Hot lavender, mint, savoury, marjoram,
The marygold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age.

A Garland for young Men.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
And only live by gazing. [flock,

Per. Out, alas !

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Wou'd blow you through and through ; now,
my fairest friend,

I wou'd

I wou'd I had some flowers o' the spring, that might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O, Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'st
From Dis's waggon! early daffodils, [fall
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids;) gold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse? [on;

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play
Not like a corse: or if, not to be bury'd,
But quick, and in mine arms.

A Lover's Commendation.

What you do, [(sweet)
Still betters what is done; when you speak,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do [you
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Honest Wooing.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly
through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose [pray:—
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

True Love.

They call him Doricles: he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my
daughter;

I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to chuse,
Which loves the other best.

Presents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol. ———How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that doth take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth! when I was
young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have
ransack'd

The pedlar's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your last
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometimes lov'd: I take thy hand, this
hand,

As soft as dove's-down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Tender Affection.

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and
knowledge [them
More than was ever man's, I would not prize
Without her love: for her employ them all;
Command them and condemn them to her ser-
Or to their own perdition. [vice,

A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.

Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest, [more,
That best becomes the table: pray you, once
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid [hear,
With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he speak,
Know man from man, dispute his own estate;
Lies he not bed-ridden, and again does nothing,
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No; he has health, and ampler strength
Than most have of his age. [indeed,

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason, my son, [reason,
Shou'd choose himself a wife: but as good
The father (all whose joy is nothing else,
But fair posterity) shou'd hold some counsel
In such a business.

Rural Simplicity.

I was not much afraid: for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly/
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.

Selfish old Man.

O ——— You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That

That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay
Where no priest shovels in the dust. [me]

Prosperity the Bond, Affliction the Looser of Love.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
Affliction alters. [gether]

Self-conceit.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I will not disdain.

Self-reproach, and too severe Reproof.

Cle. At the last [evils;
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweetest companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world;
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me-
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter [now,
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: now, good
Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady: [would
You might have spoke a thousand things, that
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Love more rich for what it gives.

Leo. I might have look'd upon my queen's
full eyes,

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

A captivating Woman.

—This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Anguish of Recollection for a lost Friend.

Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of; sure
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.

Effects of Devotion.

The blessed goal

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here.

A Statue.

What was he, that did make it! See, my lord,
Wou'd you not deem it breath'd, and that those
Did verily bear blood? [veins
Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.
The fixture of her eyes has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

—Still methinks [chizzel
There is an air comes from her. What fine
Cou'd ever yet cut breath?—Let no man mock
For I will kiss her. [me;

Affliction to a penitent Mind, pleasing.

Pau. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus stirr'd you;
But I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

Widow compared to a Turtle.

I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

§ 15. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
SHAKESPEARE.

Antony's Softness.

HIS captain's heart, [burst
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath
The buckles in his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a giply's lust!

Love, the Nobleness of Life.

Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall; here is my space,
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't; in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Lovers' Praise.

Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!

Great Minds respect Truth.

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the
teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.

On: [thus;
Things, that are past, are done, with me: 'tis
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd. [tongue:
Speak to me home; mince not the general
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds [told us,
When our quick winds lie still; and our ills
Is as our earring.

Things lost valued.

Forbear me.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it;
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We with it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone,
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd
her on.

The Mutability of the People.

Our slippery people

(Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier.

Cleopatra's contemptuous Raillery.

Now, pray you, seek no colour for your
going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then:
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes; [poor,
Bliss on our brows' bent; none our parts so
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Cleopatra's anxious Tenderness.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it,—
That you know well: something it is I would:—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten!

Cleopatra's Wishes for Antony on parting.

Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpy'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet.

Antony's Vices and Virtues.

Lep. I must not think [ness;
They're evils enough to darken all his good—
His faults in him seem, as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses. [it is not

Cas. You are too indulgent. Let us grant,
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet

With knaves that smell of sweat; say this be-
comes him;

(As his composure must be rare indeed, [Antony
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state and ours; 'tis to be chid:
As we rate boys, who being mature in know-
ledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once
Wer't beaten from Mutina, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls; at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought up) with patience
more

Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou brows'd'st. On the
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh, [Alps,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a foldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Cleopatra on the Absence of Antony.

Oh, Charmian! [sits he?

Where think'st thou he is now? stands he? or
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou, whom thou
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm [mov'st?
And burget of man. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "where's my serpent of old
(For so he calls me;) now I feed myself [Nile?"
With most delicious poison; think on me
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Bald-fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my
brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Messengers from Lovers, grateful.

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

Antony's Love and Disposition.

Als. Good friend, quoth he,

Say,

Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
Was beatly dumb'd by him. [spoke,

Cle. What, was he sad, or merry?

Ale. Like to the time o'the year, between the extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.

Cle. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but
note him,

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be't thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.

The Vanity of human Wishes.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall
The deeds of justest men. [assit

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.

Pom. Whilst we are suitors to their throne,
The thing we sue for. [decays

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pompey's Wish for Antony's Captivity in Pleasure.

Pomp. I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wain lip; [love,
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his ho-
Even till a Lethe'd dulness. [nour,

Antony's Soldiership.

Pomp.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his
For such a petty war: his soldiership [helm,
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-weary'd Antony.

Antony's ingenious Acknowledgment.

Ant. The article of my oath—

Ces. To lend me arms, and aid, when I re-
The which you both deny'd. [quird them;

Ant. Neglected, rather, [up
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I
may,

I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work, without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own per-
It beggar'd all description; she did lie [son,
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Ag. O rare for Antony,

Eno. Her gentlewoman, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's infinite Power in pleasing.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

The unsettled Humour of Lovers.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music: music, moody
Of us that trade in love. [food

Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with

Mar. As well as I can, madam. [me, sir?

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho't
come too short, and such terms not

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give

Give me mine angle, we'll to the river, there,
My music playing far off, I will betray [pierce
Tawny-finn'd fishes, my bended hook shall
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry; when [diver
You wager'd on your angling, when your
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—Oh, times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Ambition, jealous of a too successful Friend.

Oh Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, not well,
May make too great an act. For learn this,
Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed [away.
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's

Octavia's Entrance, what it should have been.

Why hast thou stol'n upon us thus? You came
Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony [not
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are
come

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostent of our love: which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Women.

Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will
The ne'er touch'd vestal. [perjure

Fortune forms our Judgment.

I see, mens' judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

Loyalty.

Mine honesty, and I, begin to square;
The loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' story.

Wisdom superior to Fortune.

Wisdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may stake it.

Vicious Persons insatuated by Heaven.

Good, my lord;
When we in our viciousness grow hard,
Oh misery on't! the wife gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make
Adore our errors, laugh at's, while we strut [us
To our confusion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he'll outstare the lightning; to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.

A Master taking leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,—
A mangled shadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest
friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master,
Married to your good service, stay till death;
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't.

Early rising the way to Eminence.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Antony to Cleopatra, at his Return with Victory.

O, thou day o' th' world, [all,
Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Loathed Life.

Oh, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

Antony's Despondency.

Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here, even here.
Do we shake hands—All come to this!—The
hearts

That pannell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do distandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd
That over-top't them all.

Departing Greatness.

The soul and body live not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Antony, on his faded Glory.

Sometimes, we see a cloud that's dra-
gonish, and even bellow and
A vapour sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air.—Thou hast seen
They are black vesper's pageants. [these signs,

Eros. Ay, my lord. [a thought

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with
The rack dissimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain
Even such a body; here I'm Antony, [is
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the Queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
(Which whilst it was mine, had annex'd to it
A million more, now lost;) she, Eros, has
Packt cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my
Unto an enemy's triumph. [glory
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Description of Cleopatra's (supposed) Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake [do,
Was Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.

It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is fortiff, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do ye, wo-
men? [Charmian?
What, what good cheer? Why, how now,
My noble girls?—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out—Good firs, take
heart, [noble,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Death.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be Cæsar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Cleopatra's Dream and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor An-
Oh, such another sleep, that I might see [tony;
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye— [in fluck

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and there—
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
The little O o' th' earth. [lighted

Dol. Most sovereign creature— [arm

Cleo. His legs bestid the ocean, his rear'd
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The elements they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets; realms and
As plates dropt from his pocket. [islands were

Firm Resolution.

How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I'm marble constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Cleopatra's Speech, on applying the Asp.

—Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have

Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iris: quick—methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T'excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[Applying the Asp.

Have I the aspic in my lips? Do't fall? [To Iras.
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, [still?
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Do't thou lie
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras dies.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud and rain, that I
The gods, themselves do weep. [may say,

Cleo. This proves me base—

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal
wretch, [To the Asp.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie. Oh, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar as,
Unpoliced!

Char. Oh, eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! [gentle,—

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too,—

[Applying another Asp.

What should I stay. [Dies.

Char. In this wild world? so, fare thee well;
Now, boast thee, death; in thy possession lies
A last unparallel'd.

§ 16. CORIOLANUS. SHAKESPEARE.

Mob.

WHAT would you have, ye curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one
affrights you, [to you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hail-stone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues
him, [greatness,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye—
trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland,

Aufidius's Hatred to Coriolanus.

—Not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarments of all fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst [it
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were
At home upon my brother's guard, ev'n there,
Against the hospitable canon, wou'd I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart.

*An imaginary Description of Coriolanus war-
ring.*

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's
drum:
I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair:
As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning
him: [thus—
Methinks, I see him stamp thus—and call
“Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in Rome!” his bloody
brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire. [blood!
Virg. His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no
Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth
At Grecian swords contending. [blood

Doing our Duty merits not Praise.

Pray, now no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me: [can;
I have done as you have done, that's what I
Induc'd, as you have been, that's for my coun-
He that has but effected his good will, [try;
Hath overtaken mine act.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights [nurse
Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks,
windows
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions: all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: feld-shown flammings
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phæbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cominius' Speech in the Senate.

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' th' consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords o' th' garland. For this last
Before, and in Corioli, let me say
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the flyers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp)
And fell below his stern: his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was trimm'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' th' city, which he painted
With shunless destiny: aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

C c

The

The Mischief of Anarchy.

My soul akes

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

Character of Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for this world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder: his heart's
his mouth ;
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Honour and Policy.

I've heard you say,

Honour and policy, like unfever'd friends,
I th' war do grow together; grant that, and
tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there.

The Method to gain Popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them) [sineſs]
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones: (for in ſuch bu-
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears;) waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry, [them,
That will not hold the handling; [or] ſay to
Thou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which, thou doſt confeſs,
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In aſking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.

Coriolanus, his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I muſt do't:

Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls aſleep! the ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and ſchool-boys tears take
The glaſſes of my ſight! a beggar's tongue [up
Make motion thro' my lips, and my arm'd
knees,
Which bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms—I will not do't—
Left I ſurceaſe to honour my own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

His Mother's Resolution on his Stubborn Pride.

At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dang'rous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou liſt;

Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'dſt it from
But own thy pride thyſelf. [me :

His Detestation of the Vulgar.

You common cry of curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o' th' rotten ſens; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carcaſes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I baniſh you :
And here remain with your uncertainty:
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders, till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels ;
Making but reſervation of yourſelves,
Still your own enemies) deliver you,
As moſt abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows!

Precepts againſt Ill-fortune.

You were us'd

To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits ;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gently warded,
craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that wou'd make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On common Friendſhips.

Oh world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now
faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal, and ex-
erciſe
Are ſtill together, who twine, as 'twere, in love
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out
To bitter enmity. So ſelleſt foes, [ſleep
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear
And interjoin their iſſues. [friends,

Martial Friendſhip.

Let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where-againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcarr'd the moon with ſplinters; here I clip
The anvil of my ſword, and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious ſtrength, I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou, firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath: but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I
tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe my arm for't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fitting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing.

The Season of Solicitation.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fast; therefore I'll watch
Till he be dieted to my request. [him]

Obstinate Resolution.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd
mould [hand
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her
The grand-child to her blood. But out, af-
fection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curt'sie worth; or those dove's
eyes, [am not
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and
Of stronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which [scians
Great nature cries,—Deny not.—Let the Vol-
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderness.

———Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since—Ye gods! I prate;
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unfaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth,
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Chastity.

———The noble sister of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

———The god of soldiers,
With the consent of the supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst
prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus's Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

———Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since thy sight, which
should [comforts,
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out; and to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. - - -
- - - - - We must find,
An eminent calamity though we had
Our wish which side should win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets: or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till [son,
These wars determine; if I can't persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one: thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's
That brought thee to this world. [womb,

Peace after a Siege.

Ne'er thro' an arch so hurried the blown tide
As the re-comforted thro' th' gates. Why,
hark you!
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans
Make the sun dance.

§ 17. CYMBELINE. SHAKESPEARE.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. THOU should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crackt 'em, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept: but, good
When shall we hear from him? [Pisanio,

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him
How I would think of him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
The shes of Italy should not betray [swear,
Mine interest, and his honour: or have charg'd
him [night,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
T' encounter me with orisons, (for then

I am in heav'n for him;) or e'er I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

The Baseness of Falshood to a Wife.

Doubting things go ill often hurts more,
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Or are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne, discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch wou'd force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty: this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood as with labour;
Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
Base and unglorious as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imogen's Bedchamber; in one Part of it a large Trunk.

Imogen is discovered reading.

Imo.

—Mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed—
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd we wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods,
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, I beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo rises from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss—Rubies unparagon'd!
How dearly they do't—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her
To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd [lids,
Under the windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct—but my design
To note the chamber—I will write all down:
Such and such pictures—there the window—
such

Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why such, and such,—and the contents o' th'
story—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, t'enrich mine inventory.
O, sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,

And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off.—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard,
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think, I have pick'd the lock,
and ta'en [what end?

The treasure of her honour. No more—to
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
dawning

May bear the raven's eye; I lodge in fear;
Tho' this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.

[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.*

Gold.

'Tis gold [makes
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea,
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis
gold [the thief;
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man;
Can it not do, and undo? [what

A Satire on Women.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this—Oh, vengeance, ven-
geance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn—that I
thought her

As chaste as unfeign'd snow. - - -

- - - Could I find out [tion
The woman's part in me;—for there's no mo-
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
hers; [dain,

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-
Nice-longing, slanders, mutability;
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell
knows, [For even to vice

Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all.
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one

Not

Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Husband.

Oh, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou,
 Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true Pisanio,
 Who long'st like me, to see thy lord; who
 long'st—

(O, let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st
 But in a fainter kind—Oh, not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond—say, and speak
 thick: [ing

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hear-
 To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford? And by th' way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 T' inherit such a haven. But first of all
 How may we steal from hence: and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence
 going, [hence?

And our return t'excuse—but first, how get
 Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution,
 man, [wagers,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' th' clocks behalf. But this is foolery.
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home to her father, and provide me, pre-
 A riding suit: no costlier than would fit [sent,
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider. [here,

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way.

A Forest, with a Cave in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day! not to keep house, with
 such, [gate
 Who's roof's as low as ours: see, boys! this
 Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and
 bows you

To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may get thro'
 And keep their impious turbans on, without
 Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair
 heav'n!

We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
 As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to
 yond hill, [Consider,

Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats.
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets off,
 And you may then revolve what tales I've told
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war, [you,
 That service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often to our comfort shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
 Is nobler than attending for a check;
 Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we,
 poor, unfledg'd, [know
 Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor
 What air's from home. Haply this life is
 If quiet life is best; sweeter to you [best,
 That have a sharper known: well corresponding
 With your stiff age; but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed,
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December? how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? we have seen no-
 thing:

We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
 Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
 Our valour is to chase what flies, our cage
 We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
 As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
 The fear's as bad as falling. The toil of war,
 A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
 I th' name of fame, and honour, which dies
 i' th' search,

And hath as oft a stand'rous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many time
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,
 Must cur'st lie at the censure. Oh, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off; then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in
 one night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
 And left me bare to weather. [leaves,

Guid. Uncertain favour! [you oft,

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told
 But

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world,

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all [tains,
The fore-end of my time—But up to th' moun-
This is not hunter's language; he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' king,
Nor Cymbeline dreams, that they are alive.
They think they're mine, and though train'd
up thus meanly [hit
I th' cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Paladour,
(The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,) Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck,—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
posture [Cadwall,
That acts my words. The younger brother,
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much
His own conceiving. [more

Slander.

—No, 'tis slander, [tongue
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and
states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

False to his bed! What is it to be false,
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock?—If sleep
charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That false to's bed!

Woman in Man's Dress.

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, (or more truly
Woman its pretty self,) to waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,

Exposing it (but oh, the harder hap,
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common kissing Titan; and forget
Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in Boy's Cloaths.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one;
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford, [thee,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd
Thou wast within a ken. Oh, Jove, I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me,

I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lye
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in
fulness

Is sorer, than to lye for need: and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou'rt one o'th' false ones; now I think on
thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to't.—'Tis some savage hold;
'Twere best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere it clean o'erthrows nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.

Labour.

—Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Harmless Innocency.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took;
good troth, [had found
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I
Gold strew'd i'th' floor. Here's money for my
I would have left it on the board so soon [meat,
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth!

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Braggart.

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

Fool Hardiness.

—Being scarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.

Inborn Royalty.

—O, thou goddess,
Thou divine nature; how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys: they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their royal blood enchain'd), as the rud'st
wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder-
ful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd.

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing
her in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age, to sixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. Oh, melancholy,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom; find
The ooze to shew what coast thy sluggish care
Might eas'liest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made:
but ah!

Thou dy'd'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling as some fly had tickled slumber;
Not as death's dart being laugh'd at: his right
Reposing on a cushion. [cheek]

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' th' floor: [put
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and
My clotted brogues from off my feet, whose
Answer'd my steps too loud. [rudeness]

Guid. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose;
nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the raddock
would

With charitable bill (oh, bill fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie

Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are
To winter-ground thy corse— [none,

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less.
For Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: the mean, and mighty,
Together, have one dust, yet reverence, [rotting
The angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was
princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray thee, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Funeral Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o'th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o'th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash.

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash,

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Imogen awaking.

Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the
way?— [thither?—

I thank you—by yond bush—pray, how far
'Ods pitikins—can it be six miles yet?—

I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and
sleep. [desires!]

But soft! no bedfellow!—Oh, gods and god-
[Seeing the body.]

These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream;
For, sure, I thought I was a cave-keeper:
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very
eyes [Good faith,

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, oh, gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

Routed Army.

No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the king himself,
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen; all flying
Thro'

Thro' a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having
work

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some
falling [damm'd

Merely through fear, that the strait pass was
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards liv-
To die with lengthen'd shame. [ing

Death.

I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him
groan; [ster,
Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly mon-
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i' th' war.

§ 18. HAMLET. SHAKESPEARE.

Prodigies.

IN the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood
fell,

Disasters veil'd the sun, and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomiday with eclipse.

*Ghosts vanish at the crowing of the Cock, and
the Reverence paid to Christmas-Time.*

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock
crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets
strike,

No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Real Grief.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth shew;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father;
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, does express
An impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heav'n,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd [God!
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh, God! Oh,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not
So excellent a king, that was to this, [two—
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?—why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,
By what it fed on; yet, within a month!—
Let me not think on't!—Frailty thy name is
woman:

A little month!—or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears—Why she, even she—
O Heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with
mine uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

A com-

A complete Man.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Cautions to young Ladies.

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood:
A violet in the youth of primy nature, [ing:
Forward, not permanent: tho' sweet, not last-
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more.—

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister.
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Pastors.

I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep
As watchmen to my heart: but, good my bro-
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, [ther,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose paths of dalliance treads,
And reck's not his own reed.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act;
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, [ware
Bear't, that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judg-
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, [ment.
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, on the Appearance of his Father's Ghost.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from
Be thy intents wicked or charitable, [hell;
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: Oh, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearf'd in death,
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and us fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

The Mischief it might tempt him to.

What if it tempts you towards the flood, my
Or to the dreadful border of the cliff, [lord,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it,
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll

Ghost. Mark me. [go no further.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost. [ing

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hear-
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear. [hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am for-
To tell the secrets of my prison-house, [bid
I cou'd a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood, [spheres,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, O list!
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love.

Ham. O, Heaven! [murder.

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Hasten me to know it, that I with wings
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That

That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear;

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my garden,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
Is by a forged process of my death [mark
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's heart
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul, my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of Heav'n;
So vice, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will late itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage—

But soft; methinks, I scent the morning air,—
Brief let me be: sleeping within my garden,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of curfed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, unanointed, unaneal'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul design
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [Exit.

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth!
what else?

[my heart,
And shall I couple hell? O, fy! hold, hold,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe; remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by Heaven:
O, most pernicious woman!

O, villain, villain, smiling damned villain;
My tables:—meet it is I set down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure he may be so in Denmark.

[writing.

So, uncle, there you are: now to my word,
It is, Adieu, adieu; remember me!

*Ophebia's Description of Hamlet's mad Address
to her.*

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Prince Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous, in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Opb. My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he? [hard,

Opb. He took me by the wrist, and held me
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it: long time staid he so;
At last, a little shaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Old-Age.

Beshrew my jealousy,
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.

Happiness consists in Opinion.

Why then 'tis none to you:
For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so:
To me it is a prison.

Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himself.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That

That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,—
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, [do,
That he should weep for her? What wou'd he
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? he would drown the stage with
tears,

And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears; yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
'Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lye i' th'
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I should take it—for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
Oh, vengeance! — [villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab—
A scullion,—sie upon't—foh! about my brain!
I have heard that guilty creatures at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before my uncle; I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil may have power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hypocrisy.

We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's vis-
And pious action, we do sugar o'er [age,
The devil himself,

King. O, 'tis too true: [science!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-
The harlot's cheek beautied with plastring art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

Life and Death weigh'd.

To be, or not to be? that is the question;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep;—
No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause;—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life. [time,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Calumny.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

A noble Mind disordered.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,
sword,
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down;
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows;
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatched form and stature of blown
Blasted with ecstasy. [youth,

On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee? Why should the poor
be flatter'd?

No,

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself
breathes out [hot blood,
Contagion to the world! Now could I drink
And do such bitter business, as the day [ther—
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mo-
O, heart, lose not thy nature! let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

*The King's despairing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's
Reflections on him.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven;
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder! Pray, I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this curled hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
But to confront the visage of offence? [mercy,
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forefalsed ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past; but, oh! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul mur-
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd [der!
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself,
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature, we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O, wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O, limed soul! that struggling to be free,

Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart, with strings of
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe; [steel,
All may be well. [The King kneels.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is pray-
ing;

And now I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd?—that would be scann'd—
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send [venge.
To heav'n! O! this is hire and salary, not re-
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
May; [Heaven?

And how his audit stands, who knows, save
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him.—Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent,
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't: [ven,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at hea-
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell whereto it goes.

Hamlet and his Mother.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
In noise so rude against me? [wag thy tongue

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: Oh, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.

Queen. Ah me, what act! [this;

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man: [follows;
This *was* your husband. Look you now what
Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?

Queen. O, Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your
wings,

You

You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad. [chide,

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by Th' important acting of your dread command? O, say——

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose. But, look! amazement on thy mother sits: O step between her and her fighting soul! Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works: Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, madam?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you? That thus you bend your eye on vacancy, And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse? Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep; And as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm, Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements, Start up, and stand on end: O, gentle son! Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! look you, how pale he glares! [stones

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to Would make them capable: do not look on me, Left with this piteous action you convert My stern effects; then what I have to do, Will want true colour, tears, perchance, for

Queen. To whom do you speak this? [blood.

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

[Pointing to the Ghost.

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!

My father in his habit as he liv'd! Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal. [Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain, This bodiless creation, ecstasy Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecstasy? [time:

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep And makes as healthful music: 'tis not madness That I have utter'd, bring me to the test, And I the matter will re-word; which madness Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace, Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks: It will but skin and film the ulcerous place, Whiles rank corruption, mining all within, Infects unseen: confess yourself to Heaven, Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O, Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Then throw away the worse part of it, And live the purer with the other half. Good-night, but go not to my uncle's bed; Assume a virtue if you have it not. That monster custom, who all sense doth eat Of habits evil, is angel yet in this, That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock or livery, That aptly is put on: refrain to-night, And that shall lend a kind of easiness To the next abstinence, the next more easy; For use can almost change the stamp of nature, And master e'en the devil, or throw him out With wondrous potency. Once, more, good— And when you are desirous to be blest, [night, I'll blessing beg of you.

Queen. What shall I do? [do;

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you Let the fond king tempt you to bed again, Pinch wanton on your cheek: call you his And let him for a pair of reeky kisses, [mouse; Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fin— Make you to ravel all this matter out, [gers, That I essentially am not in madness, But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know. [of breath,

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made And breath of life, I have no life to breathe What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that.

Queen. Alack, I had forgot, 'Tis so concluded on. [school-fellows,

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd, They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery: let it work,— For 'tis the sport to have the engineer Hoist with his own petar; and 't shall go hard But I will delve one yard below their mines, And blow 'em at the moon.

Hamlet's Reflection on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my dull revenge! What is a man, If his chief good and market of his time Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. Sure he has made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and god-like reason To rust in us unus'd: now whether it be Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple Of thinking too precisely on th' event, [wisdom, (A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part And ever three parts coward;) I do not know Why yet I live to say this thing's to do, [means Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me; Witness this army of such maws and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince, Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd, Makes mouths at the invisible event, Exposing what is mortal and unsure To all that fortune, death, and danger dare, Even for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great, Never to stir without great argument, But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, When honour's at the stake. How stand I then, That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd, (Excitements of my reason and my blood,) And let all sleep, while to my shame I see The imminent death of twenty thousand men, That

That for a phantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O then from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Sorrows rarely single.

O, Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

The Divinity of Kings.

Let him go, Gertrude: do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
And little of its will.

Description of Ophelia's Drowning.

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long
purples

(That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call)
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious siver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook: her cloaths spread
wide,

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Full'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

A spotless Virgin buried.

Lay her i' th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministr'ing angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madness,
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. [earth:]

§ 19. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.
SHAKESPEARE.

Peace after Civil War.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil [blood:]
Shall damp her lips with her own children's
No more shall trenching war channel her fields;
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed files,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious clofe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

*King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his
Son Prince Henry.*

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me
In envy, that my lord Northumberland [sin
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straitest plant,
Who is sweet fortune's mirror and her pride;
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry.

Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. [come,
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright mettles on a sullen ground,
My reformation glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Hotspur's Description of a finical Courtier.

But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword;
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh

Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
 Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
 He was perfum'd like a millener:
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose: (and took't away again;
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff). And still he smil'd and talk'd:
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandſome corſe
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me; amongſt the reſt, demanded
 My priſoners, in your majeſty's behalf.
 I then, all ſmarting with my wounds, being
 Out of my grief, and my impatience [cold,
 To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
 He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
 To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
 And talk ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God ſave
 the mark!)

And telling me the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
 Was parmacety, for an inward bruife;
 And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
 This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
 So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
 He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

Danger.

I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous:
 As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
 As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unſtedfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Honour.

By heav'n's! methinks, it were an eaſy leap.
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep, [moon!
 Where fathom-line could never touch the
 ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks!
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
 Without co-rival all her dignities,
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!

Lady Percy's pathetic Speech to her Husband.

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I this fortnight been
 A baniſh'd woman from my Harry's bed? [thee
 Tell me, ſweet lord, what is't that takes from
 Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
 Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
 And ſtart ſo often, when thou ſit'ſt alone?
 Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks,
 And giv'n my treaſures, and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd mufing and curs'd melancholy?
 In thy faint ſlumbers I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed:
 Cry, courage! to the field! and thou haſt talk'd

Of fallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palifadoes, fortins, parapets;
 Of baſiliſks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of priſoner's ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
 And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleep,
 That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late diſturb'd ſtream:
 And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we ſee, when men reſtrain their breath
 On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents
 are theſe!
 Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
 And I muſt know it, elſe he loves me not.

Prodigies ridicul'd.

I blame him not: at my nativity
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes
 Of burning creſſets; know that, at my birth,
 The frame and the foundation of the earth
 Shook like a coward.

Hot. So it would have done
 At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat [born.
 Had kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been

Difeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
 In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
 Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vext,
 By the imprifoning of unruly wind [ſtriving
 Within her womb; which for enlargement
 Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
 High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples.

On miſerable Rhymers.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!
 Than one of theſe ſame metre-ballad-mongers:
 I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
 Or a dry-wheel grate on the axle-tree,
 And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
 Nothing ſo much as mincing-poetry;
 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.

Punctuality in Bargain.

I'll give thrice ſo much land
 To any well-deſerving friend;
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

A Husband ſung to ſleep by a fair Wiſe,

She bids you
 All on the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
 And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
 And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
 And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep,
 Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
 Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleep,
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,
 The hour before the heavenly-harneſs'd team
 Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

King Henry the 4th to his Son.

Had I ſo laſh of my preſence been,
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;

Opinion,

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
But being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at! [he.]
That men would tell their children, "This is
Others would say, "Where? which is Boling-
broke?"

And then I stole all courtesy from heav'n,
And dress'd myself in much humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from mens' hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt: 'carded his
Mingled his royalty with carping fools: [state:
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh with gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by mens' eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taste of sweetness: whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: seen, but with such eyes
As sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze;
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drow'd, and hung their eye-lids
down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries, [full.
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and

Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.

—Heav'n forgive them that so much have
sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head:
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scower my shame
with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet;
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shame redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T'ingross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up.
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time;
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of Heav'n, I promise here:
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A gallant Warrior.

I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.

—Let them come,
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh, [horse,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales!
Harry to Harry shall (not horse to horse)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a
Oh, that Glendower were come! [corse,

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

—Tell your nephew, [world
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
In praise of Harry Percy: by my hopes
(This present enterprize set off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.

—Brave Percy—Fare thee well,
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest earth [dead,
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee
Bears

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.

Life demands Action.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

§ 20. THE SECOND PART OF
HENRY IV. SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.—Rumour.

I From the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth;
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swoll'n with some other
griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter; Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

Contention.

—Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Post-Messenger.

After him came spurring hard
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand the news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had ill luck:
And that young Harry Percy's spurs was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

Messenger with ill News.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;

So looks the stroud, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. [check

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was
burn'd.

I see a strange confession in thine eye;
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departed friend.

Greater Griefs destroy the less.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief, [nice crutch,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly
Thou art a guard too wanion for the head, [quoit,
Which princes flesh'd with conquest aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged 'st hour that time and spight dare
bring

To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heav'n kiss earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die,
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

The Fickleness of the Vulgar.

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Did'st thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke, [be!
Before he was what thou would'st have him
And now, being trimm'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

On Sleep.

—O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, [slumber;
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
D d Under

Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top, [them
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
And, in the calmest, and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

The Character of King Henry V. by his Father.

He is gracious if he be observ'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint:
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

On Fortune.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food,
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

—Come hither to me, Harry.—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

Ex. Lords.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

—*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. [thought:
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth! [thee.
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few hours
Were thine without offence: and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees:
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Henry the fifth is crown'd: up vanity! [hence!
Down royal state! All you sage counsellors
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness: [scum;
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your
Have you a ruffian that will swear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows:
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants?

P. Hen. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

[*Kneeling.*

(The moist impediments unto my speech)
I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown,
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! if I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your Ma-
jesty,

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to shew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee de-
Hath fed upon the body of my father, [pending
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold;
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicinal potable: [nown'd,
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal
Accusing it, I put it on my head, [liege,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,

That

That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it. [love,

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel [son,
That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my

By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:

For all the foil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,

And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-shed,

Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene

Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort.

So thou the garland wear'st successively:
Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are

green; [friends,
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;

By whose fell-working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid

I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest and lying still might make them look

Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign wars; that action, hence borne

May waste the memory of former days. [out,
More would I, but my lungs are wait'd so
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.

How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be;

Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night: sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Gold.

How quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object!

For this, the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thought, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry: for this engross'd
The canker'd heaps of strange atchieved gold:
For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises;
When like the bee, culling from every flower,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths

with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

*The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he
had imprisoned.*

—If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person.

Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your working in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case

Be now the father, and propose a son; [yours,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd:
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power so silencing your son.

§ 21. THE LIFE OF HENRY V.
SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.

O For a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,

And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,

(Leas't in, like hounds) should famine, sword,
Crouch for employment. [and fire,

Consideration.

Consideration, like an angel came,
And whipt th' offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,

T' envelope and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. his Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish,
You would desire the king were made a prelate.

Hear him debate in common-wealth affairs,
You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,

To steal his sweet and honied sentences.
D d 2 The

The Common-wealth of Bees.

So work the honey-bees :
 Creatures, that by a ruling nature teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom :
 They have a king and officers of sort,
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad :
 Others, like soldiers armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds :
 Which pillage they with merry march bring
 To the tent royal of their emperor : [home
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing mason, building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate :
 The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy, yawning drone.

Warlike Spirit.

Now all the youth of England are in arms,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
 Now strive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point,
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

England.

O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee
 Were all thy children kind and natural ! [do,
 But see thy fault ; France hath in thee found
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills [out
 With treach'rous crowns.

False Appearances.

Oh ! how thou hast with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! shew men dutiful ?
 Why so didst thou : or seem they grave and
 learned ?
 Why so didst thou : come they of noble family ?
 Why so didst thou : seem they religious ?
 Why so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither ?
 Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem.
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot ;
 To mark the full fraught man, the best endu'd
 With some suspicion.

King Henry's Character, by the Constable of France.

You are too much mistaken in this king :
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy :

How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and, withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution :
 And you shall find his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate,

Description of a Fleet setting Sail.

Suppose, that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet [ning,
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
 Play with your fancies : and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing ;
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaded sail,
 Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
 Breasting the lofty surge ! [sea,

Description of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of
 The hum of either army stilly sounds ; [night,
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the others' umber'd face.
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
 The armourers accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll :
 And (the third hour of drowy morning nam'd)
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away : the poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger : and their gesture sad,
 (Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon [coats,)
 So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry praise and glory on his head !
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
 Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and country-
 Upon his royal face there is no note [men.
 How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night ;
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;
 That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his locks.
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His lib'ral eyes doth give to ev'ry one,
 Thawing cold fear.

The Miseries of Royalty.

O hard condition, and twin-born with great-
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense [ness,
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! And what have kings,
That private have not too,—save ceremony?—
Save gen'ral ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:
What is the soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give the cure.

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee, [dream,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king, that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The faried tited running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world!
No, not all these thrice gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus; and all night
Sleeps in Elysiun: next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse:
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

A Description of the miserable State of the English Army.

Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks, [jades
With torch-staves in their hands: and their poor
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and
hips:

The g'm down roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the jymold bit

Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour.

King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd:
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that out-lives this day, and sees old-age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbour,
And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian;
Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars:
Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages, [names,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our
Familiar in their mouth, as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

Description of the Earl of York's Death.

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign;
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have
But I had not so much of man in me; [itopp'd;
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

The Miseries of War.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned lies: her hedges even pleach'd,
Like prisoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the culture ruins,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility: [hedges,
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.

§ 22. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.
SHAKESPEARE.

Glory.

GLORY is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Marriage.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

§ 23. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY
VI. SHAKESPEARE.

A resolv'd ambitious Woman.

FOLLOW I must, I cannot go before,
While Glo'ster bears this base and humble
mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I wou'd remove these tedious stumbling-blocks;
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
And being a woman I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

The Lord ever to be remembered.

Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Eleanor to the Duke of Glo'ster, when doing
Penance.*

For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land;
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd
groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the cruel people laugh:
And bid me be advis'd how I tread.

Silent Resentment deepest.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

A guilty Countenance.

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Description of a murder'd Person.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and blood-less;
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er re-
To blush and beautify the cheek again. {turneth
But see his face is black, and full of blood!
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd:
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man!
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling!
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd!
Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking!
His well-proportioned beard, made rough and
rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

A good Conscience.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart un-
tainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Remorseless Hatred.

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I curse
them:

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban,
And ev'n now, my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress-trees!
Their sweetest prospect, murd'ring basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell——

Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain-top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee:
Go, speak not to me: ev'n now be gone——
Oh! go not yet—ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die:——
Yet, now farewell, and farewell life with thee!
Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company,
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world:
And where thou art not, desolation.

*Dying, with the Person below'd, preferable to
parting.*

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between his lips.

The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial, when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confess——

Alive

Alive again? Then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands
upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Night.

The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,
That dragic melancholy night; [wings,
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging
Clip dead men's graves; and from their misty
jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Kent.

Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Lord Say's Apology for himself.

Justice, with favour, have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could
never:
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent, to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks;
Because my book prefer'd me to the king:
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

§ 24. THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.
SHAKESPEARE.

The Transports of a Crown.

—**D**O but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

A hungry Lion.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

*The Duke of York on the gallant Behaviour of
his Sons.*

My sons, God knows what hath bechanc'd
them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire;

Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of
ground!

And cry'd, A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this we charg'd again; but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching
waves.

*A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favourite
Child.*

Oh tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal, [child,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
And I with tears do wash the blood away. [boy,
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, "alas, it was a piteous deed!"

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

The Morning.

See how the morning opens her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a younker prancing to his love!

The Morning's Dawn.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live:
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;

So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 So many days, my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yeau;
 So many months, ere I shall shear the fleece;
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and
 Past over, to the end they were created, [years,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Oh! what a life were this! how sweet! how
 lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects treachery?
 O, yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When cares, mistrust, and treason, wait on him.

Mob.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again,
 Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
 And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater gulf;
 Such is the lightness of you common men.

A Simile on ambitious Thoughts.

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty,
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread;
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 Saying, he'll lale it dry, to have his way.

Gloucester's Deformity.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
 To make an envious mountain on my back;
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;
 To disproportion me in every part:
 Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I then a man to be belov'd?

Gloucester's Dissimulation.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
 And frame my face to all occasions:
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator, as well as Nestor;
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could;
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;
 I can add colours even to theameleon;
 Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages;

And set th' aspiring Catiline to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Henry VI. On his own Lenity.

I have not stop't mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds;
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs;
 My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
 And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
 Why ask I that? My mangled body shews;
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
 That I must yield my body to the earth, [shews,
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
 Whose top-branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading
 tree; [wind.

And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful
 These eyes that now are dim'd with death's black
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun, [veil,
 To search the secret treasons of the world.
 The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres:
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
 brow?

Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of Tewkesbury.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I shou'd
 My tears gainsay; for every word I speak, [say,
 Ye see, I drink the water of my eye; [reign,
 Therefore no more but this: Henry, your sove-
 Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
 His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil:
 You fight in justice; then, in God's name, Lords,
 Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Omens on the Birth of Richard III.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
 The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless tune;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
 trees;
 The raven croak'd hoarse on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pyes in dismal discord sung:
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
 To wit, an indigested, deform'd lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born,
 Teeth hadst thou in thy mouth when thou wast
 To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:

And,

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou can'st into the world with thy legs for-
ward.

§ 25. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.
SHAKESPEARE.

Anger,

—TO climb steep hills [like
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is
A full-hot horse, who, being allow'd his way,
Self mettle tires him.

Action to be carried on with Resolution.

If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither
My faculties, nor person, yet will be [know
The chronicles of my doing: let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear,
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd: but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear,
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here, where we sit; or sit
State-statues only.

New Customs.

—New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

The Duke of Buckingham's Prayer for the King.

—May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Dependents not to be too much trusted by great men.

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
Beware you be not loose; those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

A good Wife.

—A loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
Will bless the king.

The Blessings of a low Station.

—'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband.

—Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? Nay, give notice,
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years; and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

—You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride:
You have by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are
mounted [words,
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual.

King Henry's Character of Queen Catharine.

That man i' th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens.

On her own Merit.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections, [him?
Still met the king? lov'd him, next Heaven obey'd
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost

Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Queen Catharine compared to a Lily.

——— Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Obedience to Princes.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

Horror, its outward Effects.

——— Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait,
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again;
Strikes his breast hard, and then, anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

Firm Allegiance.

——— Though perils did [and
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em,
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

Anger, its external Effects.

What sudden anger's this? How have I reaped
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin [it?
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Falling Greatness.

——— Nay, then farewell!
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do; I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Crom—
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, [well;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard; say then I taught
thee;

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:
A sure, and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
Corruption wins not more than honesty. [thee:
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, [not.
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in—
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all [well!
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell! Crom—
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Applause.

——— Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Cardinal Wolsey's Death.

At last with easy roads he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words, "O father abbot,
"An old man, broken with the storms of state,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among you,
"Give

"Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity; he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law. I th' presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he went to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

----- This cardinal,
Tho' from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle;
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise; fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not:
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

And though he was unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Malicious Men.

----- Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best.-----

A Church-Man.

----- Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again;
Cast none away.

Inhumanity.

----- 'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.

----- Let me speak, Sir;
(For Heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (Heav'n still move about her!)
Tho' in a cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good, [her:
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse
Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall
bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows
with her.

In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by those their goodness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When Heav'n shall call her from this cloud of
darkness)

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name [rish,
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flou-
And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him; children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heav'n.

§ 26. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING JOHN. SHAKESPEARE.

New Titles.

GOOD-den, Sir Richard—God a'mercy, fel-
low,

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective and unfociable
For your conversing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's me's:
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My piked man of countries;—my dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
I shall beseech you—that is question now;

And

And then comes answer like an A B C book :

O Sir, says answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your service, Sir : —
No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours.
And so ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment ;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po ;
It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mountain spirit like myself ;
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation.

A Description of England.

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders ;
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Ev'n till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen ;
An Até stirring him to blood and strife.
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd ;
And all th' unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With lady's faces, and fierce dragon's spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and feathe in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand.

Courage.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence ;
For courage mounteth with occasion.

A Boaster.

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

Description of Victory, by the French.

You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur duke of Bretagne in ;
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
And many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
While victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors.

By the English.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king, and England's, doth
approach,
Commander of this hot, malicious day : [bright,
Their armours that march'd hence, so silver
Hither return all gilt in Frenchmen's blood ;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France.
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd
And like a jolly troop of huntmen, come forth ;
Our lusty English, all with purple hands,
Dy'd in the dying laughter of their foes.

A compleat Lady.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where shou'd he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where shou'd he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
If love, ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady
Blanch ?

On Commodity, or Self-Interest.

— Rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
Who having no external thing to lose [maids,
But the word *maid*, cheats the poor maid of that ;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commo-
Commodity, the bias of the world : [dity,
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even upon even ground ;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent,
And this same bias, &c.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick and capable of fears : [tears ;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
A woman, naturally born to fears :
And tho' thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all the day.

Tokens of Grief.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds ?
Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words ?
Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full

Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending
marks;

I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

Grief.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes the owner stout.

Constance to Austria.

O Lymoges, O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward,
Thou little valliant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that durst never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'd up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp and swear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

The Horrors of a Conspiracy.

I had a thing to say,—but, let it go:
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard, where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment
(A passion hateful to my purposes);
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone
Without eyes, ears, and harmful soul of words;
Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts;
But ah, I will not.—

A Mother's Ravings.

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad: I would to heav'n I were!

For then 'tis like I should forget myself.
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason.
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel,
The different plague of each calamity.

Apollrophe to Death.

—Oh! amiable, lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fullsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself;
Come grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And kiss thee as thy wife; misery's love,
O come to me!

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.
For since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chace the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n,
I shall not know him; therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Par. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.—

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Despondency.

There's nothing in this world can make me
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, [Joy;
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Departing Diseases.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil.

Danger

Danger lays hold of any Support.
He that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.

Have you the heart? when your head did but
I knit my handkerchief about your brows? [ake,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you, and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:
If Heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must—Will you put out mine
Theseeyes that never did, nor never shall, [eyes?
So much as frown on you. ———

Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heav'n's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound,
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not stir nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to:
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes. [in yours,
Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense: [there,
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

To add to Perfection, superfluous, and suspicious.

To gild refin'd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rain-bow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.
This is the man shou'd do the bloody deed;

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.

Struggling Conscience.

The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent;
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

News-tellers on the Death of Arthur.

Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously: [mouths;
Young Arthur's death is common in their
And, when they talk of him, they shake their
And whisper one another in the ear. [heads,
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus, [eyes.
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a taylor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Kings evil Purposes too servilely and hastily executed.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know a meaning
Of dang'rous majesty, when perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! For had't not thou been
A fellow, by the hand of nature mark'd, [by,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purpos'd;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
break off, [in me,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears

Hypocrisy.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Despair.

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread,
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will strangle thee: a rush will be a beam

To hang thee on : or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm,
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Drums.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest.

Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

The Approach of Death.

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Madness, occasioned by Poison.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Poison'd, ill fare! dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom: nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

England invincible, if unanimous.

England never did, nor ever shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms;
And we shall shock them.—Nought shall make
If England to itself do rest but true.

§ 27. JULIUS CÆSAR. SHAKESPEARE.

Patriotism.

WHAT is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught towards the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius, in Contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accounted as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow: so indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man [Tyber
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan: [mans
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Ro-
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas!—it cry'd—"Give me some drink, Titu-
nius"—

As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world,
And bear the palm alone, [Shout, flourish.

Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cassius. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow
Like a Colossus: and we petty men [world
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at sometimes are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar! what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be founded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now,

Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Cæsar's Dislike of Cassius.

Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer: and he looks [plays,
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Spirit of Liberty.

I know where I will wear this dagger, then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most
strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass.
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this; know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Ambition, covered with specious Humility.

But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Conspiracy, dreadful till executed.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Conspiracy.

O, conspiracy! [night,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
Hide it in smiles and affability: [conspiracy,
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Against Cruelty.

Gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.

Sleep.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Portia's Speech to Brutus.

You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks. [head,
I urg'd you further: then you scratch'd your
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insited, yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafture with your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometimes hath his hour with ev'ry man,
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Calphurnia to Cæsar, on the Prodigies seen the Night before his Death.

Cal. I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets, [dead.
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets:
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen; [princes.
The heav'n's themselves blaze forth the death of
Against

Against the Fears of Death.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should
Seeing that death, a necessary end, [fear:
Will come, when it will come.

Danger.

Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

Envy.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Antony to the Corpse of Cæsar.

O, mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? fare thee well.

His Address to the Conspirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half so at worth, as those your swords, made
With the most noble blood of all this world [rich
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, [smoke,
Now whilst your fury-led hands do reek and
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no means of death
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of the age.

Revenge.

Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war.

Antony's Funeral Oration.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me
your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? [wept;
When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæsar hath

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for
him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory;
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark
Antony. [will.

All. The will; the will: we will hear Cæsar's.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must
not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you;
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs;
For if you should—O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, An-
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will. [rony:

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a
while?

(I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.)
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable

All. The will! the testament! [men!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the
will!

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend, and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

E c

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger
through;—

See, what a rent the envious Casca made.—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd
This, this, was the unkindest cut of all; [him;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
And in this mantle muffling up his face, [heart;
Even at the base of Pompey's statue, [fell.
(Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us fell down:
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O now you weep: and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd; revenge!
about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not
a traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
To such a sudden flood of mutiny: [stir you up
They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full
That give me public leave to speak of him: [well,
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action or utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Ceremony insincere.

—Ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony:
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this,

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians:
Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such
a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undefervers.

Cas. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak this;
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember.

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no

Bru. Away, slight man. [farther.

Cas. Is't possible?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all
this? [heart breaks;

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret 'till your proud
Go shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? by the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you. For, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own
I shall be glad to learn of noble men. [part,

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong
I said an elder soldier, not a better. [me, Brutus;
Did I say better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not. [mov'd me.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have

Cas. I durst not! [tempted him.

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love?
I may do that I shall be sorry for. [for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd
For I can raise no money by vile means. [me;
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart, [wring
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, [Cassius?
Which you deny'd me; was that done like
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
riv'd my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
For Cassius is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [him better

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
© Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And strait is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
too. [your hand.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter? [me,

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
When that rash humour which my mother gave
Makes me forgetful? [me

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave
you so.

Bru. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better—Portia's

Cas. Ha! Portia! [dead.

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
O, insupportable and touching loss! [so?
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence, [Antony
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark
Have made themselves so strong: (for with her
death

That tidings came) with this she fell distract,
And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her; give me a bowl
of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Opportunity to be seiz'd on all Affairs.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble
Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began;
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

E e 2

Cas.

Cæs. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed:
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man
might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known.

Melancholy the Parent of Error.

Oh, hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did, that they did, in envy of great Cæsar:
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; "This was a man!"

§ 28. KING LEAR. SHAKESPEARE.

An alienated Child.

LET it be so, thy truth then be thy dower:
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous
Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Bastardy.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The courtesy of nations to deprive me, [thines
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and waked?

A Father cursing his Child.

Hear, Nature!
Dear goddess, hear; and if thou dost intend

To make that creature fruitful, change thy
purpose;

Pronounce upon her womb the barren curse,
That from her blasted body never spring
A babe to honour her; but if she must bring forth,
Defeat her joy with some distorted birth,
Or monstrous form, the prodigy o' th' time;
And so perverse of spirit, that it may live
Her torment as 'twas born, to fret her cheeks
With constant tears, and wrinkle her young
brow.

Turn all her mother's pains to shame and scorn,
That she may curse her crime too late, and feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child:—

Ingratitude in a Child.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Flattering Sycophants.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues as
these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose: sooth ev'ry
passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods:
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Plain, blunt Men.

This is some fellow, [affect
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves, I know, which in this
plainness
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,
Than twenty sily, ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Description of Bedlam Beggars.

While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and the poorest shape,
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
filth;
Blanket my loins; else all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with
Inforce their charity. [spray's,
The

The Faults of Infirmity pardonable.

Fiery! the fiery duke! tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet; may be, he is not well;
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, [selves,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our—
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear; [mind
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—

Unkindness.

Thy sister's naught; oh Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.
[Points to his heart.

Offences mistaken.

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Rising Passion.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet, thou art my flesh, my blood, my daugh—
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh, [ter,—
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, or imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

The Necessaries of Life, few.

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts.

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger:
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such
things;—
What they are, yet I know not! but they shall
The terrors of the earth; you think I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weep-
ing:

This heart shall break into a thousand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Wilful Men.

O, Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea;
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair,
(Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury;)
Strives in his little world of man t' out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf [couch,
Keep their furr dry; unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Lear's passionate Exclamations amidst the Tempest.

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout [blow!
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks!

You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man.

Rumble thy belly-full, spit fire, spout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure;—here I stand your
slave;

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that
love night,

Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark, [man,
And make them keep their caves: since I was a
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature can-
Th' affliction, nor the force. [not carry

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudden o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch

That hast within thee undivulged crimes, [hand!
Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
That art incestuous! caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent up
Rive your concealing continents, and ask [guilt,
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hotel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this
contentious storm
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth. When
the mind's free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home;
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night,
To shut me out!—pour on, I will endure.
In such a night as this! O, Regan, Goneril,
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here. [ease;

Lear. Pr'ythee go in thyself; seek thine own
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in,
In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
you

From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this: take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Enter Edgar, disguised like a Madman.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?
and art thou come to this?

Didst thou give them all?
Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir. [daughters!

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have
subdu'd nature

To such a lowliness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

The Justice of Providence.

That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heaven's deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance; that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power
So distribution should undo excess, [quickly;
And each man have enough.

Patience and Sorrow.

Patience and sorrow strove [seen
Which should express her goodliest: you have
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears

Were like a better day. Those happiest smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Description of Lear distracted.

Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckow-
flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

Description of Dover-Cliff.

Come on, sir, here's the place—stand still.
How fearful!

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! [air,
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful
trade!

Methinks he seem no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring
surge,

That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Gloster's Farewell to the World.

O, you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce: and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!

On the Abuse of Power.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind, [back;
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate fine
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say none; I'll able
'em;

Take that of me, my friend, who hath the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.

O, my dear father! Restoration hang

Thy

Thy medicine on my lip; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, those white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? - - -
- - - And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal Lord? how fares
your Majesty? [grave.

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th'
Ha! is this too a world of cruelty?
I know my privilege: think not that I will
Be us'd like a wretched mortal? No,
No more of that.

Cord. Speak to me, sir; who am I?

Lear. You are a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, which my own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me? [you die?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: where did
Cord. Still, still, far wide.

Phys. Madam, he's scarce awake; he'll soon
grow more compos'd. [day-light!

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? Fair
I am mightily abus'd, I should even die with
To see another thus. I will not swear [pity
These are my hands.

Cord. O, look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in blessing over me; nay
You must kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man, [you,
Fourscore and upward; and to deal plainly with
I fear I am not in my perfect mind. [for me,

Cord. Nay, then farewell to patience: witness
Ye mighty pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd till now!

Lear. Methinks I should know you, and
know this man,

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remember not these garments; nor do I know
Where I did sleep last night—Pray do not mock
For, as I am a man, I think that lady [me,
To be my child Cordelia.

Cord. O my dear, dear father! [not weep,

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith: pray do
I know I have giv'n thee cause, and am so
With crosses since, that I cou'd ask [humbled
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible
That thou cou'dst grant it; but I'm well assur'd
Thou canst not; therefore I do stand thy just
If thou hast poison for me I will drink it, [tice:
Bless thee, and die.

Cord. O pity, sir, a bleeding heart, and cease
This killing language.

Lear. Tell me, friends, where am I?

Gent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me. [violence

Gent. Be comforted, good madam, for the
Of his distemper's past: we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, till he is better settled.

Will't please you, sir, walk into freer air?

Lear. You must bear with me, I am old and
foolish.

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoner.

No, no, no, no; come, let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them
too,

Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon,

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

The Justice of the Gods.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

*Edgar's Account of his discovering himself to his
Father, &c.*

Lit a brief tale, [burst!

And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
The bloody proclamation to escape, [ness!
That follow'd me so near (O, our lives sweet-
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; t'assume a semblance,
The very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-
spair;

Never (O, fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, tho' hoping of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you
on,

You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg.— This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity!

Whilst I was big in clamour, there came a man,
Who having seen me in my worser state,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but now finding
Who 'twas had so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck; and bellow'd out,
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack—Twice then the trumpets
And there I left him trans'd.— [founded.

Lear on the Death of Cordelia.

Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O you are men
of stone;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heav'n's vault should crack; she's gone
for ever!

I know when one's dead and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glass,
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

This feather stirs, she lives: if it be so
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O, my good master.

Lear. Pr'ythee away—
A plague upon you, murd'rous traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever,
Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!—
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low.

Lear dying.

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no
more.

Never, never, never, never, never.—

§ 19. MACBETH. SHAKESPEARE.

Witches describ'd.

—WHAT are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth;
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me.

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women:
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly, [false,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

*Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Ap-
proach.*

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood.
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse:
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring
ministers!

Wherever in your sightless substances [night!
You wait on nature's mischief—Come, thick
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heav'n peep thro' the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold!—

Macbeth's Irresolution.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
It were done quickly: if th' assassination [well
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease success: that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all—Here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions; which, being taught, re-
turn

To plague th' inventor. Even-handed justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman, and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then as his host,
Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Dun-
can

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye; [spur
That tears shall drown the wind—I have no
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on th' other.

True Fortitude.

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.

The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger which I see before me, [thee;
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight, or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heart-oppressed brain?
I see

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw——
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee fill;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such
thing—

It is the bloody business which informs [world
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder
(Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf, [pace,
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
design [set earth,
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sound and firm—
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he
lives— [A bell rings.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold; [—Hark! peace!
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good-night—he is about
it—

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what, ho!—

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—hark!—I laid their daggers
ready,

He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't—My
husband! [hear a noise?

Macb. I've done the deed—didst thou not

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets
Did not you speak? [cry.

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! who lies i' th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[Looks on his hands.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and
one cry'd murder!

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard
them;
But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bless us! and Amen,
the other; [hands,
As they had seen me, with these hangman's
Listening their fear. I could not say Amen,
When they did say God bless us!

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. [Amen?

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep
no more!

Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, forelabour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
Chief nourisher in life's feast.— [course,

Lady. What do you mean? [the house;

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more! to all
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
Cawdor [more!

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no
Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why
worthy Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done!
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [Starting.
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out
mine eyes;

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will
Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine, [rather
Making the green one red—

Re-enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I
shame [Knock,

To wear a heart so white: I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.

How easy is it then! your constancy
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knock.
[Knock,

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And

And shew us to be watchers ; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts. [know myself.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking ! would
thou couldst !

Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of Banquo.

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. How now, my lord, why do you keep
alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed
have died [remedy
With them they think on ? things without all
Should be without regard ; what's done, is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it.
She'll close and be herself ; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave :
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well :
Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther !

O full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleance
lives. [nal.

Lady. But in them, nature's copy's not eter-

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assail-
able ;

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black Hecate's
summons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done ? [est chuck,

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dear-
Till thou applaud the deed : come, feeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale ; light thickens, and the
Makes wing to th' rocky wood : [crow
Good things of the day begin to drop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do
rouse.

Scene a Room of State. Banquet prepared.

*Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox. Lords, and
Attendants.*

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best
at home ;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;

Meeting were bare without it.

[*The ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's
place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May't please your highness sit.

Macb. Here had we now our country's ho-
nour roof'd, [sent,—

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo pre-
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance !)

Rosse. His absence, Sir, [highness
Lays blame upon his promise. •Please't your
To grace us with your royal company ?

Macb. The table's full ! [Starting.

Len. Here's a place reserved, Sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my good lord,

What is't that moves your highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ? [shake

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it : never
Thy gory locks at me. [well.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often
thus, [seat,

And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep
The fit is momentary, upon a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion :
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

[*To Macb. aside.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look
on that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear ; [*aside.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !—
Why do you make such faces ? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there !

Behold ! look ! lo ! how say you ?

[*Pointing to the ghost.*

Why, what care I ! if thou can'st nod, speak
too.—

If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back : our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The ghost vanishes.*

Lady. What ! quite unman'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.—

Lady. Fie, for shame ! [olden time,

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now i' th'
Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear : the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,

And there an end ; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more strange
Than

Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all! [full—

Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

[*The ghost rises again.*

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why so,—being
gone, [The ghost vanishes.

I am a man again: pray you sit still.

[*The lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
With most admir'd disorder. [the good meeting

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange

Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady. Good night to all. [*Exeunt lords.*

Macb. It will have blood, (they say) blood
will have blood: [speak;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, that understood relations, have
By magpies and by choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood. [forth

Witches, their Power.

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight

Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up; [down,
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope [treasure
Their heads to their foundations; though the
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Ev'n till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you,

Malcolm's Character of himself.

Mal. But I have none; the king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, persev'rance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime, [should
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I'm as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. Oh, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd!
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed. Thy royal father
Was a most fainted king; the queen, that bore
Often upon her knees than on her feet, [thee,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh! fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my
Thy hope ends here. [breast!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my
thoughts [Macbeth

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak my own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

An oppress'd Country.

Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot [nothing,
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend
the air;

Are

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell [seems
Is there scarce ask'd for whom: and good
men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macduff, on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever, [sound,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it. [babes

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd, your wife and
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heav'n! [brows;
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not
speak, [break.

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
Macd. My children too! [could be found.

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that

Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife

Rosse. I've said. [kill'd too!

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief. [ones!

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty
Did you say all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all!
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did Heav'n
look on,

And would not take their part? sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heav'n rest them
now! [let grief

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword;
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage
it. [eyes,

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle
Heav'n!

Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him, if he scape,

Then Heav'n forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly;
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[Exeunt.

Despised Old Age.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,
breath, [dare not,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and

Diseases of the Mind, incurable.

Can't thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Reflections on Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to study death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! it is a tale,
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

§ 30. OTHELLO. SHAKESPEARE.

Preferment.

'TIS the curse of service:
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first.

In dispraise of Honesty.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old,
cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Well thrive by them: and when they have lin'd
their coats, [some soul,
Do themselves homage. These folks have
And such a one do I profess myself. For, Sir,
It

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself.
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For daws to peck at; I am not what I seem.

Love the sole Motive of Othello's marrying.

For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth.

Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble, and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true I have married her;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my
speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have
us'd

Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love. What drugs,
what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.

I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly
Of being taken by the insolent foe, [breach;
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travels' history.

All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

But not distinctively; I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful—
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man;—she
thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story;
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

Perfect Content.

O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest comes such calms, [death:
May the winds blow, till they have weaken'd
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

A Lover's Exclamation.

Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello's first Suspicion.

Think, my lord! why, by heaven thou
echo'st me
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean
something;
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that.—
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou criest,
Indeed!

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me
Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My lord, you know I love you.
Oib. I think thou dost:
And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st
them breath,

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the
For such things in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're cold dilections working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Reputation.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing;

'Twas

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

*Othello's Soliloquy after having been work'd up
to Jealousy by Iago.*

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation,
That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh, the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses.

Jealousy.

Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ.

The Tortures of Jealousy.

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look, where he comes! not poppy,
nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me! [that.
Iago. Why, how now, general, no more of
Oth. Avaunt, be gone, thou hast set me on the
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd, [rack;
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord? [lust?
Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well; fed well, was free
and merry,

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind. Farewel content;
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewell,
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill
tump,

The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war:
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats

Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counter-
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone [feit,
Iago. Is't possible, my lord? [whore;
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Catching hold on him.*

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this? [prove it,
Oth. Make me to see't, or, at the least, so
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life.

Iago. My noble lord. [me,
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Imo. O grace! O Heav'n forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office. O wretched
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! [fool,
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O
To be direct and honest is not safe! [world,
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay,—thou shouldst be honest.—
Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and cou'd almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while
she kept it,

'Twou'd make her amiable, subdue my father
Entirely to her love: but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate wou'd have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't:
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose't or giv't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.—

—There's magic in the web of it,
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed
the silk.

And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

A Lover's

A Lover's Computation of Time.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights? [hours, Eight-score eight hours? and love's absent More tedious than the dial eight-score times? Oh weary reckoning!

Othello's Speech, after having received the Mandate when confirm'd in his Suspicions.

Ay! you did wish that I would make her turn; Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on, And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep; And she's obedient: as you say obedient; Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—Concerning this, Sir—oh, well painted passion!

I am commanded home—get you away, I'll send for you anon—Sir, I obey the mandate, And will return to Venice—Hence, avaunt!

[*Ex. Des.* Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night I do entreat that we may sup together. You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit Othello.*

His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech I understand a fury in your words, [import? But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou? [loyal wife.

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself, left being like one [seize thee,

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to Therefore be double-damn'd; swear thou art

Des. Heaven doth truly know it. [honest.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, Desdemona, away, away, away—

Des. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep? Am I the motive of these tears, my lord? If haply you my father do suspect, An instrument of this your calling back, Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost Why I have lost him too. [him,

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heav'n, To try me with affliction, had he rain'd All kind of sores and shames on my bare head, Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes; I should have found in some place of my soul A drop of patience. But alas, to make me A fixed figure for the hand of scorn

To point his slow, unmoving finger at— Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart, Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs, Or else dries up, to be discarded thence;

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads [there, To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin, Ay, there look grim as hell.

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ah, as summer-flies are in the shambles, [weed!

That quicken even with blowing. O thou

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense akes at thee;

Would thou hadst ne'er been born! [mitted?

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I com-

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book, [mitted!

Made to write whore upon? what, what com-

Committed! Oh, thou public commoner,

I should make very forges of my cheeks

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds. What, what com-

mitted!

Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear't. What committed! impu-

dent strumpet!

Des. By Heaven you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord

From any other foul, unlawful touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, Heav'n forgive us.

Oth. I cry your mercy then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello.

Desdemona's Faithfulness.

Alas, Iago!

What shall I do to win my lord again? [heav'n,

Good friend go to him; for by this light of

I know not how I lost him, Here I kneel;

[Kneeling.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Or in discourse or thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense

Delighted them on any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will, though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do

And his unkindness may defeat my life, [much,

But never taint my love.

A Bed-chamber, Desdemona is discovered asleep

in her Bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and Sword,

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:

Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars,

It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster:

[Lays down the sword.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men:

Put out the light, and then—put out the light.

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can

I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'it pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light re-lumine.

[Sets down the taper.

When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the
tree.

[Kissing her.

O balmy breath, thou dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one
more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill
And love thee after. One more, and that's the
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, [last;
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.

*Othello's Confusion, after having murdered his
Wife.*

Yes, 'tis Emilia—by and by—she's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high. Ha, no more moving!
Sill as the grave. Shall she come in? wer't good?
I think she stirs again—No—what's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.—

His Love for her.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

His bitter Remorse.

Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost fail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires: Where should Othello go?
Now,—how dost thou look now? Oh ill-star'd
wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
E'en like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire—
Oh Desdemona, Desdemona! dead, dead! oh,
oh!

His last Speech.

Soft you; a word or two before you go. [it;
I have done the state some service, and they know
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you
speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe: of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unusual to the melting mood,
Dropt tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this.
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. [Stabs himself.

§ 31. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II. SHAKESPEARE.

Reputation.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

Cowardice.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Banishment, Consolation under it.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity,
And think not that the king did banish thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee. Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
Suppose the singing-birds, musicians; [com'f't:
The grass, whereon thou tread'st, the presence-
floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance.
For gnarling sorrow hath less pow'r to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Thoughts, ineffectual to moderate Affliction.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no, the apprehension of the good

Gives

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Popularity.

Ourself, and Bushy Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune:
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench:
A brace of dray-men bid, God speed him well!
And had the tribute of his supple knee:
With,—Thanks my countrymen, my loving
As were our England in reversion his, [friends.
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

England.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, [isle,
This other Eden, demi Paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or of a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Grief.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows.
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form.—

Hope, deceitful.

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death;
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

The Prognostics of War.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change:

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.

Richard to England, on his Arrival.

As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in
meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders which suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flow'r
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling; and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall fault under foul rebellious arms.

The Sun rising after a dark Night.

—Know'st thou not,

That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here:
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

On the Vanity of Power, and Misery of Kings.

No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!
Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossest;
Some poison'd by their wives! some sleeping
kill'd:

All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the anticfits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp:
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks:
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin, [king!
Bores through his castle walls, and farewell
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
F f Tradition,

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you; feel want like you;
Taste grief, want friends like you: subjected
How can you say to me, I am a king? [thus,

Melancholy Stories.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire,
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell them the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

*A Description of Bolingbroke's and Richard's
Entry into London.*

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Bol-
lingbroke! [spoke,

You wou'd have thought the very windows
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus; I thank you, countrymen;
And this still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he
the while?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Ev'n so, or with much more contempt, men's
eyes [him!
Did scowl on Richard: no man cry'd, God save
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience, [steal'd
That had not God, for some strong purpose,
The hearts of men, they must perforce have
And barbarism itself have pitied him. [melted;

Violets.

Who are the violets now, [spring?
That strew the green lap of the new-come

King Richard's Soliloquy in Prison.

I have been studying how to compare
This prison where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts.
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humour, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contented—

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
And shall not be the last: (like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there)
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me with myself a beggar;
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And strait am nothing—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—

§ 32. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD III. SHAKESPEARE.

Richard, on his own Deformity.

NOW are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments:
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I, (in this meek piping time of peace)
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard's Love for Lady Anne.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn
salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
Not when my father York, and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike-father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
I never sued to friend nor enemy: [weeping.
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee [words;
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue
to speak.

On his own Person, after his successful Addresses.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

Queen Margaret's Execration.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors, while thou
liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be when some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-markt, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that was seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou detested.—

High Birth.

I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Richard's Hypocrisy.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I cloath my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a faint, when most I play the devil.

Clarence's Dream.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I
pray you tell me. [Tower;

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd
England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and in
falling

Struck me, (that sought to stay him) overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main. [drown!
Lord, lord, methought, what pain it was to
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon!
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels; [holes
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep? [death,

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air?
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sad agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
O then began the tempest to my soul: [life.
I past, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man which poets write
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night. [of,
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-
wick,

Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair,
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Cla-
rence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you:
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those
That now give evidence against my soul, [things
For Edward's sake: and, see, how he requites
me!

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

Sorrow.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Greatness, its Cares.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
Ah, outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of endless cares;
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Duchess of York on the Misfortunes of her Family.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toils'd,
For me to enjoy and weep their gain and loss.
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood;
Self against self: O most preposterous
And frantic outrage! end thy damned spleen!
Or let me die to look on death no more.

Deceit.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!

Submission to Heaven, our Duty.

In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrate-
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt, [ful
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite to Heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you,

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Contemplation.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Description of the Murder of the two young Princes in the Tower.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done:
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshly villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle babes;—
Thus, thus, (quoth Forrest) girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay, [mind:
Which once, (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my
But, oh! the devil—there the villain stopt:
When Dighton thus told on—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,

That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse:

They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Expedition.

Come, I have learn'd, that fearful comment-
Is leaden servitor to dull delay: [ing
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's mercury, and herald for a king.

Queen Margaret's Exprobation.

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen,
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. [thers?
Where is thy husband now? where be thy bro-
Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the
queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd
thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courie of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

His Mother's Character of King Richard.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school days frightful, desprate, wild, and
furious: [turous:
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ven-
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and
bloody.

Hope.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows
wings; [kings.
Kings it makes gods; and meaner creatures

A fine Evening.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Day-break.

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou! whole captain I account myself,
Look

Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still!

Richard starting out of his Dream.

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
The light burns blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What! do I fear myself?

Conscience.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Richard before the Battle.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom,
Advance our standards, set upon our foes:
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons,
Upon them victory sits on our helms!

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom
for a horse! [a horse.]

Catesb. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to
K. Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon
And I will stand the hazard of the dye. [a cast,
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

§ 33. ROMEO AND JULIET. SHAKESPEARE.

Love.

LOVE is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet!

On Dreams.

O then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love:

[*straight:*

On courtiers' knees, that dream on curties
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:

This, this is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace:
Thou talk'st of nothing,

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more unconstant than the wind; who woos
Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

A Beauty describ'd.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

*The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet in the
Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a
wound—— [breaks?
But soft, what light thro' yonder window
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[*Juliet appears above at the window.*

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off——

F f 3

She

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those

stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n,
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not
night,

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand;
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
Unto the white up-turn'd wand'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air. [*Romeo!*]

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo,—wherefore art thou
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:—

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; Romeo, quit thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo. [*in night*]

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd
So stumblest on my counsel.

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words

Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dis-
please. [*wherefore?*]

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but
And I am proof against their enmity. [*sweet,*]

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here. [*their eye.*]

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out
this place? [*inquire,*]

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes:

I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on
my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night:

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment:
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lover's perjuries
They say Jove laughs. Oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!

Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Mountague, I am too fond; [*light:*]
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discover'd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant
That monthly changes in her circled orb; [*moon,*]
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all.
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love—

Jul. Well, do not swear—altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens—sweet, good-night.
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet: [*rest*]

Good-night, good-night—as sweet repose and
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night?

Rom.

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful
vow for mine. [quest it:]

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what
purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good nurse—Sweet Mountague, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
All this is but a dream I hear and see;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-
night indeed:

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay, [rite];
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam!*]

I come anon—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[*Within: Madam!*] By and
by I come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good-night. [Exit.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want
thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a falkner's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again—
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than
With repetition of my Romeo. [mine,]

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine. [then.—]

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years till
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this. [gone,]

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in its twisted gyves,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

Love's Heralds.

Love's heralds should be thoughts, [beams,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Violent Delights, not lasting.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they meet consume.

Lovers, light of Foot.

O so light of foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamour,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

A Lover's Impatience

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That thou run-away eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen,
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind:
It best agrees with night.

Romeo, on his Banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death!
For exile hath more terror in his look
Than death itself. Do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's
But purgatory, torture, hell itself. [walls,
Hence banish'd, is banish'd from the world,
And world-exil'd is death; that banished,
Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banish-
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. [ment;]

Rom. 'Tis torture, and no mercy: heaven
is here

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,

More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished!
O father; hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharp-ground knife, no present means of
But banishment to torture me withal? [death,
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profess,
To mangle me with that word, banishment?

Fri. Fond madman, hear me speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to bear off that
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, [word,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished! hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more—

Fri. O then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes.

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou
dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished;
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou
tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window;
a ladder of ropes set.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near
It was the nightingale, and not the lark, [day:
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond' pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die. [well;

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it
It is some meteor which the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me then stay, let me be ta'en and
If thou wilt have it so, I am content. [die:
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
I'll say it is the nightingale that beats
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,
And not the lark, the messenger of morn.
Come death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so.
How is't my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears, and savage lions roam;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house;
Or, cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
(Things that, to hear them nam'd, have made
me tremble)

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy, on drinking the Potion.

Farewel—God knows when we shall meet
again! [veins,

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me,

Nurse—what should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

Come, vial—what if this mixture do not work
at all?

Shall I of force be married to the count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there—

[Pointing to a dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead,
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.—

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault, [in,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packt;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night, spirits resort—)

Alas, alas! is it not like, that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—

Oh! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

(Invironed with all these hideous fears,)

And madly play with my forefathers' joints,

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And in this rage, with some great kinsman's

bone,

As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?

O look, methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point!—Stay, Tybalt, stay!

Romeo, I come: this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.

Joy and Mirth turn'd to their Contraries.

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad funeral feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change into their contraries.

Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with, the Apothecary.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's see for means—O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death, in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut:
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud? [poor;

Rom. Come hither, man; I see that thou art
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's
law

Is death to any he that utters them. [nefs,

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretched-
And fear't to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to
men's souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st
not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none—
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.

Romeo and Paris.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Moun-
tague:

Can vengeance be pursued farther than death?
Condemn'd villain! I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I
hither. [man,

—Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate
Fly hence and leave me—think you upon those
gone;

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury—Oh, be gone!
By heav'n I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at
thee, boy. [They fight. Paris falls.

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith I will: let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman! noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode?—I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so?—Or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? Oh, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.

Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

O, my love, my wife!

Death, that has suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd: beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To funder his, that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chambermaids: oh
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look
your last!

[you
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct! come, unsav'ry guide!
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary, bark:
Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!

[Drinks the poison.

Thy

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]

§ 34. TIMON OF ATHENS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Painting.

THE painting is almost the natural man :
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside : pencil'd figures are [ture,
Ev'n such as they give out.

The Grace of a Cynic Philosopher.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelt,
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond :
Or a harlot for her weeping ;
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen, Amen ; so fall to't ;
Great men sin, and I eat root.

A faithful Steward.

So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have
wept
With drunken spilt of wine ; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with min-
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, [strelsie,
And set mine eyes at flow.

The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.

They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are ho-
nourable— [not—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—
'tis pity—

And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them ! [lows
I pr'ythee, man, look chearly. These old fel-
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary ;
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Against Duelling.

Your words have took such pains, as if they
labour'd [ling
To bring man-slaughter into form, set quarrel-
Upon the head of valour, which, indeed,
Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
wrongs [lessly ;
His outsides, wear them like his raiment, care-
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.

Let me look back upon thee, O, thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves ! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incon-
tinent ;
Obedience fail in children ; slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the
bench,
And minister in their steads : to general filths
Convert o' th' instant green virginity ! [fast ;
Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats. Bound ser-
vants, steal ;
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;
Thy mistress is o' th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
And with it beat his brains out ! Fear and piety,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries ! [men,
And yet confusion live !—Plagues, incident to
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy : breath infect breath,
That their society (as their friendship) may
Be merely poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou town detestable !

A Friend forsaken.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

On Gold.

What is here ?

Gold ! yellow, glittering, precious gold !
No, gods, I am no idle votarist. [will make
Roots, you clear heavens ! thus much of this
Black, white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right ;
Base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
You gods ! why this ? what this ? you gods !
why, this [hides :
Will lug your priests and servants from your
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
This yellow slave [heads :
Will knit and break religions ; bless th' accurs'd ;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With

With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the waped widow wed again;
She, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st
odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature,

Timon to Alcibiades.

Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk
paps, [eyes,

That through the window-lawn bore at men's
Are not within the leaf of pity writ; [babe,
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the
Whose dimpled smiles from fools extort their
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle [mercy:
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it fans remorse. Swear against ob-
jects,

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
babes,

Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy
soldiers.

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

To the Courtizans.

Consumptions low

In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly. Hoar the Flamen
That folds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-
pate ruffians bald,

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you.

Timon's Reflections on the Earth.

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems and feeds all; oh, thou! whose self-
same mettle [puff]

(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyelet's venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;

Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Enfear thy fertile and conception womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.

Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and
bears, [face

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented—O, a root—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn
leas,

Whereof ingrateful man, with liq'rish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.

Timon's Discourse with Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung [place?
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these weeds,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee; hinge thy
knee,

And let this very breath whom thou'lt observe
Blow off thy cap, praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus:
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid
welcome

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my like-
ness. [self.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my-

Apem. Thou'lt cast away thyself, being like
thyself, [thou
So long a madman, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd
trees

That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the crea-
tures,

Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoused
To the conflicting elements expos'd, [trunks,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee:

Oh! thou shalt find— [der arm

Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's ten-
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath pro-
ceeded [affords,

Through sweet degrees that this brief world
To such, as may the passive drugs of it [thyself
Freely command; thou would'st have plung'd
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who

Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts
of men

At duty more than I could frame employments;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy nature did commence in suff'rance; time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou
If thou wilt curse thy father, that poor rag
Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

On Gold.

O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

*Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate
wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That fouldrest close impossibilities, [tongue,
And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every
To every purpose! Oh, thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

Timon to the Thieves.

Why should you want? behold, the earth hath
roots;

Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips:
The bounteous hufwife nature on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why
want?

[water,
Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes. [and fishes:

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess; that you work
not

In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascals, thieves, [grape,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' th'
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician,
His antidotes are poison, and he slays [gether:
More than you rob; takes wealth and life to-
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composition

Prom gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power [away,
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves,
Rob one another; there's more gold; cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops, for nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it.

On his honest Steward.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man! mistake me not, but one:
No more, I pray; and he's a steward too.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself! but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wife;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many to arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck.

Wrong and Insolence.

Now breathless wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purvy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

§ 35. TITUS ANDRONICUS.
SHAKESPEARE.

Mercy.

WILT thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thanks.

Thanks, to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

An Invitation to Love.

The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us set down and mark their yelling noise;
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our pastime done) possess a golden slumber;
Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song [birds,
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Vale, a dark and melancholy one describ'd.

A barren and detested vale, you see, it is.
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here

Here never shines the sun: here nothing breeds
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven,
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly:

A Ring, in a dark Pit.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
 A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
 Which, like a taper in some monument,
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
 And shews the ragged entrails of this pit.

Young Lady playing on the Lute and singing.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier Tereus hath thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 Oh, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss
 them! [life.
 He would not then have touch'd them for his
 Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made:
 He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

A Lady's Tongue cut out.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear!

A Person in Despair, compar'd to one on a Rock, &c.

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his briarish bowels swallow him.

Tears compar'd to Dew on a Lily.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Reflections on killing a Fly.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly!
 Tit. But!—how if that fly had a father and
 mother? [wings,
 How would they hang their slender, gilded
 And buz lamenting dolings in the air!
 Poor harmless fly,
 That with his pretty buzzing melody
 Came here to make us merry;
 And thou hast kill'd him.

Revenge.

Lo, by thy side where rape and murder stands;
 Now give some surance that thou art revenge:
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globe;
 Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murders in their guilty caves.
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon wheel
 Trot like a servile footman all day long;
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.

§ 36. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SHAKESPEARE.

Love in a brave young Soldier.

CALL here my varlet: I'll unarm again.
 Why should I war without the walls of
 That find such cruel battle here within? [Troy,
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field: Troilus, alas! hath none.

The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
 strength, [valiant.
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus—
 When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
 Reply not, in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart [voice;
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
 Handlest in thy discourse—O that! her hand!
 In whose comparison all whites are ink, [sure
 Writing their own reproach: to whose soft seiz-
 The cygnet's down is harsh, to th' spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou
 tell'st me [her:
 (As true thou tell'st me) when I say, I love
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
 The knife that made it. [me

Success not equal to our Hopes.

The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below, [disasters
 Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and
 Grow in the veins of action, highest rear'd;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his court of growth.

On Degree.

Take but degree away; untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows; each thing
 meets
 In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Would

Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength would be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son would strike his father dead :
Force would be right ; or rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides) [too.
Would lose their names, and so would justice
Then every thing includes itself in power ;
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite (an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power)
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last, eat up itself.

Conduct in War superior to Action.

The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight ;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
They call this bed-work mapp'ry, closet war :
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine ;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Adversity the Trial of Man.

—Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works ?
And think them shame, which are indeed, nought
But the protractive trials of great Jove, [else
To find persifive constancy in man ?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love ; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin ;
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a broad and pow'ful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Achilles described by Ulysses.

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The finew and the fore-hand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him Patro-
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day [clus,
Breaks scurril jests ;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
Thy toplefs deputation he puts on ;
And like a strutting player, (whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied, and o'er-wrested seeming,
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms un-
squad'd, [dropt,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
Would seem hyperboles. At this fustly stuff

The large Achilles, on his prest bed loling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause :
Cries, Excellent !—'tis Agamemnon just !—
Now play me Nestor—hum, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.
That's done—as near as the extreme ends
Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife ;
Yet good Achilles still cries, Excellent !
'Tis Nestor right ! now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm :
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, " O !—enough, Patro-
clus—

" Or give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
" In pleasure of my spleen." And, in this
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, [fashion,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Respect.

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as mourning, when the coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Doubt.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wife ; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst.

Pleasure and Revenge.

Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision.

The Subtlety of Ulysses, and Stupidity of Ajax.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself : is 't not strange ?

Ulys. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse ?

Ulys. He doth rely on none ;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us ?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only,

He makes important : he's possess'd with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoll'n and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself ; what should I say ?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, No recovery.

Aga.

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulys. O, Agamemnon, let it not be so,
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud
lord,

That bailes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself) shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit
(As amply titled as Achilles is) by going to
Achilles:

That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, Achilles go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this ap-
plause!

Ajax. If I go to him—with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze
his pride; let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow— [quarrel.

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood. [patient.

Aga. He'll be the physician that should be the

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind—

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat
swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares. [ple,—

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him sup-

Nest. He's not yet through warm; force him
with praises, pour in, pour in; his ambition is
dry.

Ulys. My lord, you feed too much on this dis-

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so. [like.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without
Achilles. [harm.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face—
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous as Achilles is.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog! that palters thus
'Would he were a Trojan! [with us—

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulys. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praise.

Ulys. Ay, or furly borne.

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

Ulys. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art
of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half; and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yields

To sinewy Ajax; I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times;

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulys. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax. [Achilles

Ulys. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Keeps thicket; please it our great general

To call together all his state of war; [friends,

Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,

We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast,

And here's a lord, come knights from east to west,

And cull their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Gowe to council, let Achilles sleep;

Light boats sail swift, tho' greater hulks draw

deep.

[Exeunt.

An expelling Lover.

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks

Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,

And give me swift transporance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the lily beds

Propos'd for the deserfer! O, gentle Pandarus,

From Cupid's shoulders pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid: - - -

I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.

Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,

That it enchants my sense: what will it be,

When that the watry palate tastes indeed

Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;

Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,

Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,

For the capacity of my rude powers;

I fear it much, and I do fear besides,

That I shall lose distinction in my joys;

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps

The flying enemy. - - -

My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;

And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

Like vassalage at unawares encountering

The eye of majesty.

Constancy in Love protested.

Troilus. True swains in love shall in the
world to come [rhimes,

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes: truth tried with iteration,

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

A.

As fun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authentic author to be cited,)
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cress. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless, are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falshood! when they've said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea—let them say, to stick the heart of false
As false as Cressid. [hood,

Pride cures Pride.

Pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride: for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Greatness contemptible when it declines.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with
fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their meally wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit; [ders)
Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry stan-
The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Honour, continued Acts necessary to preserve its Lustre.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
(A great siz'd monster of ingratitude) [vour'd
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are de-
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance keeps honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion.
Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost; and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
And trampled on: then what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
For time is like a fashionable host,

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O let not virtue
Remuneration for the thing it was; [seek
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,
Tho they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More land than they will give to gold o'er dusted:
The present eye praises the present object,

Love shook off by a Soldier.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wan-
ton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold;
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Lovers parting in the Morning.

Troil. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no
I would not from thee. [longer,

Cress. Night hath been too brief.

Troil. Beshrew the witch! with venomous
wight she stays,
Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary swift than thought.

Lover's Farewel.

Injurious time, now with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewells as be stars in heav'n,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss;
Distast'd with the salt of broken tears.

Troilus's Character of the Grecian Youths,

The Grecian youths are full of subtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of
nature [cise:
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exer-
How novelties may move, and parts with per-
Alas! a kind of godly jealousy [son—
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

A Trumpeter.

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd-bias cheek [pipe;
Out-swell the cholic of puffed Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes pout
Thou blow't for Hector. [blood;

Diomedes's Manner of walking.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait:
He rises on his toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Def-

Description of Cressida.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body:
Oh, these encounterers! so glib of tongue,
They give a coasting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader; set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

The Character of Troilus.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon
calm'd.

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews:
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects: but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

Hector in Battle.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way [thee
Thro' ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in th'
Not letting it decline on the declin'd: [air,
That I have said unto my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks hath hemm'd thee
Like an Olympian wrestling. [in,

Achilles surveying Hector.

Tell me, ye heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there;
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where out
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Honour more dear than Life.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

Pity to be discarded in War.

For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords!

Rash Vows.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

P A T H E T I C P I E C E S.

§ 37. *Sebastian and Dorax.* DRYDEN.

*Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turban,
and put on an European habit.*

Dor. NOW do you know me?

Seb. Thou should'st be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream,

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my
wrongs,

And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy
wings

Over these eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the dews they brought.

The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:

If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier. [me;

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done
Then though I loathe this woman's war of
tongues,

Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
And, Honour, be thou judge.

Seb. Honour befriend us both.

Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:

I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:

How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince! [reward,

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot
The part of Heav'n in kings: for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must, and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant, (it irks me so to call my prince)
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, Tyrant!

Dor. Tyrant!

Seb. Traitor; that name thou canst not echo
That robe of infamy, that circumcision [back :
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor :
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason, [tyrant,
Eftac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of heaven to hell ;
All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this, [more :
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts ;
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lye in every face ;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense : when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd, and cen-
For want of courtly style : related actions, [sur'd,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts :
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward, [vaded,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights in-
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and para-
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lye, [sited.
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez ? Now
by Heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that
I nam'd him, [simile ;
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and
That woman, but more daub'd ; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman ; thy man-mistress.

Seb. All false as hell, or thou.

Dor. Yes ; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields :
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it.
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both. [first,

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st ; but tell me
If those great acts were done alone for me ;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest ?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here
below :

But all th' advantage of that love was thine :
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
(For Violante's vows were mine before :)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke ;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be
hop'd ?

Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him
first ?

Seb. He had my promise, ere I knew thy
love.

Dor. My services deserv'd thou should'st re-
voke it. [service ;

Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts ;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd ! [sacred,

Dor. Ev'n in the face of Heav'n, a place more
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by
power,

Would seize my right, and rob me of my love ;
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field, [own !
That thou should'st make a coward's cause thy

Seb. He durst : nay, more, desir'd and begg'd
with tears,

To meet thy challenge fairly : 'twas thy fault
To make it public ; but my duty, then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd. [me :

Seb. The indignity thou didst was meant to
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended ;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power :—so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself :
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live ;
And live to hear it boasted to my face ;
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age :
Has Honour's fountain then suck'd back the
stream ?

He has ; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour ; give them back—
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it—

Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I
wear, [it—

More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal :
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude ;
Hast thou not charg'd me ? Speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have :
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lye. [draw :

Seb. No ; to disprove that lye I must not
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence :
To fight thee, after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest ?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas ;
Which mounting, view each other from afar ;
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor.

Dor. I'll cut that isthmus:
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprove it, for my own revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honourable malice: [not:
Now draw; I should be leath to think thou dar'st
Beware of such another vile excuse.

Seb. Oh, patience, Heav'n!

Dor. Beware of patience too:
That's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base:
Yet to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight or be perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou would'st
be thank'd: [Drawing.

Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
Thesprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.

Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?

Seb. The question is beside our present pur-
Thou see'st me ready; we delay too long. [pose;

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead: make haste, and thou may'st
yet o'ertake him. [longer.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'st me
I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival dy'd,
Whose death next thine I wish'd. [never know:

Seb. If it would please thee, thou should'st
But thou, like jealousy, enquir'st a truth,
Which found will torture thee: he dy'd in fight:
Fought next my person; as in concert fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound:
Then when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!

Seb. I prophesy'd thy proud soul could not
bear it.

Now judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durst I say?) as Heav'n
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n;
And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is,
Confess he justly was prefer'd to thee. [appears;

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
Oh, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king,
His glorious end was a patch'd work of Fate,
Ill-sorted with a soft effeminate life:

It suited better with my life than his
So to have dy'd: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

Dor. Oh, whither would you drive me! I must
grant,

Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert: [you;
For you he fought and dy'd; I fought against
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your sacred life; which that I mis'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide. [tis name:

Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gen-
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?

Dor. Can I speak!

Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo:

No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:

Alonzo was too kind a name for me. [arms;
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with you
In that blest age I was the man you nam'd;
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you: there's my
grief. [repent;

Seb. Nay, if thou can'st be griev'd, thou can'st
Thou could'st not be a villain, though thou
would'st:

Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

Dor. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul, [goodness;
Half-drown'd in tears before; spare my confu-
For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd. [sion:
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and
shame,

To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou should'st not ask forgiveness
first,

But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:

Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid. [blest me!

Dor. Have I been cursing Heav'n, while Heav'n
I shall run mad with extasy of joy:

What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my king, and to my love!
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;

And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was: be my Alonzo.

Der. What, my Alonzo, said you? My Alonzo!

Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
And if I could, [mine.
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as
Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er
be silent.

Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heav'n to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love, and friend, be ever mine.

§ 38. *Antony and Ventidius.* DRYDEN.

Ant. THEY tell me, 'tis my birth-day, and
I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
'Till all my fires were spent, and then cast down-
To be trod out by Cæsar? [wards

Vent. [*Aside.*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains,
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie
there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou predest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes: then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe [on't.
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more
Give me some music; look that it be sad.
I'll sooth my melancholy, 'till I swell
And burst myself with sighing—

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot—

Vent. Methinks, I fancy
Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on;
And take me for their fellow-citizen.

More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

Vent. I must disturb him. I can hold no
longer. [*Stands before him.*

Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last,

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me! [I?

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am,

Vent. My emperor; the man I love next Heav'n,
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:

You're all that's good, and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness. [man, he weeps!

Ant. By Heav'n he weeps, poor good old
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best. [friends;

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine—Nay, father—

Vent. Emperor!

Ant. Emperor! Why that's the style of victory.
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unselt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh—

Vent. It fits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams—

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame—

I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done. [thou think'st;

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony—

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony,

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ven-
tidius,

Thou

Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did. [Ventidius,

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man,

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but—

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crouding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains, [me,
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from
And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Wholabour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already. [ings;
Of what you've done; too conscious of your fail—
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your for—

Ant. I know thou would'st. [tunes.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think
me desperate

Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall
But fortune calls upon us now to live, [serve:
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius. [hours

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy. [you,
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of meat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches, to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,

Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's
virtue in 'em:

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I say, in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come. [promis'd aids,

Ant. Why did'st thou mock my hopes with
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march

To succour me. Oh, trifier!

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besieg'd. [came I hither?

Vent. There's but one way shut up—How

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cle-

Ant. What was't they said? [opatra.

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cle-
opatra. [quer,

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her con-
And make you more a slave? To gain you king-
doms,

Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her?—Then she new names her
jewels,

And calls this diamond such or such a tax;

Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free li-
On all my other faults; but, on your life, [cence
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have entrusted human kind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless
woman!

I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain in-
tolence!

Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.

Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!

Vent. You may kill me.

You have done more already; call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I need not have sought your abject fortunes;

Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t' have led my conqu'ring
eagles

To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet, you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:
But you, ere love mislead your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.

Ant. But Cleopatra—
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more. [thou may'st:
Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for
that kind word.

May I believe you love me? Speak again. [this.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and
Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this—

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her, [I love
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows,
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour:
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!

Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day, [word
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Ant. Oh, Cleopatra!

Vent. Again!

Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god. [arms,

Ant. Oh, thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up in
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while any foremost men

Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our
troops,

May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

§ 39. *Theodosius and Marcian.* LEE.

Theo. HA! what rash thing art thou, who
sett'st so small

A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have giv'n,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge me to thy ruin?

Mar. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd; and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring
Already drown the glory of great Julius; [arms
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heav'n!
What mean the Fates by such prodigious virtue?
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
With conquests thus to over-run the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears and blood.

Theo. How, Marcian!

Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own
hair;

With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets.
Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopt;
With stones they dash the windows of their tem-
ples, [gods;

Pull down their altars; break their household
And still the universal groan is this,
"Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he is gone, that father of his country,
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy
glory?" [manners.

Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and thy
Thou dost upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy life—

Mar. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which Virtue brings; like sores, your vices
shake

Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before

Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your illustrious blood:
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Prefuming Marcian!

What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the
sway

To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings;
In after-times, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd;
They will despise your sloth, and backward ease,
More than they hate the others' cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn, or pity!
Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation,
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

Theo. Pr'ythee no more. [risons,

Mar. Nay, when the legions make compa-
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd,
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge,
To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
That so obstructing those that quench'd the fire
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome—

Theo. O cruelty! Why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?

Mar. Yet some will say, This shew'd he had
a spirit,

However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That savour'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O y' immortal gods,
Is this the old Cæsarian majesty;
Now, in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phœnæus?
One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead, abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.

Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee;
Hence, be gone, I say—

Mar. Not 'till you have heard me out—
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline:
Inclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet:
Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;

Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you:
Consume with this prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
Of sesterces at once four hundred millions:
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a traitor!

Mar. Go to, you are a boy—

Or by the gods—

Theo. If arrogance like this, [punish'd,
And to the emperor's face, should 'scape un-
I'll write myself a coward; die then, villain,
A death too glorious for so bad a man,
By Theodosius' hand.

[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*

Mar. Now, Sir, where are you?

What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my honours?
Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,
Banish'd the court, a vagabond for ever?
Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me? [em?
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge
What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
And make, besides, this purple youth my foot-
stool?

The armies court me: and my country's cause,
The injuries of Rome and Greece persuade me.
Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emperor whether I will or no:
Did not, for less than this, the latter Brutus,
Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person
Against his friend a black conspiracy, [head
And stab the majesty of all the world? [pow'r.

Theo. Aet as you please: I am within your

Mar. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
And shall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawless pleasures,
Ravish from the empire its dear health,
Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory?

Go on in this dishonourable rest?
Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd troops
Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
And, like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods;
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its constant loyalty! I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this death of honour,
And shew him what he should be.

Theo. You accuse me,
As if I were some monster most unheard of!
First, as the ruin of the army; then
Of taking your commission: but, by Heav'n,
I swear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it: nor say I this
To alter thy stern usage; for with what
Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my re-
membrance,

I grow already weary of my life. [not know]

Mar. My lord, I take your word: you do
The wounds which rage within your country's
bowels;

The horrid usage of the suffering soldier:
But why will not our Theodosius know?
If you entrust the government to others, [blame?
That act these crimes, who but yourself's to
Be witness, O ye gods! of my plain dealing,
Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my banishment: but, alas!
My loss is little to what soon will follow!
Reflect but on yourself and your own joys;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.

'Twas rumour'd through the city, that you lov'd;
That your espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you send your orders
That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudofia,
Should lose her head.

Theo. Oh, heav'n and earth! What say'st thou?
That I have seal'd the death of my Eudofia?

Mar. 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I
swear,

Tho' you have giv'n to female hands your sway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curse all womankind;
Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,
And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd
Without the walls, appear'd before the army—

Theo. What! on a scaffold! Ha! before the
army!

Mar. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
To soft compassion, and relenting tears!

But when the axe
Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth
From that fair body, had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran
Through all the armed host, you would have
thought,

By the immediate darkness that fell round us,
Whole nature was concern'd at such a suff'ring,
And all the gods were angry.

Theo. O Pulcheria!
Cruel ambitious sister! this must be
Thy doing. Oh, support me, noble Marcian!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'st strike: be-
hold,

I offer thee my breast; with my last breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my blood.
Were I to live, thy counsel shall direct me;
But 'tis too late. —

Mar. He faints! What, ho, there! Lucius!
My lord the emperor! Eudofia lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment!
Quick as the thought, she calls you to the temple.
Oh, Lucius, help!—I've gone too far; but see,
He breathes again.—Eudofia has awak'd him.

Theo. Did you not name Eudofia?

Mar. Yes, she lives:
I did but feign the story of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart:
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon
If ever I rebuke you thus again! [me,
Yet 'tis most certain that you sign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer'd,

Who left it in my hand to startle you:

But by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal master;
Droop not because I utter'd some rash words,
And was a madman.—By th' immortal gods:
I love you as my soul: whate'er I said,
My thoughts were otherwise; believe these tears,
Which do not use to flow: all shall be well.
I swear that there are seeds in that sweet temper,
T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee first for my Eudofia's life.
What, but my love, could have call'd back that
life [thought

Which thou hast made me hate? But, oh, me—
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from thee,
From him I ever reverenc'd as my father,
To hear so harsh a message!—But, no more;
We're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt
not rise,

And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love: in this forgive me.
First let me wed Eudofia, and we'll out;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that's past: glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on! —

Mar. Let her not rest then;
Espouse her straight: I'll strike you at a heat.
May this great humour get large growth with-
in you;

And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods!
O what a sight will this be to the soldier,
To see me bring you dress'd in shining armour,
To head the shouting squadrons! — O ye gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The sounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums.
I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;
And, with beholding you, grow fat again!
Nothing but gazing eyes, and op'ning mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken Io's, and with sobbing raptures,
Crying, To arms! he's come; our emp'r's
come

To win the world!—Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
Fasting, or praying? Come, come, you shall be
And for Eudofia, she is your's already: [merry:
Marcian has said it, Sir; she shall be your's.

Theo. Oh, Marcian! Oh my brother, father,
all!

Thou best of friends! most faithful counsellor!
I'll find a match for thee too, ere I rest,
To make thee love me. For when thou art
with me, [I'm nothing.
I'm strong and well; but when thou'rt gone,

§ 42. *Gloster and Hastings.* ROWE.

Gloster. MY lord, y' are well encounter'd; here
has been

A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made

To

To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we meant to do;
That you had spoke, and all things should be
well. [service.]

Haft. Your highness binds me ever to your

Gloft. You know your friendship is most po-
tent with us,

And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear:
The state is out of tune; distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke.
The golden streams of commerce are with-held,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat re-
bellion.

Haft. The refty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction;
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Gloft. Bestrew my heart! but you have well
divin'd

The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children
govern. [of that?]

Haft. 'Tis true, the king is young; but what
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Gloft. The council (much I'm bound to thank
em for't)

Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to controul;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useles to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

Haft. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this—

Gloft. Ay, marry, but there is—
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
Discouraging on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with that same buxom widow
The queen he left behind him—

Haft. Ill befall

Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heav'n, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.

Did not the king,

Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sov'reign rule should take
henceforward?

When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their
brains,

Each day, with some fantastic giddy change?

Gloft. What if some patriot, for the public
good, [state?]

Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the
Haft. Curse on the innovating hand attempts
it!

Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Gloft. You go too far, my lord.

Haft. Your highness' pardon—

Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the
battles;

When, like a matron, butcher'd by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those
horrors, [us?]

And set once more that scene of blood before
Gloft. How now! so hot!

Haft. So brave, and so resolv'd. [ment,

Gloft. Is then our friendship of so little mo-
That you could arm your hand against my life?

Haft. I hope your highness does not think I
meant it; [son

No, Heav'n forefend that e'er your princely per-
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

Gloft. Oh, noble Hastings! Nay, I must em-
brace you:

By holy Paul, y' are a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If when I mean to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,

To

To think me your's, and rank me with your friends. [should pay.]

Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart
Oh, princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

Gloster. Enough of this; to deal in wordy compliment

Is much against the plainness of my nature:
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit,
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
Farewel, and be my friend. [Exit.]

Hast. I am not read, [ness,
Nor kill'd and practis'd in the arts of great-
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tenderest point; the master-iting
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Rome name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my
blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

§ 41. *Gustavus and Dalecarlians.* BROOKE.

1st Dale. LET us all see him!

2^d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.

3^d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th Dale. Our general. [can be found.]

5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons

6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.

7th Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus.

Anderson. Do, my lord.

Gustavus. My countrymen! —

1st Dale. Ho! hear him.

2^d Dale. Peace!

3^d Dale. Peace!

4th Dale. Peace! [hearts,

Gusf. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your
And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd
Thro' wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and
deaths, [ye.

Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before
As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity; dark and
vengeful;

Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity;
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
Swept my great fire and kindred from my side;
For them Gustavus weeps not, though my eyes
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.
But, oh, great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,

My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage —

And vengeance that would choke them — tears
will flow. [them.]

And. Oh, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of
Practis'd to stab and smile, to stab the babe
That smiles upon them.

Arn. What accursed hours
Roll o'er those wretches, who to fiends like these
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
That worlds will rate for! [tive!

Gusf. Oh, Liberty, Heaven's choice preroga-
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!

For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, sacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flat-
t'ring ruin,

Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.

Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire — offer'd at the hands of tyrants.

With thee, I fought this fav'rite soil; with thee
These fav'rite sons I fought; thy sons, oh, Li-
berty:

For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,

Smile o'er their hearths, and from their moun-
Beam glory to the nations. [tain tops

All. Liberty! Liberty! [carlia,

Gusf. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dale-
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world

As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,

The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
Why else have you, and your renown'd fore-
fathers, [thrones

From the proud summit of their glitt'ring
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,

That dar'd the bold infringement? What, but
liberty, [years,

Through the fam'd course of thirteen hundred
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills, [ye

And sanctify'd their shade? — And will ye, will
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;

Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult,
And in one hour give up to infamy

The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

1st Dale. No.

2^d Dale. Never, never.

3^d Dale. Perish all first.

4th Dale. Die all!

Gusf. Yes, die by piece-meal!

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!

Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye fear'd; to see that e'en your foes,

Do justice to your valours! — There they be,
The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder
host,

Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.

And, oh, when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart swells high, and burns for the en-
counter.

True courage but from opposition grows;

And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm

That

That strikes for liberty? That strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution;

And his large honours from eternal infamy?
What, doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand
here

*Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
To wake us to resistance?---Let us on!
Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You shall not be withheld; we will rush on
them—

This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! Is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And push yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
Flee to its fountain? [word more

3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one
Is but delay of conquest.

Guf. Take your wish.

He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left rout—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down: then wheel at once,
Confess'd to view, and close up all the vale:
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts
beat high! [bands,

Thin though our ranks, though scanty be our
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each, singly equal to an host of foes:
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes' light!
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high, [eye!
Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his

§ 42. *Gustavus and Cristiern.* BROOKE.

Crist. TELL me, Gustavus, tell me, why is
this,

That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprize,
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light, [buke
That thus thou'ldst push them on the keen re-
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
All awful, and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,
And blast rebellion?

Guf. Justice, sanctitude,
And rights! Oh, patience! Rights! What
rights, thou tyrant?—

Yes, if perdition be the rule of power, [chief,
If wrongs give right, oh, then, supreme in mis-
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world!
Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st
That crowns are vilely property'd, like coin,

To be the means, the specialty of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of tided birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,
Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heav'n,
Can authorise oppression, give a law
For lawless power, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd man-
kind,

Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unfocial side,
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.

Crist. Licentious traitor! thou can'st talk it
largely.

Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute? As on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty.
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed must'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne against the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the toil.

Guf. Mistaken man! [weakness;
I come empower'd, and strengthen'd in thy
For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement; prayers, and tears,
And secret curses, sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

Trollio. Profane, and alien to the love of
Heav'n!

Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine, [not
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up,
As sacred to damnation?

Guf. Yes, I know,
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heav'n,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates,
That Heav'n itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swedish prelate, your gall hath turn'd
The words of sweet, but indigest peace,
To wrath and bitterness, Ye hallow'd men,

In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach heav'n, but with a downward
eye, [loose]

That turns your souls to dross; who, shouting,
The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the
realm, [chief!]

Receive your sanction. Oh, 'tis glorious mis-
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of faintly elevation, blesteth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heav'n
A sign of blood, a label for decrees,
That hell would shrink to own.

Crist. No more of this.

Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!

Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot
breast [canst not!]

Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh, thou
Thou hast outlived all reck'ning! Give me then
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare yon little trembler.

Crist. Yes, on terms

Of compact and submission.

Gus. Ha! with thee?

[country,
Compact with thee! and mean'st thou for my
For Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for't, tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth—
They both shall perish first.

§ 43. Parting of Hector and Andromache.

POPE'S HOMER,

"TOO daring Prince! ah whither dost thou
run!

Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heav'n, an easy tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenure run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:

Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host;
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain;
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief replied: "That post shall me my
care,

Not that alone, but all the works of war.

How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments
sweep the ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue re-
lates!)

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preface so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!

In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of
Troy

Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's pray'r:

"O Thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal
throne,

And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,

Whole

Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms:
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chas'd by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:

"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth;
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That stream'd at every look: then moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

§ 44. *Sforza Duke of Milan pleading his Cause before the Emperor Charles V.*

MASSINGER.

Sforza. I COME not, Emperor, t' invade thy mercy,

By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses or denials. I profess [instant
(And with a good man's confidence, ev'n this
That I am in thy pow'r) I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy; one that with'd
Confusion to thy person and estates; [sels,
And with my utmost pow'rs, and deepest coun-
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it:
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor-syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king
More than thyself, and all men.

Now, give me leave
(My hate against thyself, and love to him,
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reasons
That made me so affected. In my wants
I ever found him faithful: had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak
(Nay must and will) his praise now, in as high

And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes (poor, compar'd to
his, [nothing])
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as
Are in thy fury burnt; let it be mention'd,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral;
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base or unthankful.

If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies receiv'd, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards (which other nations
That, like you, aim'd at empire, lov'd and
cherish'd

Where'er they found it) Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and, witness truth, that,
now

'Tis in another's pow'r, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
They shrink for fear.—Know, Sir, that Sforza
Prepar'd for either fortune. [stands

But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French (whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours;
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names)
Has pow'r t' invite you to make him a friend
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful; this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct [change,
These brave commanders (should your fortune
Which now I wish not) what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may (not without hazard) force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on Heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories.
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,
Will see them largely recompens'd.—I've said,
And now expect my sentence.

Charles. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
(For such I hold thee) and true constancy,
Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that, where we behold it,
Tho

Tho' in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it.—By my future hopes,
I'm glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of Vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That (since my purposes must now be chang'd
Touching thy life and fortunes) the world can-
Tax me of levity in my settled councils; [not
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery; but forc'd unto it
By a fair war of virtue.

All former passages of hate be buried;
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so: yet, not to take
From others to give only to thyself,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

§ 45. Brutus and Titus. LEE.

Brut. WELL, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?

I would attend a while this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee,
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gods [ing;
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were say-
Speak then, and tell me, O my best lov'd,
My son, my Titus, is all well again? [nothing;

Tit. So well, that saying how must make it
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart with powerful throbs persuades
That were indeed to make you reparation, [me:
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die;
And that for Titus too, would be most happy.

Brut. How's that, my son? Would death
for thee be happy?

Tit. Most certain, sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honour in the way [me.
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide

Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Tit. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself,
Yes, sir, I call the pow'rs of heav'n to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;

Nay, he shall die with joy to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous through the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever:
Not but I must confess my weakness too;
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of th' immortal gods.

Brut. O Titus! Oh thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears weep blood, if possible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child;
For thou must die, my Titus, die, my son;
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated Genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Tit. Alas, my lord! [your sorrow?
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth
Why should the god-like Brutus shake to doom
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse? [me?
The gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark; the deeper that I search,
My harra's'd soul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd, O therefore let not fancy fond thee;
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Tit. The axe! O Heav'n! then must I fall so
basely?

What, shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brut. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me
nothing.

Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood:
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons; on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth upon
See thy head taken by the common axe, [thee,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Tit. Seourg'd like a bondman! ha! a beaten
But I deserve it all; yet here I fail! [slave!
The image of this sufl'ring quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
O Sir! O Brutus! must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that!

Can you resolve, O all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death?
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present passion,

By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs, that twitch the very strings of life:
Think that no other cause on earth could move
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear, [me
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O do not call it shameful,
That thus shall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy suff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates,
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Tit. O rise, thou violated majesty,
Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those fates
Which you would curse to bolt me to the center.
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of justice, [men,
Nay, all you lictors, slaves, and common hang-
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies;
And when you've scourg'd me till I foam and
For want of spirits groveling in the dust, [fall,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge;
By all the gods I greedily resign it.

Brut. No more, farewell, eternally farewell:
If there be gods, they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in heav'n. One last embrace.
What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again?

Tit. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
When I am in ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my care,
See her thou must not, for thou canst not bear it.
O for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-
Farewel for ever. [strings:

Tit. O Brutus! O my father!

Brut. Canst thou not say farewell?

Tit. Farewel for ever. [o'er;

Brut. For ever then; but O my tears run
Groans choak my words, and I can speak no
more.

§ 46. *Lady Randolph, Lord Randolph, and
young Norval, not known at the Time to be
Lady Randolph's Son.* HOME.

Lady Ran. HOW fares my Lord?

Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to
this gallant youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death:
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me;
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp, [low,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph.
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.

They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no
The fiercest two; the others fled amain, [more,
And left him master of the bloody field.

Speak, Lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy Lord.

Lady Ran. My Lord, I cannot speak what
now I feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learnt of him whom we should
thank?

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord Ran. I ask'd that question, and he an-
swer'd not:

But I must know who my deliverer is.

[To the stranger.

Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast, but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms. [nobled

Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is en-
By the great King of kings; thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature! blush not, flower of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth. [hills

Norv. My name is Norval: on the Grampian
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to encrease his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my fire deny'd.
This moon, which rose last night round as my
shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds
For safety, and for succour. I alone, [fled
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought, and conquer'd. Ere a sword was
drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life: and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed, that gilds my humble name.

Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave, was ever tall
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?

My

My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and, in a monarch's sight,
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.
Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

Lady Ran. I cannot say; for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell:
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire [safety;
Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army fought;
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.
In this attempt, unknown, he might have per-
ish'd,

And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of heaven.

Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy
thoughts! [way.

My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you: Rude
I am

In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: Yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me
bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady Ran. I will be sworn thou wilt not.
Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me
forbid reply. [To Norval.

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp,
Some of my train I see are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

§ 47. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph
by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in
the Art of War.* HOME.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most re-
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod, [note
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,

Water his drink, his food the shepherds alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, entering on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.

For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire [shake
His speech struck from me, the old man would
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him
down,

And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line;
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Unhappy man!

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:
The stranger fell, and, with his dying breath,
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cried, my brother! Oh! my brother!

—They exchang'd forgiveness:

And happy, in my mind, was he that dy'd:
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Of on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his fullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

§ 43. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting
for Lady Randolph, after he was known to be
her Son.* HOME.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a still sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil:
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!

To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear, and record, my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.

§ 49. *Juba, Syphax.* ADDISON.

Juba. SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are
fall'n,

O'ercastr with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in
frowns,

And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my
thoughts,

Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart:
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen-
erous terms

Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before
them,

And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this
people up

Above your own Numidia's tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these, are arts, my
prince,

In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man:
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, kind heav'ns!—excuse an
old man's warmth.

What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue,
In short, to change us into other creatures,

Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb, turn up thine eyes
to Cato!

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man;
While good, and just, and anxious for his
friends,

He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none. [can

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an Afri-
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he flakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others cou'd with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears afflic-
tion,

Great and majestic in his griefs like Cato?
Heav'n's! with what strength, what steadiness
of mind,

He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he raise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight up-
on him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughti-
ness of soul!

I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh! that you'd profit by your father's

Jub. What wouldst thou have me do? [ilts]

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice
By such a loss. [an orphan

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you to
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.

H h

Alas!

Alas! he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul:
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—his grief
Swell'd up so high he cou'd not utter more.

Jub. Alas! thy story melts away my soul:
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bid me yield to thy directions;

Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand it's shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas! my Prince, I'd guide you to
your safety. [how?

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it. [foes.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand
Than wound my honour. [deaths,

Syph. Rather say your love. [temper.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,

'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget

The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire,
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Softens the rigour of her father's virtue.

§ 50. *Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.* ADDISON.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond
This longing after immortality? [desire,
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being, [pass!
Through what new scenes and changes must we
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before
me; [it.

But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where—this world was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em,
[Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sinks in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon
me?

This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

§ 51. *The Happiness of a free Government.* S. JOHNSON.

IF there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and
subject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r [state,
Flows through each member of th' embodied
Sure not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

§ 52. *The killing of a Boar.* OTWAY.

FORTH from the thicket rush'd another boar,
So large he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;

Till

Till brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

§ 53. *The same.* SMITH.

—WE pursued the chase,
When from behind the wood, with
rustling sound, [eyes
A monstrous boar rush'd forth: his baleful
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back: at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and chewing hideous foam.
Then, then Hyppolitus flew in to aid me!
Collecting all himself, and raising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear; the well-
aim'd javelin
Pierc'd his tough side, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks,
Plough'd up the crimson earth.

§ 54. *Description of a populous City.* YOUNG.

—THIS ancient city, [smiles!
How wanton sits she, amidst nature's
Nor from her highest turret has to view
But golden landkips and luxuriant scenes,
A waste of wealth, the store-house of the world;
Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight,
There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream,
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore.
—Various nations meet
As in a sea, yet not confin'd in space,
But streaming freely thro' the spacious streets,
Which send forth millions at each brazen gate;
Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

§ 55. *Rural Courtship.* DRYDEN.

—HE preferr'd me [rank;
Above the maidens of my age and
Still shun'd their company, and still sought
mine.
I was not won by gifts; yet still he gave;
And all his gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his love:
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would shew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

§ 56. *Description of a Person left on a desert Island.* THOMSON.

—NEXT night—a dreary night!
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me.—
Beneath a shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,

More desolate at heart, than e'er I felt
Before. When Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes: till, by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind but short relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

§ 57. *The first Feats of a young Eagle.* ROWE.

—SO the eagle, [fire Jove,
That bears the thunder of our grand-
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
Forfake the nest, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air, till bolder grown,
Now like a whirlwind on the shepherd's fold
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feast,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain
Wreathing his spiry tail.

§ 58. *The true End of Education.* ROWE.

AND therefore wert thou bred to virtuous
knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy soul,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery
passions; [course;
To bind their rage, and stay their headlong
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;
To wait the leisure of the righteous Gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once;
A long and shining train; till thou, well
pleas'd, [are just.
Shalt bow, and bless thy fate, and say the Gods

§ 59. *Filial Piety.* MALLETT.

—E'ER since reflection beam'd her light upon
me,
You, sir, have been my study. I have plac'd
Before mine eyes, in ev'ry light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung;
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown;
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.

But first and ever nearest to my heart
Was this prime duty, so to frame my conduct
Tow'rd such a father, as, were I a father,
My soul would wish to meet with from a son.
And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd
To latest time—if ever thought was mine
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love.

§ 60. *The same.* THOMSON.

HAVE I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless
years
H h 2 Thy

Thy tenderness for me? An eye still beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?
It must not be!—thou first of angels! Come
Sweet filial piety! and firm my breast!
Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

§ 61. *Bad Fortune more easily borne than good,*
ROWE.

WITH such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosperous
fortune
Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest;
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

§ 62. *Despair never to be indulged.* PHILIPS.
THO' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When press'd by dangers, and beset with foes,
The Gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with
By unforeseen expedients bring relief. [grief,

§ 63. *A Friend to Freedom can never be a
Traitor.* THOMSON.

—HE who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his so-
vereign's foe;
No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to subvert it,
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

§ 64. *Description of a Hag.* OTWAY.
IN a close lane, as I pursued my journey,
I spy'd a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd
wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different-colour'd rags, black, red, white,
yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

§ 65. *Happiness the inseparable Companion of
Virtue.* ROWE.

—TO be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, because they're
better.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the blest'd know none
of this,

But rest in everlasting peace of mind, [ness.
And find the height of all their Heav'n is good.

§ 66. *Honour superior to Justice.*
THOMSON.

HONOUR, my Lord, is much too proud to
catch
At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well:
But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

§ 67. *In what Manner Princes ought to be
taught.* MALLET.

LET truth and virtue be their earliest teachers.
Keep from their ear the syren-voice of
flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot-form of vice,
Who spread, in every court, their silken snares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes instruct
Superior rank demands superior worth; [them,
Pre-eminence of valour, justice, mercy:
But chief, that, tho' exalted o'er mankind,
They are themselves but men—frail suffering
From no one injury of human lot [dust;
Exempt; but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd
By the same cold, torn by the same disease, [gar.
That scorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beg-

§ 68. *True End of Royalty.* MALLET.

—O WITNESS, Heaven!
Whose eye the heart's profoundest
depth explores,
That if not to perform my regal task;
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue, and religion;
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,
And deal out justice with impartial hand;
If not to spread on all good men thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own;
If not to raise anew our English name,
By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,
And generous war, to humble proud oppressors:
Yet more; if not to build the public weal
On that firm base, which can alone resist
Both time and chance, fair liberty and law;
If I for these great ends am not ordain'd—
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

§ 69. *The real Duty of a King.* ROWE.

—'TIS true, I am a king: [aim:
Honour and glory too have been my
But tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I chuse to fix my fame by peace,
By

By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour.

§ 70. *Character of a good King.* THOMSON.

—YES, we have lost a father! [mortals,
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tan-
cred,
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and
virtue. [dren;
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his chil-
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad:
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn re-
jected [selves;
Their smooth advice, that only means them-
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness:
Well knowing that a people, in their rights
And industry protected; living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws;
Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labours;
And happy each as he himself deserves;
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide: their filial love
And confidence are his unfailing treasury,
And every honest man his faithful guard.

§ 71. *The Guilt of bad Kings.* MALLETT.

WHEN those whom Heav'n distinguishes o'er
millions, [them,
And showers profusely power and splendor on
Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish; when
they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heav'n!
And of perfidious robbery to man!

§ 72. *The true End of Life.* THOMSON.

WHO, who would live, my Narva, just to
breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian God below—still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us shine for ever, That is Life.

§ 73. *The Same.* S. JOHNSON.

REFLECT that life and death, affecting
sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;

Not for itself, but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

§ 74. *A Lion overcome by a Man.* LEE.

THE prince in a lone court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he
A pair of gantlets. [wore
At last, the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:
The flames, which from his eye shot glaring red,
Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round them cast a day of blood and death:
The prince walk'd forward: the large beast de-
cry'd
His prey; and with a roar, that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him: but Lysimachus
Starting aside, avoided his first stroke,
With a slight hurt; and as the lion turn'd,
Thrust gantlet, arm, and all, into his throat:
Then, with Herculean force, tore forth by th'
roots [vage,
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the sa-
Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plow it with his teeth, your conqu'ring
soldier [pieces.
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to

§ 75. *Character of an excellent Man.* ROWE.

—HOW could my tongue [praise
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble:
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heav'n, I trust.

§ 76. *Virtue the only true Source of Nobility.* THOMSON.

I TELL thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust; or where had been our
honours?
And such, in radiant bands, will rise again
In yon immortal city; that, when most
Depress'd by fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine, [her.—
On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from

§ 77. *The happy Effects of Misfortune.* THOMSON.

—IF misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
H h 3 To

Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the gen'ral's prize. She wept and
blush'd, [eye,
Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn. An
As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through
Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence [them;
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on pur-
By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind [pose
Might see the virtue, of a hero try'd
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
Where gentle sorrow swell'd, and now and then
Dropt o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war
Felt more than pity. Ev'n their chief himself,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat, [ask'd
Turn'd from the dangerous sight, and chiding
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.

She, question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young, conquering, loving, God-like
Felt all the great divinity of virtue. [Roman,
His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting
Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once [power
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various scene imagine: how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants
lay,
Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
Anxiety, and love in every shape;
To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mixt emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke:
“ We both are young, both charm'd. The right
“ of war
“ Has put thy beauteous mistress in my power;
“ With whom I could in the most sacred ties
“ Live out a happy life: but know that Romans
“ Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
“ Then take her to thy soul; and with her take
“ Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
“ I ask but this; when you behold these eyes,
“ These charms, with transport, be a friend to
“ Rome.”

§ 87. *The Blessings of Peace.* THOMSON.
—O Beauteous peace: [thou,
Sweet union of a state! what else, but
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people!
I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow
Of many years; yet in my breast revives

A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again
Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle,
Ere by this waitful fury of division,
Worse than our Ætna's most destructive fires,
It desolated sunk. I see our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest;
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
With chearful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh;
Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow.
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

§ 88. *Providence.* THOMSON.

—THERE is a power
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependance.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting thro' the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself, than thou —

§ 89. *Prudence.* THOMSON.

—LET us [manly temper,
Act with cool prudence, and with
As well as manly firmness.
'Tis godlike magnanimity, to keep,
When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us
Often too far.

§ 90. *Description of Ships appearing at a Distance, and approaching the Shore.* DRYDEN.

Guim. AS far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something, methought,
did rise
Like blueish mists, which, still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd towards
the shore:
The object, I could first distinctly view,
Was tall straight trees, which on the water flew;
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could
blow;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas!
Montezuma. What divine monsters, O ye
Gods! are these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore?
Guim. Alas! they liv'd too sure: I heard
them roar:
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke:
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
And these the younger brothers of the sky:
Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight,
No mortal courage can support the fright.

§ 91. *Virtue preferable to Rank.* ROWE.

WHAT tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth!
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward!
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and
sycophants:
Yet Heav'n, that made me honest, made me more
Than e'er a king did, when he made a lord.

§ 92. *Description of an ancient Cathedral.*
CONGREVE.

— 'TIS dreadful! [pile,
How rev'rend is the face of this tall
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof!
By its own weight made steadfast, and immove-
Looking tranquillity, it strikes an awe [able.
And terror to my aking sight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

§ 93. *Description of a Triumph.* LEE.

— HE comes, and with a port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious world:
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
A glut of people, you would think some God
Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus
rank'd,
That he might make his entrance on their heads!
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of
houses,
Are cast such gaudy show'rs of garlands down,
That ev'n the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow,
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heav'n with stars.
Nay, as I've heard, ere he the city enter'd,
Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: and as our God,
When from the portal of the east he dawns,
Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs,
To welcome him with all their warbling throats,

And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infants of the breast,
Pointing Ziphars out, to make them smile;
And climbing boys stood on their fathers shoulders,
Answering their shouting fires, with tender cries,
To make the concert up of general joy.

§ 94. *A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's.*
HILL.

TH' unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the
hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd
heavens, [him;
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round
Enjoys a sweeter shade, than that of canopies,
Hemm'd in by cares, and shook by storms of
treason.

§ 95. *Virtue its own Reward.* ROWE.

GREAT minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with
doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthless trophies man can raise. }
She seeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praise, }
But with herself, herself the goddess pays. }

§ 96. *No Difficulties insuperable to the Prudent
and Brave.* ROWE.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN VERSE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

EPIC AND MISCELLANEOUS:

CONSISTING OF

EXTRACTS from Translations of HOMER; from GLOVER, and from MILTON; and concluding with Extracts from MILTON's smaller Works: And with

An APPENDIX, of ludicrous Poems, Epigrams, classical Songs, Odes, and Ballads, Prologues and Epilogues, and various other little Pieces, calculated for Recreation.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

§ 1. *Embassy of Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax, to Achilles, to solicit Achilles's reconciliation—Picture of the Simplicity and Temperance of ancient Times.*

AND now arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay;
Amus'd at ease, the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious
 sound, [came,
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thæbe
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame;)
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
Full opposite he sate, and listen'd long,
In silence waiting 'till he ceas'd the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent, the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
With like surprize arose Menetius' son;
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun:

Princes all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, tho' Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in seats, with purple carpets spread.

Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy
 friend.

He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vase three chimes entire:
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Mean while Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is bright'ned with the rising blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Menetius' son bestow'd;
Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
The first fat off'rings, to th' immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress.
That done, to Phœnix, Ajax gave the sign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:

Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not those more honour'd whom Atreides feasts:

Tho'

Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.
What scenes of slaughter in yon' fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands:
And owns no help but from thy saving hands,
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call:
Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall:
Hear how with shouts their conquest they pro-
claim,

And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame!
For them the father of the Gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
See! heav'n and earth the raging chief defies,
What fury in his breast, what lightning in
his eyes!

He waits but for the morn to sink in flame
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heav'n's! how my country's woes distract my
Left fate accomplish all his rage design'd. [mind,
And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! Oh return, tho' late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
If in that heart, or grief or courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Those wholesome counsels which thy father
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd [gave.
His parting son, these accents were his last:
My child! with strength, with glory and success,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
Trust that to Heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
That young and old may in thy praise combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine—
This now despis'd advice thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atreides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd presents, and exhaustless store.
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve steeds, unmatched in fleetness and in
force,

And still victorious in the dusty course:
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed)
Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatched in form divine,
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine;

Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves
These instant shall be thine; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil
divides)

With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides.
Besides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love shall crown thy warm em-
brace;

Such as thyself shall chuse; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me, further: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide his care.

Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;

Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
He asks no presents, no reward for love:

Himself will give the dow'r; so vast a store,
As never father gave a child before.

Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,
Thee Enope, and Phææ thee obey,

Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd:

Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Anthæia with her flow'ry fields:

The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.

There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.

There shalt thou reign with pow'r and justice
And rule the tributary realms around. [crown'd,
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,

Such the repentance of a suppliant king.
But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,

If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain;
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,

And be, amongst her guardian gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy suffer'ing country claim,

Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whose unresisted ire

Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,

And only triumphs, to deserve thy hands.

Then thus the goddess-born: Ulysses, hear
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;

What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.

Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.

Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,
Which nor Atreides, nor his Greeks, can bend;

Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.

Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;

Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?

As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want de-
fends;

In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
For thankless Greece such hardships have I
brav'd,

Her wives, her infants by my labour sav'd;
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoaking on the Trojan plain.
Then at Atreides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made;
Your mighty monarch these in peace possess;
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
Some present too to ev'ry prince was paid;
And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only must refund, of all his train;
See what pre-eminence our merits gain!
My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to these shores th' assembled nations
draws, [cause?

What calls for vengeance, but a woman's
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and passion both ap-
prove,

Sure ev'ry wife and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.
Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench pro-
found?

And will not these, (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's single son? [fought,)
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I
When Hector's prowess no such wonders
wrought;

He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate. }
But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore,
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Hellespont refund.
The third day hence shall Pthia greet our sails,
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
Pthia to her Achilles shall restore
The wealth he left for this detested shore:
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining bras;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.
One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
And that resum'd; the fair Lyrnessian slave.

Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may
hear,

And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
Tho', shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor share his council, nor his battle join:
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, }
were mine.

No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
Not tho' he proffer'd all himself possess,
And all his rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrival'd walls contain,
The world's great empress on th' Egyptian
plain, [states,
(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars)
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number
more

Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call,
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
Atreides' daughter never shall be led
(An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus tho' she charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let those high nuptials
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race. [grace,
If Heav'n restore me to my realms with life,
The rev'rend Peleus shall elect my wife;
Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
Blest in kind love, my years shall glide away,
Content with just hereditary sway;

There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain;
But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;
Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown:
If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of Heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
Go

Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design;
 Bid all your counsels, all your armies join,
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
 Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.

Go then — digest my message as ye may —
 But here this night let rev'rend Phoenix stay:
 His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
 But, whether he remain, or sail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free.

The son of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around,
 In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
 Attend the stern reply. Then Phoenix rose;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow

flows) [mourn'd,
 And while the fate of suff'ring Greece he
 With accent weak these tender words return'd:

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire!
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
 How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay behind?
 The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
 He sent thee early to the Achaian host;
 Thy youth, as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field:
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
 To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
 Never, ah never let me leave thy side!
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.

Your fire receiv'd me, as his son caress'd,
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions blest'd.
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my
 reign,

And all the coast that runs along the main.
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd:
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.

Thy infant breast alike affection shew'd;
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)
 Or at my knee, by Phoenix would'st thou stand;
 No food was grateful but from Phoenix' hand.

I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares;
 The gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And Phoenix felt a father's joys in thee:

Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:

The gods (the only great, and only wise)
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.

Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
 With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
 Constant they follow, where Injustice flies:

Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er
 mankind, [behind,

While pray'rs, to heal her wrongs, move slow

Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the throne above:
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The fire revenges for the daughters' sake;
 From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.

Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway;
 These reconciling goddesses obey:

Due honours to the seed of Jove belong; [strong.
 Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king,
 Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.

But since what honour asks, the gen'ral sends,
 And sends by those whom most thy heart com-
 mends,

The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
 Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain! [sword;
 Accept the presents; draw thy conqu'ring
 And be amongst our guardian gods ador'd.

Thus he. The stern Achilles thus reply'd:
 My second father, and my rev'rend guide:

Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:

Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:

And here I stay, (if such his high behest)
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
 No more molest me on Atreides' part:

Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
 For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?

A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;

One should our int'rests, and our passions be;
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.

Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a gen'rous part,
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.

Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
 Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd; then order'd for the sage's bed
 A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread;

With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,
 And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke: [vain?

Hence let us go — why waste we time in
 See what effect our low submissions gain!

Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
 The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.

Proud as he is, that iron heart retains
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdain.

Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
 On just atonement, we remit the deed;

A fire the slaughter of his son forgives; [lives:
 The price of blood discharg'd, the murder

The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
 And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.

The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
 And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot

yield.
 One woman slave was ravish'd from thy arms:
 Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.

Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
 Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;
 And

And know the men, of all the Grecian host,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

O soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd)
Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame:
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
Return then, heroes! and our answer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not 'till, amidst yon' sinking navy slain,
The blood of Greeks shall dye the fable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
Just there, the impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.

§ 2. *Conference between Achilles and Hector, at the Time of that Engagement which proved fatal to the last-mentioned Hero.*

ENOUGH, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let Heav'n's high pow'rs be called to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate,
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasure'd vow!)
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
'Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives thee to my lance;
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

§ 3. *Speeches of Achilles and Hector, after the last-mentioned Hero was mortally wounded.*

AT last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what
Achilles absent, was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:

While, cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurst; relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
Not those who gave me breath shou'd bid me
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r. [spare,
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No ——— to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her
store,

And, giving thousands, offer thousands more:
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods, shall wreak this wrong on
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate, [thee;
And stretch thee here before this Scæan gate.

§ 4. *Hector and Ajax; generosity of Courage in these Heroes.—Dialogue between them.*

HECTOR! approach my arm, and singly
know [foe.
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian
Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are,
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:
Let him, unactive, on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host;
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more — be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me, as a boy or woman, would'st thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the sight?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat, born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

§ 5. *Ajax and Hector exchange Presents after their bloody Encounter, and part in Friendship.*

BUT let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy
may say,

"Not

"Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend ;

"And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."

With what, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
The baldric studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The gen'rous Greek be-
stow'd

A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.

§ 6. *Character of Agamemnon.*

THE king of kings, majestically tall, [all:
Tow'rs o'er his armies, and outshines them
Like some proud bull that round the pastures
leads

His subject herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the gods, th' exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his
mien,

Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.

§ 7. *Agamemnon's Speech to Menelaus, when he was about to spare the life of a young Trojan.*

—OH impotent of mind! [find ?

Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious
And well her natives merit at thy hand! [land,
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.

§ 8. *Speech of Ulysses to Agamemnon, when the latter proposed to quit the Phrygian coast; in which Agamemnon is accused of Cowardice.*

—THE sage Ulysses thus replies, [eyes:
While anger flash'd from his disdainful
What shameful words, unkingly as thou art,
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous
heart!

Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in
vain?

In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whose sovereign
The banded legions of all Greece obey? [sway
Is this a gen'ral voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers
fight?

What more could Troy? What yet their fate
Thou gav'st the foe: all Greece becomes their
prize.

No more the troops, (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue,
Thy ships first flying with despair shall see,
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

§ 9. *Diomed's Reproach of Agamemnon.*

WHEN kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak who first has suffer'd shame.
If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks stood witness, all the army heard.
The gods, O chief! from whom our honours
spring,

The gods have made thee but by halves a king;
They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land,
The noblest pow'r, that might the world controul,
They gave thee not — a brave and virtuous
soul.

Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breast?
Confiding in our want of worth, he stands,
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go, thou inglorious! from the embattl'd plain;
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main.
A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.

§ 10. *Nestor's Approval of Diomed's insolent Rebuke.*

O Truly great! in whom the gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of
In conduct, as in courage, you excel, [mind;
Still first to act what you advise so well.

Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom
moves, [proves.
Applauding Greece with common voice ap-
Kings thou can'st blame; a bold, but prudent
youth; [truth.
And blame ev'n kings with praise, because with

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care; [war:
That wretch, that monster, who delights in
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!

§ 11. *Character of Thersites; his Speech to sow Dissensions in the Army; and Ulysses's Reply.*

THERSITES only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice studious to defame;
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
But chief be glory'd, with licentious stile,
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:
His

His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'er-spread,

Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best.

Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
But royal scandal his delight supreme.
Long had he liv'd the scorn of ev'ry Greek,
Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.

Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:

Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast in-flames,

The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
Thy tents are crouded, and thy chests o'erflow,
Thus at full ease, in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold?
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd pow'rs,

(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
And bring the race of royal bastards here,
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?

But safer plunder thy own host supplies; [prize?
Say, would'st thou seize some valiant leader's

Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,
Some captive fair, to blest thy kingly bed?

Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
Plagu'd with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.

Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store,

In love and pleasures on the Phrygian shore. }
We may be wanted on some busy day,

When Hector comes: so great Achilles may:

From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:

And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.

Fierce from his seat, at this, Ulysses springs,
In gen'rous vengeance of the king of kings,

With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies:

Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:

Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the sov'reign reign.

Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?

Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips prophane the name of king.

For our return we trust the heav'nly pow'rs;
Be that their care, to fight like men be ours.

But grant the host with wealth the gen'ral load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?

Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?

Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,
And let these eyes behold my son no more;

If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those arms, thou ill deserv'st to wear,

Expel the council where our princes meet, [fleet.
And send thee scourg'd, and howling thro' the

He said, and cowering as the daftard bends,
The weighty sceptre on his back descends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise;
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:
Trembling he sate, and thrunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.
While to his neighbour each exprest his thought:

Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!
Great in the council, glorious in the field.
Gen'rous he rises in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
Such just examples on offenders shown,
Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

§ 12. *Helen's Lamentation over Hector's dead Body.*

AH dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd

The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er

Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine

Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find

A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curst the auth'refs of their woe,

Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,

Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.

For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!

§ 13. *Retreat of Ajax.*

AJAX he shuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm, whose force he felt so

But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part, [late.
Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's

heart;
Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,

Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,

And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,

Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,

Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile

fires;
Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.

So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,
While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength indu'd,
In some wild field by troops of boys pursu'd,

Tho' round the sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;

Thick on his side the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,

Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.

On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;

Confiding

Considering now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding
bands:

Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
And threatens his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a jav'lin, guiltless on the plain,
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.

§ 14. *Hector and Andromache's parting, before
he engages.*

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay;

Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and, pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke,
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye:

Toodaring prince! ah, whither dost thou run!
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heav'n, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows, as they first begun.
No parent now remains my grief to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

—Th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child,
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;

Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods prefer'd a father's pray'r:

O Thou whose glory fills th' ætherial throne,
And all ye deathless pow'rs, protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;
Against his country's foe the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's
fame; [Troy,

While, pleas'd amidst the general shouts of
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke; and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms:
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chafis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

—The glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes;
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.

§ 15. *Priam's Interview with Achilles.*

UNSEEN by these, the king* his entry made;
And prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears; [tears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his
crime,
Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale!
amaz'd!

All gaze, all wonder; thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus stood th' attendants, stupid with surprise;
All mute, yet seem to question with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
'Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face:
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, feel
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some pow'rful foe thou see'st him
And beg protection with a feeble cry. [fly,

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing still may hope, a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
Yet, what a race ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame!

Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!

For him, thro' hostile camps I bend my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the gods revere!

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Tho' not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sov'reign misery.
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss thole hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
And now his fire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man. }

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man,

Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known!

Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the gods severe decree:
They, only they are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To wash the bad unmix'd, is curst indeed:
Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
He wanders, out-cast both of earth and heav'n.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and
pow'r?

What stars concurring blest his natal hour!
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n,
Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of Heav'n!
One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day,
No race succeeding to imperial sway:

An only son! and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main. }
But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War, and the blood of man, surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!

To whom the king: O favour'd of the Skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies }
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.
O give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corpse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores
enjoy; [Troy;

Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!

Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes)
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:

For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came,
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame)
Nor com'st thou but by Heav'n; nor com'st alone,
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hat'd the weighty gates unbarr'd, }
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd }
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
Cease, lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

The fire obey'd him, trembling, and o'er-
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad: [aw'd.
Automedon and Alcimus attend, [friend;)
(Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead,
Then call the handmaids with assistant toil,
To wash the body, and anoint with oil;
Apart from Priam, lest th' unhappy fire,
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age [rage.
Nor Jove's command should check the rising
This done, the garments o'er the corpse they
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed: [spread;
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:

If, in that gloom which never light must
know,

The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below:
I i O friend!

O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) Heav'n's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.

He said, and entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam sat:
To whom, compos'd, the god-like chief began—
Lo, to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies:
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies, }
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes. }
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand reflection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father, thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.

So was her pride chastiz'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two de-
stroy'd. [spread,

Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust out-
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone):
The gods themselves at length relenting gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heav'n's high will)
Thro' deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Achelous springs,
The watry fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus his shaggy brow, }
She stands, her own sad monument of woe; }
The rock forever lasts, the tears forever flow.

Such griefs, O king! have other parents
known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilium stream around.

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,
And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest;
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His god-like aspect, and majestic size;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:

Permit me now, below'd of Jove! to sleep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust as been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: Now father sleep, but sleep not here:
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer;
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
T' inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughter'ing arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
To finish all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilium, clos'd within her town,
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast:
The next to raise his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heav'n!
This thy request, reply'd the chief, enjoy:
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.

§ 16. Description of Jupiter.

HE spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the
nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal
And all Olympus to the centre shook. [took,

§ 17. Awful Description of the Deities engaged in the Combat.

BUT when the pow'rs descending swell'd the
fight,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary'd each face; then discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now thro' the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now the thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine from Ilium's top-most tow'rs,
Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountains shook, the rapid stream stood
Above, the fire of gods his thunder rolls, [still.
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath,

Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Thro' all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm
Should lay

His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhor'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods.

§ 18. *Description of the Grecian Army when marching against the Trojans.*

—THE monarch issued his commands;
Strait the loud heralds call the gath'ring hands.

The chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-ey'd virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes;
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field;
Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn
in gold.

With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swell's their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms,

No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, thro' the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above,
The fires expanding as the winds arise, [skies:
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendor flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number, than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Asius' wat'ry plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling
wings;

Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise; with noise the field re-
sounds.

Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions croud Scamander's flow'ry side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thund'ring footsteps shake the sounding
Along the river's level meads they stand, [shore:
Thick as in spring the flow'rs adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wand'ring nation of a summer's day.
That drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bow'rs:
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions, glitt'ring in the sun.
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons
stood,

In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.

Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deep'ning lines.
Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flock from thousands on the plain.

THE ODYSSEY.

§ 19. *Ulysses on a desolate Island—The Gods assemble, and send Mercury to Calypso, to procure his Liberty.—Description of the Morning; the descent of Mercury, and the Grotto of the Goddess, most admirably painted.*

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.
Then met th' eternal synod of the sky,
Before the God who thunders from on high, }
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.
Pallas, to these, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates;
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying pow'r,
The nymph's seducements, and the magic
bow'r.

Thus she began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the scourge of God:
If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.
Sole in an isle, encirc'd by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unblest he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
And preis'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ,
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos, and to Sparta came. [forms

What words are these (reply'd the pow'r who
The clouds of night, and darkens heav'n with
Is't not already in thy soul decreed, [storms)
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wisdom do? Thou may'st restore
The son in safety to his native shore;
While the fell foes, who late in ambush lay,
With fraud defeated measure back their way.

Then thus to Hermes the command was given,
Hermes, thou chosen messenger of Heav'n!
Go, to the nymph be these our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree Ulysses shall return:
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding gods;
In twice ten days shall fertile Scheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line
Is mix'd with gods, half human, half divine,
The chief shall honour as some heav'nly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest.

His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore;
(A richer prize than if his joyful isle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble spoil)
His friends, his country he shall see, though late;
Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate.

He spoke. The God who mounts the winged
winds

Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from heav'n to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watry fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.

Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant island rose in view:
Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he
found,

(The fair-hair'd nymph with ev'ry beauty
She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle:
While she with work and song the time di-
vides,

And thro' the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypresses, form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing thro' the green.
Four limpid fountains from the cliffs distil,
And ev'ry fountain pours a sev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill: }
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were
crown'd,

And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene, where, if a god should cast his sight,
A god might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the messenger of heav'n: he stay'd,
Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.
Him, ent'ring in the cave, Calypso knew,
For pow'rs celestial to each other's view
Stand still confest, tho' distant far they lie,
Or habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.

But sad Ulysses by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
All on the lonely shore he sat to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in
vain,

Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd
[again.]

§ 20. *The Consequences of Sensuality point-
ed out by the Story of Circe's feasting the
Companions of Ulysses, and turning them into
Swine.*

SOON in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instant her circling wand the goddess waves,
To hogs transforms 'em, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine,
Head, face, and members bristle into swine:
Still, curst with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they
groan.

§ 21. *The Inchantments of an idle Life, and
the Evils that attend a Course of Inacti-
vity and Pleasure, allegorically represented
in the Story of the Sirens and their Song.*

NEXT, where the Sirens dwell, you plow
the seas; [please.
Their song is death, and makes destruction
Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
Lie human bones that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.
Fly swift the dang'rous coast; let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

§ 22. *The Song which the Sirens address to
Ulysses.*

O STAY, oh, pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wise!

§ 23. *Relation of the Dog Argus, with the
Circumstances of his knowing the Voice of
Ulysses.*

THUS, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in ev'ry sylvan chace renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With

With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy lev'et o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Un-hous'd, neglected, in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.

He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet,

In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cry'd:

What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty? therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs, and men there are, mere things of
state,

And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.

Not Argus so, (Eumæus thus rejoind)
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh had you seen him, vig'rous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong;
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years un-nerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the gen'rous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The dog whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

§ 24. *Manner of washing Linen related, with pleasing Circumstances and elegant Expressions.*

THEY seek the cisterns where Phæacian
dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.
The mules unharnes'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave:
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly
sand,

Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand:)

Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil:
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play:
(Their shining veils unbound) along the skies
Toft, and reft, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And warbling sweet, makes earth and heav'n
rejoice.

As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus's resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds:
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe;
High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs, she treads with stately grace;
Distinguish'd excellence the goddess proves;
Exults Latona as the virgin moves.

With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendant o'er the beauteous train.

Mean time (the care and fav'rite of the Skies)
Wrapt in embow'ring shade Ulysses lies,
His woes forgot! But Pallas now address'd
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream: loud shrieks the virgin
train,

And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
And to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his

Ah me! on what inhospitable coast, [woes:
On what new region is Ulysses tost?
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from the
shores? [bow'rs?

The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan
The fair-hair'd dryads of the shady wood,
Or azure daughters of the silver flood?
Or human voice? but issuing from the shades,
Why cease I strait to learn what sound invades?

Then, where the grove with leaves umbra-
geous bends,

With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads,
A wreathy foliage, and concealing shades.

As when a lion in the midnight hours
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wat'ry show'rs,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow,
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way,
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey,

(The steer or stag :) or with keen hunger bold
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
No less a terror, from the neighb'ring groves,
Rough from the tossing surge Ulysses moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms,
The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.

Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly:
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix'd
alone,

By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.

His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore;
(A richer prize than if his joyful isle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble spoil)
His friends, his country he shall see, though late;
Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate.

He spoke. The God who mounts the winged
winds

Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from heav'n to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watry fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.

Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant island rose in view:
Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he
found, [crown'd]

(The fair-hair'd nymph with ev'ry beauty
She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle:
While she with work and song the time di-
vides,

And thro' the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypress, form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
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A scene, where, if a god should cast his sight,
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Stand still confess, tho' distant far they lie,
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Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay
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The ground polluted floats with human gore,
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Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
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He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in ev'ry sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With

With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy lev'ret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Un-hous'd, neglected, in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.

He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet,

In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cry'd:

What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty? therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs, and men there are, mere things of state,

And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.

Not Argus so, (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
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Oh had you seen him, vig'rous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong;
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years un-nerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the gen'rous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The dog whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

§ 24. *Manner of washing Linen related, with pleasing Circumstances and elegant Expressions.*

THEY seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames

Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.
The mules unharnes'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave:
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,

Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand:)

Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil:
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play:
(Their shining veils unbound) along the skies
Toft, and retoft, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And warbling sweet, makes earth and heav'n rejoice.

As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus's resounding groves;
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds:
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe;
High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs, she treads with stately grace;
Distinguish'd excellence the goddess proves;
Exults Latona as the virgin moves.

With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendant o'er the beauteous train.

Mean time (the care and fav'rite of the Skies)
Wrapt in embow'ring shade Ulysses lies,
His woes forgot! But Pallas now address
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream: loud shrieks the virgin train,

And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
And to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his

Ah me! on what inhospitable coast, [woes:
On what new region is Ulysses toft?
Possist by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from the shores? [bow'rs?

The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan
The fair-hair'd dryads of the shady wood,
Or azure daughters of the silver flood?
Or human voice? but issuing from the shades,
Why cease I strait to learn what sound invades?

Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous bends,

With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads,
A wreathy foliage, and concealing shades.

As when a lion in the midnight hours
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wat'ry show'rs,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow,
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way,
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey,

(The steer or stag:) or with keen hunger bold
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
No lets a terror, from the neighb'ring groves,
Rough from the tossing surge Ulysses moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms,
The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.

Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly:
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix'd alone,

By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.

Mean time in dubious thought the king awaits,
And self-considering, as he stands, debates;
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the pray'r.
But fearful to offend, by wisdom sway'd,
At awful distance he accosts the maid:

If from the skies a goddess, or if earth
(Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend; if in that bright disguise
Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntress of the groves
So shines majestic, and so stately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,
Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung,
Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms ally'd:

Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim th' harmonious maze. [charms,

But blest o'er all, the youth with heav'nly
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this blest hour
Such finish'd grace! I gaze and I adore!
Thus seems the palm with stately honours
crown'd

By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground
The pride of Delos. (By the Delion coast
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior host,) [flows;
But ah how chang'd! from thence my sorrow
O fatal voyage; source of all my woes!
Raptur'd I stood, and as this hour amaz'd,
With rev'rence at the lofty wonder gaz'd:
Raptur'd I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.

Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For misery, oh queen, before thee stands!
Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heav'n bade the deep to spare! but Heav'n my
Spare only to inflict some mightier woe! [foe
Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms,
Out-cast I rove, familiar with the storms!
Once more I view the face of human kind:
Oh let soft pity touch thy gen'rous mind!
Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants, a vest supply
To guard the wretch from the inclement sky:
So may the gods who heav'n and earth controul,
Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed,
Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed,
Blest be thy husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below;
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and heav'n is in our state.

To whom the nymph: O stranger, cease thy
Wife is thy soul, but man is born to bear: [care,
Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:

Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from
above.

But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more.
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide—
Know, the Phœacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinous' royal loins I spring,
A happy nation, and a happy king. [train,

Then to her maids—Why, why, ye coward
These fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
'Tis death with hostile step these shores to tread;
Safe in the love of Heav'n, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
Chear the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams.

Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tide;
Close by the stream a royal drefs they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroid'ry gay:
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply, [sky.
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy

To them the king: No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The soul pollution of the briny wave:
Ye gods! since this worn frame reflection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view!
But, nymphs, recede! Sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.

—————To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Should with vile censure taint my spotless name.

—————Female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th' offence:
Th' unguarded virgin as unchaste I blame,
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
'Till our consenting fires a spouse provide,
And public nuptials justify the bride.

§ 25. *Advice of Pallas to Ulysses, before he goes to the Court of the Phœacians.*

MY task is done; the mansion you require
Appears before you: enter and admire.
High-thron'd, and feasting, there thou shalt
behold

The scepter'd rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.

§ 26. *Pompous Description of the royal Palace and Gardens of the Phœacians.*

CLOSE to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies:
Four

Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around;
Tall thriving trees confest'd the fruitful mold;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;
The branch here bends beneath the weighty
pear,

And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise;
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd. }
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prof-
pest crown'd, [around,
This thro' the gardens leads its stream }
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground :
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows ;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.

§ 27. *Ulysses' artful Address to the Queen
and Court of Alcinous.*

DAUGHTER of great Rhexenor! (thus
began

Low at her knees, the much-enduring man)
To thee, thy comfort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: oh pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send, [friend.
Long worn with griefs, and long without a
So may the gods your better days increate,
And all your joys descend on all your race,
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people blest!

Then to the genial earth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.

Silence ensu'd. The eldest first began,
Echeneus sage, a venerable man! [past,
Whose well-taught mind the present age sur-
And join'd to that th' experience of the last.

Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

O sight (he cry'd) dishonest and unjust!
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!

To raise the lonely suppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.

Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way;
Then let the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due.

§ 28. *Ulysses left seated with Alcinous and his
Queen; she discovering the Garment that
was lent him by Nausicaa, questions him on
that Head; upon which he discloses the Truth,
and while he praises Nausicaa, artfully
throws in a Compliment on her Majesty; and
concludes with a Sentence, in proof of his
Attachment to Truth, and his Abhorrence of
a Lie.*

THE queen, on nearer view, the guest sur-
vey'd,

Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the god-like man:

Cam'st thou not hither, wond'rous stranger! I
say,

From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea?
Tell then whence art thou? whence that
princely air?

And robes like these, so recent and so fair?

Hard is the task, oh princess! you impose:
(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes)

The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows, sent by Heav'n and fate!
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd in Ocean's wat'ry arms,
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.

Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore

Unblest! to tread that interdicted shore:

When Jove tremendous in the fable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
Then, all my fleet, and all my foll'wers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges tost,
Heav'n drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the goddess there with open arms,
She brib'd my stay with more than human
charms;

Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow

Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.

But all her blandishments successleis prove,

To banish from my breast my country's love.

I stay reluctant sev'n continu'd years,

And water her ambrosial couch with tears.

The eighth, the voluntary moves to part,

Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.

A raft was form'd to cross the surging sea;

Herself supply'd the stores and rich array, }

And gave the gales to waft me on the way.

In sev'nteen days appear'd your pleasing coast,

And woody mountains half in vapours lost.

Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,

For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;

The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar; }

The splitting raft the furious tempests tore;

And storms vindictive intercept the shore. }

Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
 With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
 To reach this isle: but there my hopes were
 The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast. [lost,
 I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
 A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
 And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
 Then took the shelter of the neighb'ring wood.
 'Twas night; and cover'd in the foliage deep
 Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
 All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
 Aurora dawn'd, and Phœbus shin'd in vain,
 Nor 'till oblique he slop'd his evening ray,
 Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.
 Then female voices from the shore I heard:
 A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd:
 To her I su'd, she pity'd my distress;
 Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less. [care?
 Who from such youth could hope confid'rate
 In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
 She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies
 My wants, and lent these robes that strike your
 eyes.

This is the truth; and, oh ye pow'rs on high!
 Forbid that want shou'd sink me to a lye.

§ 29. *Ulysses at the Phœacian Games.*

INCENS'D Ulysses with a frown replies,
 O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise!
 With partial hands the gods their gifts dispense:
 Some greatly think, some speak with manly
 sense;

Here Heav'n an elegance of form denies,
 But wisdom the defect of form supplies:
 This man with energy of thought controuls,
 And steals with modest violence our souls,
 He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
 Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;
 In public more than mortal he appears,
 And as he moves the gazing croud reveres.
 While others, beauteous as th' æthereal kind,
 The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
 In outward show Heav'n gives thee to excel,
 But Heav'n denies the praise of thinking well.
 Illi bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
 And, youth, my gen'rous soulresents the wrong.
 Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim

A post of honour with the sons of fame; [days,
 Such was my boast, while vigour crown'd my
 Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;
 Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
 In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
 Yet thus by woes impair'd no more I wave
 To prove the hero—Slander stings the brave.

Then striding forward with a furious bound,
 Hewrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground:
 By far more pond'rous, and more huge by far;
 Than what Phœacia's sons discharg'd in air.
 Piercing from his arm th' enormous load he flings;
 Sonorous thro' the shaded air it sings;
 Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies,
 The croud gaze upwards while it cleaves the
 skies.

Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
 Down rushing, it up-turns a hill of ground.

Then thus aloud (elate with decent pride)
 Rise, ye Phœacians, try your force, he cry'd;
 If with this throw the strongest castor vic,
 Still, further still, I bid the discus fly. [wield,
 Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet
 Or you, the swiftest racers of the field! [grace!
 Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these paltunes
 I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.
 In such heroic games I yield to none,
 Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
 Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
 A friend is sacred, and I rile him friend.
 Ungen'rous were the man, and base of heart,
 Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful
 part:

Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
 Base to his friend, to his own interest blind.

§ 30. *Description of the ancient Honours which were conferred on Poetry and Music.*

THE herald now arrives, and guides along
 The sacred master of celestial song:
 Dear to the muse! who gave his days to flow
 With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
 With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual
 But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay. [ray,
 High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
 Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate:
 With silver throne the throne; his lyre well strung
 To rap'rous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
 Before his seat a polish'd table shines;
 And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines;
 His food a herald bore: and now they fed;
 And now the rage of craving hunger fled.

Then fir'd by all the muse, aloud he sings
 The mighty deeds of demi-gods and kings:
 From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
 That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
 How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
 The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
 For Heav'n foretold the contest when he trod
 The marble threshold of the Delphic god,
 Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
 E'er yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses strait resign'd
 To soft affliction all his manly mind:
 Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
 Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
 But when the music paus'd he ceas'd to shed
 The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head;
 And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,
 He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.

Transported with the song, the list'ning train
 Again with loud applause demand the strain:
 Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
 Again unmann'd a show'r of sorrow shed:

Now each partakes the feast, the wine pre-
 pares,
 Portions the food, and each the portion shares.

The

The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeysance as he moves along:
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then from the chine Ulysses carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part:
This, let the master of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who sacred honours to the bard denies?
The muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind;
The muse indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.

The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.

When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the lyrist wife Ulysses said:

O more than man! thy soul the muse inspires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:

For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe?

Just to the tale, as present at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day;

The song recalls past horrors to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.

Once more harmonious strike the sounding
string,

Th' Epean fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing:
How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,

With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of fame,

The god himself inspires thy breast with flame:
And mine shall be the task, henceforth to raise

In ev'ry land thy monument of praise.

Full of the god, he rais'd his lofty strain,
How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main:

How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,
While from the shores the winged navy flies:

How ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands:

All Troy up-heav'd the steed: of differing mind,
Various the Trojans counsell'd; part consign'd

The monster to the sword, part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;

Th' unwise award to lodge it in the tow'rs,
An offering sacred to th' immortal pow'rs:

Th' unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls,
And by the gods decree proud Ilion falls;

Destruction enters in the treach'rous wood,
And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.

He sung the Greeks stern-issuing from the
steed;

How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends,

The Spartan king; how Ithacus attends,
(Horrid as Mars) and how with dire alarms

He fights, subdues; for Pallas strings his arms.

Thus, while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground

bedew:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king observed alone

The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing,

Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:
To ev'ry note his tears responsive flow, [woe;

And his great heart heaves with tumultuous

Thy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay?
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay.

§ 31. *Introduction to the Story of Polyphemus.*

A GIANT shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face;
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth
he stood, [wood.
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding
Lo! he comes at last.

Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the pond'rous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell—

§ 32. *Discovery of Ulysses by Euryclea.*

DEEP o'er his knee inseam'd, remain'd the
scar:

Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, th' ablution ceas'd;

Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand re-
leas'd;

The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around:

Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife ex-
prest

Of grief and joy, alternate in her breast.
Her flutt'ring words in melting murmurs dy'd;

At length abrupt—My son!—my king!—she
cry'd.

§ 33. *Ulysses spares the Life of Phemius.*

PHEMIUS alone the hand of vengeance
spar'd,

Phemius the sweet, the Heav'n-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the rev'rend minstrel stands;

The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly

To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laertes holy vows had paid,

And oft Ulysses smoaking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,

Between the laver and the silver throne:
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,

Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began:
O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,

And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong.

For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heav'n and Heav'n alone

The genuine seeds of poesy are sown;
And (what the gods bestow) the lofty lay,

To gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;

'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force and not desire;

This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay

Nor servile flattery stain'd the moral lay.

The

The moving words Telemachus attends,
His fire approaches, and the bard defends:
Oh mix not, father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head;
Medon the herald too, our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care:
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapp'd in a new-slain ox's ample hide;
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with
tears,

And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:

O prince! O friend! lo here thy Medon stands,
Ah stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.

To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed.

§ 34. *Ulysses discovered by Penelope.*

WHILE yet he speaks, her pow'rsof life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:

At length recover'g, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew;
The tears pour'd down amain: and oh, she cries,
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O vers'd in ev'ry turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove,
'Twas caution, oh my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms,
Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day,
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
But Heav'n, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed,
That she should wander, and that Greece should
bleed:

Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows, when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Aëtoris alone,
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bow'r)
Since what no eye hath seen, thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield. [hears,

Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.

§ 35. *Ulysses discovers himself to his Father.*

BUT all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goat-skin hair:
His buskin old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gard'ner stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, re-tracing ev'ry line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his rev'rend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul?
Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay,
More gentle methods on weak age employs,
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
Then to his fire with beating heart he moves,
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said:

Great is thy skill, oh father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyardswell thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendant pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected but thyself alone.

Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me (what I question most)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd,
(Some surly islander, of manners rude)
Nor farther conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursu'd his way.
But thou! whom yearshave taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:

A friend I seek, a wife one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd;
To him sev'n talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff
with gold,

A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And skill'd with female works, four lovely dames.

At

At this the father, with a father's fears
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godle's men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore!
Thy ancient friend, oh stranger, is no more!
Full recompence thy bounty else had borne;
For ev'ry good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
But tell me, stranger, be the truth confest,
What years have circled since thou saw'st that
guest?

That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies, a prey to monsters of the main,
Or savage beasts his mangled reliques tear,
Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents shed,
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead,
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier
Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropp'd a tender tear!

But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?

Then thus the son: From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born, from Aphidas the king
Of Polyphemon's royal line I spring.
Some adverse dæmon from Sciania bore
Our wand'ring course, and drove us on your shore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursu'd
Ulysses parting though the sable flood;
Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we then to meet on this fair shore,
Whom Heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more.

Quick through the father's heart these accents
ran;
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrap'd up all the man;
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head. [spread
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the
sight:

He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
I, I am he; oh father! rise, behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
Restor'd and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, oh my sire restrain!
The vengeance is complete; the suitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.

Amaz'd Laertes: "Give some certain sign,
"If such thou art, to manifest thee mine."
Lo here the wound, he cries, receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,

When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The several trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace:
To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature and its name,
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendant
load, [glow'd;
And ten, that red with blushing apples
Rull fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.

Smit with the signs which all his doubts ex-
plain,

His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
Yes, I believe, he cries, almighty Jove!
Heav'n rules us yet, and gods there are above.

FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

§ 36. *Description of the Vision conjured up by
Alecto.*

A Murder'd body huge beside him stood,
Of head and right-hand both but lately
spoil'd;
The left-hand bore the head, whose visage good
Both pale and wan, with dust and gore defil'd,
Yet spake, though dead; with whose sad words
the blood
Forth at his lips in huge abundance boil'd—
Fly, Argillan, from this false camp fly far,
Whose guide a traitor, captains murderers are.

§ 37. *Image of Armida and Attendants, enrag'd
at Rinaldo's hewing down the Myrtle to dis-
solve the charm.*

HE* lift his brand; nor car'd, tho' oft she pray'd,
And she her form to other shape did change;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are laid
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made;
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange;
A giants before him high she stands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands:

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright
She threaten'd death, she roar'd, she cry'd and
fought;

Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
Which groan'd, like living souls, to death nigh
brought; [hell,
The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell.

Lighten'd

Lighten'd the heav'n above, the earth below
Roared aloud: that thunder'd, and this shook:
Bluster'd the tempests strong; the whirlwinds
blow;

The bitter storm drove hail-stones in his look;
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,

'Till low to earth the wounded tree down
bended;

Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

§ 32. *Description of Armida's wonderful Parrot.*

WITH party-colour'd plumes, and purple
bill,

A wond'rous bird among the rest there flew,
That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and
shrill;

Her Leden was like human language true;
So much she talk'd, and with such wit and skill,
That strange it seem'd, how much good she
knew:

Her feather'd fellows all stood hush to hear;
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth upfold
In its fair leaves, and, less seen, fairer seems,
And after spreads them forth more broad and
bold,

Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes;
Nor seems the same, that deck'd bed and bow'r
Of many a lady late, and paramour:

So in the passing of a day, doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor ere doth flourish more; but, like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan:
Oh, gather then the rose, while time thou hast;
Short is the day, done when it scant began;
Gather the rose of Love, while yet thou may'st
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.

She ceas'd; and, as approving all she spoke,
The choir of birds their heav'nly tunes renew;
The turtles sigh'd, and sighs with kisses broke;
The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew:
It seem'd, the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees, on earth that grew,
It seem'd, the land, the sea, and heav'n above,
All breath'd out fancy sweet, and sigh'd out
love.

GLOVER'S LEONIDAS.

§ 39. *Leonidas's Address to his Countrymen.*

—He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires

The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.

Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:

Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour thro' the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows
That wanting virtue life is pain and woe;
That wanting liberty ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart exulting answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing Heav'n
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

§ 40. *Leonidas's Answer to the Persian Ambassador.*

RETURN to Xerxes; tell him on this rock
The Grecians, faithful to their post, await
His chosen myriads; tell him, thou hast seen,
How far the lust of empire is below
A free-born mind; and tell him, to behold
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
To seal my country's freedom, is a good
Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give.

§ 41. *Pathetic Farewell of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.*

I See, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.
How had it stain'd the honours of my name
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shameful life prefer'd
By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more
That of my love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste uncalled to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country bid me bleed.
—Oh! thou dear mourner, wherefore streams
afresh [new'd
That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs re-
That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?

Now

Now shall that care, that tenderness be prov'd
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
Should I, thus singled from the rest of men,
Alone intrusted by th' immortal gods
With pow'r to save a people, should my soul
Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield
To sorrow and to shame; for thou must weep
With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must
pine

In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue, and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.

Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow:
Ceas'd for a moment; soon again to stream.
For now in arms before the palace rang'd
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence; then her griefs renew'd,
Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,
And freeze each accent on her fault'ring
tongue.

In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
Amid his children, who inclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
Address'd to Heav'n: Thou ever-living power,
Look down propitious, sire of gods and men!
And to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
Do thou support their virtue! Be they taught,
Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die!

§ 42. *Characters of Teribazus and Ariana.*

AMID the van of Persia was a youth
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures travers'd o'er with herds,
With bleating thousands, or with bounding
steeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours, fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
And through the paths of science had he walk'd
The votary of wisdom. In the years,
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page

Of Zoroaster; then his tow'ring soul
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
And from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the mystic sphere;
There number'd o'er the vivid fires, that gleam
Upon the dusky bosom of the night.
Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,
While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, or healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The fertile plains where great Sesostris reign'd,
Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,
From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
Precipitates his waters to the sea,
Which far below receives the sevenfold stream.
Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd, nor pass'd
Miletus by, which once inraptur'd heard
The tongue of Thales, nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias, nor the seat
Of Pittacus along the Lesbian shore.
Here two melodious numbers charm'd his ears,
Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
And thee, O father of immortal verse,
Mæonides, whose strains through ev'ry age
Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.
Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
His wand'ring steps. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes, generous and good.
And Ariana, from Darius sprung,
With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race
Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain
Of all her greatness oft, an humble ear
To him would bend, and listen to his voice.
Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd
Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
To love, nor lov'd he sooner, than despair'd.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shun'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd.

§ 43. *Ariana and Polydorus come by Night into the Persian Camp.*

IN sable pomp, with all her starry train, [war,
The night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from
Her long-protracted labours Greece forgets,
Dissolv'd in silent slumber; all but those,
Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,
An hundred warriors: Agis was their chief.
High on the wall intent the hero sat,
As o'er the surface of the tranquil main
Along its undulating breast the wind
The various din of Asia's host convey'd
In one deep murmur swelling in his ear:
When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass
Alarm'd, he calls aloud: What sect are those,
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
With speed reply, nor tempt your instant fate.

He said, and thus return'd a voice unknown:
Not with the feet of enemies we come,
But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.

The Spartan answers: Through the midnight
shade [broad ?

What purpose draws your wand'ring steps a-
To whom the stranger: We are friends to
Greece,

And to the presence of the Spartan king
Admission we implore. The cautious chief
Of Lacedæmon hesitates again;

When thus with accents musically sweet
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allur'd:

O gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r
Of one distress'd! whom grief alone hath led
In this dark hour to these victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud. [gates

The Greek descending through th' unfolded
Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd
In fervile garb attir'd; but near his side

A woman graceful and majestic stood;
Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or the wanton charms

Of love's soft queen; but such as far excell'd,
Whate'er the lily blending with the rose
Paints on the cheek of beauty, soon to fade;

Such as express'd a mind, which wisdom rul'd,
And sweetness temper'd, virtue's purest light
Illumining the countenance divine;

Yet could not soothe remorseless fate, nor teach
Malignant fortune to revere the good,
Which oft with anguish rends the spotless heart,

And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane:

Exalted fair, who thus adorn'st the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,
And to the laws of rigid Mars impute,

That I thus long unwilling have delay'd
Before the great Leonidas to place
This your apparent dignity and worth.

He spake, and gently to the lofty tent
Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides.
At Agis' summons with a mantle broad

His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,
And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd:

Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd
With veneration of the godlike man.
But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd,

Benevolent and hospitable, thus:

Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,
Thy mind delineates, and from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,

By what relentless destiny compell'd,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread.
Rehearse th' afflictions, whence thy virtue

mourns.
On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,
Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,
And wrapt in grief these words a passage broke:

If to be most unhappy, and to know,
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched may deserve

Commieration from the good; behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,

Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
Th' afflicted Ariana, and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain!

First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,
Heroic, wise, adorn'd with ev'ry art;

Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal.
This day in Grecian arms conspicuous clad
He fought, he fell. A passion long conceal'd

For me, alas! within my brother's arms
His dying breath resigning he disclos'd.
—Oh I will stay my sorrows! will forbid

My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,
Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain!
For why should thy humanity be griev'd

With my distress, and learn from me to mourn
The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain!
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,

To seek his body in the heaps of slain.
Thus to the Spartan su'd the regal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,

When supplicant, at Jove's resplendent throne,
From dreary Pluto, and th' infernal gloom,
Her lov'd and lost Proserpina she sought:

Fix'd on the weeping queen with steadfast eyes,
Laconia's chief these tender thoughts recall'd:
Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear!

Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
My everlasting absence! then inclin'd
His head, and sigh'd; nor yet forgot to charge

His friend, the gentle Agis, through the straits
The Persian princess to attend and aid.
With careful steps they seek her lover's corse.

The Greeks remember'd, where by fate represent'd
His arm first ceas'd to mow their legions down,
And from beneath a mass of Persian slain

Soon drew the hero by his armour known.
To Agis' high pavilion they resort.
Now, Ariana, what transcending pangs [heart?

Thy soul involv'd? What horror clasp'd thy
But love grew mightiest, and her beauteous
On the cold breast of Teribazus threw [limbs

The grief-distracted maid. The clotted gore
Deform'd her snowy bosom. O'er his wounds
Loose flow'd her hair, and bubbling from her

Impetuous sorrow lav'd the purple clay. [eyes
When forth in groans her lamentations broke:
O torn for ever from my weeping eyes!

Thou, who despairing to obtain her heart,
Who then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield
Thy life to fate's inevitable dart

For her, who now in agony unfolds
Her tender bosom, and repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own

Now clasps thy breast insensible and cold.
Alas! do those unmoving ghastly orbs
Perceive my gushing anguish? Does that heart,

Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,
Share in my suff'rings, and return my sighs!
—Oh! bitter unfurmoutable distress!

Lo! on thy breast is Ariana bow'd,
Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine,
Not now to listen with enchanted ears

To thy persuasive eloquence, no more
Charm'd with the wisdom of thy copious mind!

She

She could no more. Invincible despair
 Suppress'd her utterance. As a marble form
 Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, unmov'd,
 O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,
 Bends down the head with imitated woe:
 So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,
 Intransigent in sorrow. On the dreary wound,
 Where Dithyrambus' sword was deepest
 plung'd,
 Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd;
 Then, with a look unchang'd, nor trembling
 hand,
 Drew forth a poniard, which her garment veil'd,
 And sheathing in her heart th' abhorred steel,
 On her slain lover silent sinks in death.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

§ 44. *Dueffa weeping over her Enemy, compared to a Crocodile; and a Description of Night.*

AS when a weary traveller, that strays [Nile,
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed
 Unweeting of the perilous wandering ways,
 Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
 Which in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
 Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears:
 The foolish man, that pities all this while
 His mournful plight, is swallow'd up unwares,
 Forgetful of his own, that minds another's cares.
 So wept Dueffa until even-tide, [light:
 That shining lamps in Jove's high house were
 Then forth she rose, no longer would abide,
 But comes unto the place, where th' heathen
 knight
 In slumbering swoon nigh void of vital spright,
 Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day:
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight
 To wail his woeful case, she would not stay,
 But to the eastern coast of heaven makes speedy
 way,
 Where grievously Night, with visage deadly sad,
 That Phœbus' cheerful face durst never view,
 And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
 She finds forth-coming from her darksome mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated hew:
 Before the door her iron chariot stood,
 Already harnessed for journey new;
 And cole black steeds yborn of hellish brood,
 That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were
 wood.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
 The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,
 As giving warning of th' unusual sound,
 With which her iron wheels did them affray,
 And her dark grievously look them much dismay.
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
 With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
 And hungry wolves continually did howl,
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

On every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,

Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
 With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
 Of fiends infernal flock'd on every side,
 To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night
 durst ride.

§ 45. *Description of Lucifera's Palace.*

A Stately palace built of squared brick,
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor
 And golden foil all over them displaid; [thick,
 That purest sky with brightness they dismay'd:
 High lifted up were many lofty towers,
 And goodly galleries far over-laid,
 Full of fair windows, and delightful bowers;
 And on the top a dial told the timely hours.
 It was a goodly heap for to behold,
 And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
 But full great pity, that so fair a mold
 Did on so weak foundation ever sit;
 For on a sandy hill, that still did stir,
 And fall away, it mounted was full high,
 That every breath of heaven shook it;
 And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

§ 46. *Lucifera ascending her Coach.*

SUDDAIN upriseth from her stately place
 The royal dame, and for her coach doth call:
 All hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,
 As fair Aurora in her purple pall,
 Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
 So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth
 blaze;
 The heaps of people thronging in the hall,
 Do ride each other, upon her to gaze: [amaze.
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes
 So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
 Adorned all with gold, and garlands gay,
 That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
 And strove to match, in royal rich array,
 Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To Jove's high house through heaven's brass-
 paved way,
 Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,
 And full of Argus' eyes their tails dispredden
 wide.

§ 47. *Description of Prince Arthur in his Habilliments of War.*

UPON the top of all his lofty crest
 A bunch of hairs, discolour'd diversly
 With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity,
 Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
 On top of green Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
 Whose tender looks do tremble every one
 At every little blast that under heav'n is blown.

§ 48. *Description of Diana with her Nymphs, returned from the Chace, and preparing to bathe.*

SHORTLY unto the wasteful woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddess with her crew,
After late chace of their embred game
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
And soil, which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac'd
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts unbrac'd,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks that late in tresses bright
Embred were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinkled light.

Soon as the Venus saw behind her back,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd;
And wox half wroth against her damsels slack,
That had not her thereof before advis'd,
But suffer'd her so carelessly disguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments loose
Upgathering in her bosom she compris'd,
Well, as she might, and to the goddess rose;
Whilst all her nymphs did like a girlond her enclose.

§ 49. *Description of a Garden.*

EFTSOONS they heard a most delicious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner musick that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony; [agree.
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all
The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine responsiveness meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

§ 50. *Description of the Garden of Adonis.*

THERE is continual spring, and harvest there,
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime

Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

§ 51. *Devastation which Time makes in this Garden.*

GREAT enemy to it, and all the rest
That in the garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who, with his scythe address,
Does mow the flowering herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings.
Where they do wither, and are foully marr'd:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings,
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

§ 52. *Description of Jupiter.*

SO having said he ceast, and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow, [beck
And even the highest powers of heaven to check,
Made sign to them in their degrees to speak.

With that he shook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies,
And all the world beneath, for terror quook,
And est his burning levin-brond in hand he took.

§ 53. *Guyon conducted by Mammon through a Cave under Ground, to see his Treasure.*

AT length they came into a larger space,
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
Through which a beaten broad high-way did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's griesly reign;
By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might.

Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie, [eye.
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living
And over them sad Horror, with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whilst sad Celeno, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That heart of flint asunder would have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

§ 54. *Description of Despair, and her Speech.*

'ERE long they come, where that same wicked wight

His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy clift yight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carion carcases doth crave;
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearful fowl:
And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail and howl.

And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whose carcases were scatter'd on the green,
And thrown about the clifts. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,

Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near:
But th' other forc'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

The darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his fullen mind;
His greazy locks, long growing and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pin'd and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrap'd abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the grafs
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas;
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Red Cross knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge before his blood were cold:
And to the villain said; Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed in sight.

What frantic fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgment taught,
But he should die, who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing drive,
But his own guilty mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneth?

Who travels by the weary wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,

And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over-past,
Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good,

And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternal rest,
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas, [please.
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly

The knight much wondred at his sudden wit,
And said: The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand, until his captain bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows best the terms established;
And he that points the centinel his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom.

Is not his deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence,
nor why.

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment;
All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent:
For, life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he, that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may:
For, what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rise,
All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.

Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state;
For, never knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckless disadventures did amate:
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call;

And though good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps foretell,
Into the which hereafter thou mayest happen fall.

Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duesla wild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself desil'd?

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die? [done,
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all out-run?
Death is the end of woes: die soon, O Fairy's son.

The knight was much enmov'd with this
speech, [did pierce,
That as a sword's point through his heart
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true, all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powers it did disperse,
As he was charmed with inchaunted rhimes,
That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted often-
times.

In which amazement, when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
With trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soul assail;
To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
He shew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned ghosts, that do in torments wail,
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall
remain.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law:
Then 'gan the villain him to over-crow, [fire,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him chuse, what death he would
desire: [God's ire.

For death was due to him that had provok'd
But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raight a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aspin green, [seen
And troubled blood through his pale face was
To come and go; with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been:
At last resolv'd to work his final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.
Which when as Una saw, through every vein
The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,

As in a swoon: but soon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand she snatch'd the curied knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
Is this the battle, which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and
bright?

Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshy wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Nedevilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright;
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why should'st thou then despair, that chosen art?
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater
grace, [smart,
The which doth quench the brand of hellish
And that accurs'd hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, fir knight, arise, and leave this curied
place.

So up he rose, and thence amount'd freight.
Which when the earl beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest'd.
But death he could not work himself thereby;
For thousand times he so himself had dress'd,
Yet natheless it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

§ 55. *The Arrival of Satan at Hell; and the Allegory of Sin and Death.*

SATAN with thoughts inflam'd of high'st
design, [hell
Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd the gates of
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly tow'rd the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend: at last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds
were brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and
howl'd,

Within

Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant-blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his
The likeness of a kingly crown had on. [head
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd:
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he, [then
Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both
thou

And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon't thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and
scorn

Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt
before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they
stood;

For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky forcerers that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between:

O father what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart [whom:
Against thy father's head? and know'st for
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he call justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both:
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; than these to her Satan return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee, [why
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

T' whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd:
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth; till on the left side op'ning wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein
remain'd

(For what could else?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyrean, down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I also; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,

Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart
 Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out, Death ;
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded, Death.
 I fled ; but he pursu'd, (though more, it seems,
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and, swifter far,
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me ; for when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast ; then bursting forth
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death, my son and foe ; who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd : and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be ; so fate pronounc'd.
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly ; for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd ; and the subtle fiend his lore
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd
 smooth :

Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire
 change

Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of ; know
 I come no enemy, but to set free

From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee ; and all the heav'nly host
 Of spirits, that in our just pretences arm'd

Fell with us from on high : from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all

Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void
 immense

To search with wand'ring quest a place fore-
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round ; a place of bliss

In the pourlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply

Perhaps our vacant room ; though more re-
 Left heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought

Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
 To know ; and this once known, shall soon re-
 turn,

And bring ye to the place where thou and
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd

With odours ; there ye shall be fed and fill'd,
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd,
 and Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd ; and blest'd his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour : no less rejoic'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire :

The key of this infernal pit by due,
 And by command of heav'n's all-powerful
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock [King,
 These adamant gates ; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.

But what owe I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down

Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,

Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly born,
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,

With terrors and with clamours compass'd
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed ?

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
 My being gav'st me ; whom should I obey

But thee ? whom follow ? thou wilt bring me
 To that new world of light and bliss, among

The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits

Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
 Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,

Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;
 And tow'rd's the gate rolling her bestial train,

Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew ;
 Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers

Could once have mov'd ; then in the key-hole
 turns

Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy ir' on or solid rock with ease

Unfastens : on a sudden open fly,
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,

Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook

Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r ; the gates wide open stood,

That with extended wings a banner'd host,
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass

through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array ;

So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark

Illimitable ocean, without bound, [height,
 Without dimension, whose length, breadth, and

And time, and place are lost ; where eldest
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold

Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

§ 56. *Milton's Address to the Sun.*

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,

May I express thee unblam'd ? since God is
 And never but in unapproach'd light

Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright

Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'n's thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness

borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
I sung of chaos and eternal night;
Taught by the heav'nly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim diffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or light of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light, [powers
Shine inward, and the mind through all her
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

§ 57. *Address from the Deity to his Son.*

OTHOU in Heaven and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how
dear

To me are all my works, nor man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join:
And be thyself Man among men on earth,

Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd, and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest
Equal to God, and equally enjoying [bliss,
God-like fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory's bounds;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shall reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, principedoms, pow'rs, dominions I re-
duce:

All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou attended gloriously from heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall
And after all their tribulations long, [dwell,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from bless'd voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung

With jubilee, and loud hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent, [ground
Tow'rd's either throne they bow, and to the
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there
grows,

And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of
heav'n

Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream:
With these that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their replendent locks, inwreath'd with
beams; [bright

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd. [took;
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.

§ 58. *Satan's Address to the Sun.*

THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless
King.

Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I scorn'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me high'est, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though
mean

Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within

Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Had'st thou the same free will and pow'r to
stand? [accuse,

Thou had'st: whom hast thou then, or what's
But heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accus'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?

Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep

Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?

None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame

Among the spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts

Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,

While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,

The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace, my former state; how soon

Would height recal high thoughts, how soon
unfay recant

What feign'd submission swore! ease would
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconciliation grow [deep:
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear

Short intermission bought with double sinart.
This knows my punisher: therefore as far

From granting he, as I from begging peace;
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead

Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewel remorse: all good to me is lost:

Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,

By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

§ 59. *Description of Adam and Eve.*

TWO of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all:

And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,

Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),

Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:

For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;

He

He for God only, she for God in him.
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthian locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
 Sim-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity, and spotless innocence!
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met;
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain-side
 They sat them down; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet guard'ning labour than suffic'd
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
 The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as befits
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they.

§ 60. *Adam's Address to Eve, relative to the Tree of Knowledge, and Eve's Reply.*

SOLE partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
 Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite;
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Ought whereof he hath need; he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only tree
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou
 know'st

God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left

Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
 Confer'd upon us, and dominion given
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task,
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these
 flowers, [sweet.

Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were
 To whom thus Eve reply'd: O thou for whom
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Præminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
 Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and
 how.

Not distant far from thence a murmur'ing sound
 Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answer'ing looks
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race. What could I do,
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
 Till I esp'y'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd;
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve,
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him
 thou art,

His flesh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,

And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron
With kisses pure. [lip]

§ 61. *Discourse between Adam and Eve, retiring to Rest, with the Description of their Bower.*

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. [hour]

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, th'
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder allies green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty
adorn'd:

My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

Glitt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glitt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for
whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd:
Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were
none, [praise:

That heav'n would want spectators, God want
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r: it was a place
Chos'n by the sov'ran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin [flower,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
Mosaic; under foot the violet, [wrought
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay [stone
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,

Nor

Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd [heav'n,
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

§ 62. *Wedded Love.*

HAIL wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from Men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight-ball,
Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

§ 63. *Adam's Morning Salutation; and Eve's Account of her Dream.*

NOW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
As airy light from pure digestion bred, [found
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'd Eve

With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side,
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: *Awake,*
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam; whom embracing, thus she spake:

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
Why sleep'st thou Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now
reigns

Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: Heav'n wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd, through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd [Heav'n
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit furcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man? Is knowledge so despis'd?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?
This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold.
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit [cropt,
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?

Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'it be, worthier can'it not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my sight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly [down,
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk
And fell asleep: but O how glad I wak'd,
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad:

Best image of myself, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally: nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chiefs; among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Of in her absence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope,
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was
But silently a gentle tear let fall [cheer'd;
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice; he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight

Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landkip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous
More tuneable than needed lute or harp [verse,
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

§ 64. *The Battle of Angels.*

THE shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:
O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and
might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd
Unsound and false; nor is it ought but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest, and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd:

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd, [reach'd
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness; but thou seest

All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands
err.

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd: Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'it
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive,
Thy merited reward, the first assay [tongue,
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met,
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'it
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spi'rits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd:
Apostate, still thou err'it, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'it it with the name
Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself intrall'd;
Yet lowly dar'ft our ministring upbraid,
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd; [while
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: mean
From me return'd, as erst thou said'it from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and
Preface of victory, and fierce desire [thout,
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound [heav'n
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the High'est: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd

The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage: all Heav'n
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her center shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
Army' against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himself rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire: long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of Michaël sinote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heav'n, the arch-foe subdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflam'd first thus began:

Author of evil unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself,
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! How hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright [here
And faithful, now prov'd false! But think not
To

To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from
Precipitate thee with augmented pain. [God

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The adversary: Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me [threats
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with
To chase me hence? Err not, that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n itself into the hell
Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have fought thee far and nigh.

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeaking; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likens on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of Godlike pow'r? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where'er it was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung.
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky [found.
Should combat, and their jarring spheres con-
Together both, with next to' almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep enter'd, shar'd
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And with'd him to and fro convolv'd; so fore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance
Not long divisible; and from the gash [clos'd,
A stream of nest'rous humour issuing slow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interpos'd

Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spi'rits that live through-
Vital in every part, not as frail man [out
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramalech, and Asinadai,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their
flight, [mail.

Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.

I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

§ 65. *The Angels second Battle, and the
Messiah's Victory on the third Day.*

NOW when fair morn orient in heav'n ap-
pear'd,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the drawing hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-
armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met

Under

Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came fly'ing, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd :

Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling show'r,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move imbattled: when behold
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching grofs and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud :

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however witness Heaven,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tip with fire; while we suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd:
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose
Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air, [roar
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and
Of iron globes; which on the victor host [hail
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might
stand, [fell

Though standing else as rocks, but down they
By thousands. Angel on arch-angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift

By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.

What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd :

O friends why come not on these victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front [terms
And breast (what could we more?) propounded
Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell, [seem'd
As they would dance; yet for a dance they
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposal once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Baeli in like game some mood:
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts be-
All doubt of victory; eternal might. [yond
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them
arms

Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heav'n
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale) [flew;
Light as the light'ning glimpse they ran, they
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines triple-row

They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions
arm'd; [bruis'd

Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and
Into their substance pent, which wrought them
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan, [pain
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wied
Out

Out of such pris'n, though sp'irits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now grois by sinning grown.
 The rest in imitation to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills upore;
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
 Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar: horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose. And now all heav'n
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread;
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
 To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
 Upon his enemies, and to declare [Son,
 All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his
 Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began:

Effulgence of my glory, Son below'd,
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by deity I am,
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
 Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
 Since Michael and his pow'rs went forth to tame
 These disobedient: sore has been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
 For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,
 Save what sin hath impair'd; which yet hath
 wrought

Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found:
 War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd; which
 makes [main.

Wild work in heav'n, and dange'rous to the
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
 In heav'n and hell thy pow'r above compare;
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be heir
 Of all things, to be heir, and to be king
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
 Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might,
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty-arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
 From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God, and Messiah his anointed king.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
 Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
 Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
 And thus the Filial Godhead answer'ing spake:

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best; thou always seek'st
 To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
 As is most just: this I my glory account
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
 Fulfil'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
 Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving I assume;
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
 But whom thou hatest, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
 Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these re-
 bell'd,

To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire. [pure
 Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' im-
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount
 Unfeigned Halleluiahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of glory where he sat;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through heav'n. Forth rush'd with
 whirlwind sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity, [drawn,
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
 Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the
 wheels

Of beryl, and careering fires between;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.
 He in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow,
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Off smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire.
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
 He onward came, far off his coming shone;
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen.
 He on the wings of cherub robe sublime
 On the crystalline sky, in saphir thron'd,
 Illustrious far and wide; but by his own
 First seen: then unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heav'n;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
 Under their Head imbody'd all in one.
 Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
 At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valle mil'd.

This

This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdurate,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Infernal, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and aspiring to his height,
Stood reibattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdain'g flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake:

Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only, and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in heav'n supreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld.
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they astonish'd all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glare'd light'ning, and shot forth pernicious fire

Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their
strength,

And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n;
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of heav'n; which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a ront
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last clos'd;
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd;
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to reign; he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid-heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high: who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

§ 66. *Formation of the World, and Man, re-
lated by Raphael to Adam.*

THE Son on his great expedition now ap-
pear'd;
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
In golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his powerful Word

An

And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyfs
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault,
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep,
peace,

Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end;
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos, and the world unborn;
For chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world.

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter uniform'd and void; Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyfs; but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outspread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward
purg'd

The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And Earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light, said God, and forthwith
light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not: she in a cloudy tabernacle [good;
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided; light the day, and darkness night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn,
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and
The hollow universal orb they fill'd, [shout
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning
prais'd

God and his works, Creator him they sung,
Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world

Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, left fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: so ev'n
And morning chorus sung the second day.

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moisture; when God said,
Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky;
So high as heav'd, the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct, [press'd
For haste; such flight the great command im-
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the wathy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd seas;
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desart and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd, [clad
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth
crept

The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Imbattled in her field, and th' humble shrub,
And bush with frizzl'd hair implicit: last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or
gemm'd [crown'd,
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might
dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
U₁ on

Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven
To give light on the Earth; and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their
To Man, the greater to have rule by day, (use
The less by night altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the sun
A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightfome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field;
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run [gray
His longitude through heav'n's high road; the
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines.
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth

And God said, Let the waters generate [day.
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on th' open firmament of heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind; [sing.
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, say-
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas

And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through
groves

Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance,
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg
that soon

Burfting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledg'd
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sub-
lime,

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd
plumes; [song

From branch to branch the smaller birds with
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till ev'n; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aerial sky: others on ground [sounds
Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God said,
Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait
Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up
rose,

As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free [bonds,
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole [ounce,
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness: fleec'd the flocks, and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown [names,
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was
walk'd

Frequent: and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule

Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life: in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then blest'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name: thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth
Variety without end; but of the tree, [yields,
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou
Death is the penalty impos'd; beware, [dy'st;
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day;
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwear'd, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the found
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Refounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung
The glorious train ascending. He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the sev'nth
Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne

Of

Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things; and from work
Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six days acts they sung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r; what thought can measure thee, or
Relate thee? greater now in thy return [tongue
Than from the giant-Angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another Heav'n,
From Heav'n gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
And sons of Men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell,
And worship him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.
So sung they, and the empyrean rung
With Halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.

§ 67. *Adam's Account of himself to Raphael.*

A S new wak'd from soundest sleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmur'ing streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or
flew,

Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in pow'r præminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not
whither,

From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First Father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell [I am,
Submits: he rear'd me, and Whom thou sought'st
Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence; for know,
The

The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:
Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watry residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element, to draw the thinner air.
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowering low
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God endu'd
My sudden apprehension. But in these
I found not what methought I wanted still;
And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd:

O by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpass'est far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to Man? for whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd:

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? they also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ord'ring. I, with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Pow'r,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice

Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd:
A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me, or like; equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd; I lowly answer'd: To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short. Supreme of
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee [things;
Is no deficiency found: not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though one;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd:
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice divine:

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone;
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the
In that celestial colloquy sublime, [height
As with an object that excels the sense

Dazzled

Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
Though sleeping; where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the
wound,

But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spi'rit of love, and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage-rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud:

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me: Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus; and though divinely
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty, [brought,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd:
I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r
I led her blushing like the morn; all heav'n
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Fling rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening-star
On this hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

§ 68. *Eve's Ascendency over Adam; Raphael's Advice to him, relative to his Conduct towards her; and Adam's Reply.*

WHEN I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the angel with contracted brow:
Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident
Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismis's not her, when most thou need'st her
By attributing overmuch to things [nigh,
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself;
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, ground on just and right
Well-manag'd; of that skill the more thou
know'st,

The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What high'er in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not: love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
In rea'son, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend;
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd:
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem),
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.

Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing; yet still free
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
 Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide:
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask.
 Love not the heav'nly spi'rits, and how their love
 Express they, by looks only, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answer'd: Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars:
 Easier than air with air, if spi'rits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
 But I can now no more; the parting sun
 Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant isles
 Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
 Perfect within, no outward aid require:
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

§ 69. *Adam's Advice to Eve, to avoid Temptation.*

WOMAN, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left
 Of all that he created, much less man,
 Or ought that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r:
 Against his will he can receive no harm.
 But God left free the will, for what obeys
 Reason, is free, and reason he made right,
 But bid her well be ware, and still erect,
 Left by some fair appearing good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinform the will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely if from me
 Thou sever not; trial will come unsought.

Would'st thou approve thy constancy? approve
 First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think, trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence, rely
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all, [thine,
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do

§ 70. *God's Sentence in Paradise.*

FROM his radiant seat he rose
 Of high collateral glory: him thrones and
 Princedoms, and dominations ministrant [pow'rs,
 Accompanied to heaven-gate, from whence
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended strait: the speed of Gods
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes
 wing'd.

Now was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
 To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in
 The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more
 Came, the mild judge and intercessor both, [cool,
 To sentence man. The voice of God they heard,
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they
 heard.

And from his presence hid themselves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:
 Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
 Where obvious duty ere while appear'd un-
 sought:

Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come
 forth, [first

He came, and with him Eve more loath, though
 To offend; discount'nanc'd both, and dis-
 compos'd:

Love was not in their looks, either to God
 Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
 Whence Adam faltring long, thus answer'd brief;
 I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile reply'd:
 My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoic'd; how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat

To whom thus Adam fore beset reply'd:
 O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge, either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life;
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame
 By my complaint: but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,

Left

Left on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all [thou
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill;
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'ran Presence thus reply'd:
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:
Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,

Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd:
The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat. [delay

Which when the Lord God heard, without
To judgment he proceeded on the accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation, justly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not man (since he no further knew),
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best,
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:
Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed; [heel.
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his

So spake this oracle, then verif'd
When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,
Prince of the air; then rising from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd
In open show, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd:
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd;
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd:
Because thou hast harken'd to the voice of thy
wife,

And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, say'ing, Thou shalt not eat
thereof: [sorrow

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field.
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

§ 71. *Adam's Soliloquy after his Fall.*

OMISERABLE of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of blessed? hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my heighth
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*,
Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration: so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mold me man? did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my be'ing, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the
good,
Then cavil the conditions? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot. [own
God made thee of choice his own, and of his

To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
 Thy punishment then justly' is at his will.
 Be' it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive? [out
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Inseparable? how glad would lay me down
 As in my mother's lap? there I should rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
 Lest that pure breath of life, the spi'rit of man
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
 With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
 And sin? the body properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows,
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so,
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on man whom death must
 end? [make
 Can he make deathless death? that were to
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument
 Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite
 In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour
 Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law,
 By which all causes else according still
 To the reception of their matter act,
 Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery
 From this day onward, which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear [tion
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolu-
 On my defenceless head; both Death and I
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both;
 Nor I on my part single, in me all
 Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons; O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited how would you bless [kind
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all man-
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all disputes
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,

And reasonings, though through mazes, lead
 me still

But to my own conviction; first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou
 support

That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future,
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.
 O conscience, into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

§ 72. *Christ interceding with his Father for Adam, and the Almighty's Reply.*

SEE, Father, what first fruits on earth are
 sprung

From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
 And pray'rs, which in this golden censer mix'd
 With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
 To supplication; hear his sighs though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
 Interpret for him, me his advocate
 And propitiation; all his works on me,
 Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
 Shall perfect; and for these my death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in me from these receive [live
 The smell of peace tow'ard mankind; let him
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days [which I
 Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom,
 To mitigate thus plead, not to revert
 To better life shall yield him, where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:
 All thy request for man, accepted Son,
 Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The law I gave to nature him forbids:
 Those pure immortal elements, that know
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd, with happiness
 And immortality: that fondly lost,
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
 Till I provided death; so death becomes
 His final remedy, and after life
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd

By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,
Religins him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.

§ 73. L'ALLEGRO. MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
Find out some uncouth cell, [unholy,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
And the night-raven sings; [wings,
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd
As ragged as thy locks, [rocks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonaire.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plough-man near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sith,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd, and pull'd she said,
And he by frier's lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tow'ring cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

§ 74. IL PENNEROSO. MILTON.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay notes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likeliest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose faintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might be seem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauties' praise above
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, penive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hift along,
 'Lest Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
 Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee chauntress oft the woods among
 I woo to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm:
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,

Presenting

Presenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the bulkin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Mufæus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarfise,
 And who had Canacé to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brais,
 On which the Tartar king did ride;
 And if ought else great bards beside
 In sage and solid tunes have sung,
 Of torneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounted as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to sting
 His flaring beams, me goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in aery stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood,
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars maffy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd quire below,

In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures Melancholy give,
 And I with thee will choofe to live.

§ 75. LYCIDAS. MILTON.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,
 I come to pluck your berries harh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due;
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
 Tow'rd Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westring
 wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute, [heel
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Dametas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or

Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear.
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? [deep
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream

Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil.

Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal
That strain I heard was of a higher mood: [reeds,
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)

He shook his mitr'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake [swain,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest; [hold
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs! [sped;
What recks it them? What need they? They are
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swol'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers,
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white-pink, and the pansy freckl'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the wheeling tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, [more,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high, [waves,
Through the dear night of him that walk'd the
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. [rills,
Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

§ 76. *Virtue, Wisdom, and Contemplation.*

MILTON.

VIRTUE could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and
moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

§ 77. *Meditation and Beauty.* MILTON.

MUSING Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unincharmed eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

§ 78. *Chastity.* MILTON.

SHE that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brindled lions
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th'
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is faintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Ling'ring, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

§ 79. *Philosophy.* MILTON.

HOW charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools sup-
But musical as is Apollo's lute, [pose,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

§ 80. *True Liberty.* MILTON.

TRUE Liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being;
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free.

§ 81. *Prowess of Body and Mind.* MILTON.

OH how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
 When God into the hands of their deliverer
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue
 The righteous, and all such as honour truth!
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigor arm'd,
 Their armories and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

§ 82. *On Shakespear.* MILTON.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honour'd bones
 The labour of an age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment [name?
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulchr'd in such pomp doth lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

§ 83. *Song: On May Morning.* MILTON.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap
 throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

§ 84. *Virtue and Evil.* MILTON.

VIRTUE may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd;
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,

It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble.

§ 85. *Patience.* MILTON.

MANY are the sayings of the wise
 In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ [sought
 With study'd argument, and much persuasion
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune [plaint;
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his com-
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

§ 86. *Sonnet: On his deceased Wife.* MILTON.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestris from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband
 gave, [faint.
 Relcued from death by force, though pale and
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed
 Purification in the old Law did save, [raint
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person
 shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But Oas to embrace me she inclin'd, [night.
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my

§ 87. *Spirits.* MILTON.

—SPIRITS when they please
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure;
 Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they
 chuse,
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.

§ 88. *Pain.* MILTON.

—WHAT avails
 Valour or strength, though match-
 less, quell'd with pain,
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine;
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst

Of evils! and excessive, overturns
All patience.

§ 89. *Hypocrisy.* MILTON.

NEITHER man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone, [earth:
By his permissive will, through heav'n and
And oft though Wisdom wake: Suspicion
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity [sleeps
Reigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no
Where no ill seems. [ill

§ 90. *The Lady reproving Comus.* MILTON.

I HATE when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good caters,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and befitting share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude [on?
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous
Against the sun-clad pow'r of Chastity, [words
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity, [know
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That have so well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence, [thize,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathy,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
shake,
Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

§ 91. *Sonnet to the Nightingale.* MILTON.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are
still, [fill,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft
Now timely song, ere the rude bird of hate [lay,
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove night;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse, or love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

§ 92. *Echo: A Song.* MILTON.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st
Within thy airy shell, [unseen,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
So may't thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's
harmonies.

VARIOUS DESCRIPTIONS FROM
SPENSER.

§ 93. *Adonis's Garden.*

BUT were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flows,
And sweet love gentle fits amongst them throws,
Without fell rancour, or fond jealousy;
Frankley each paramour his leman knows,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envie
Their goodly merriment, and gay felicitie.

Right in the midst of that paradise [top
There stood a stately mount, on whoes round
A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did rise,
Whoes shade boughs sharp Steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop;
But, like a girlond, compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gumes did
drop,
That all the ground with pretious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, and most
sweet delight.

And, in the thickest covert in that shade,
There was a pleasant abour, not by art,
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to
part,
With wanton ivie-twine entail'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprisole among,
Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beames could through
them throng, [wrong.
Nor Bolus sharp blast could work them any
And

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
 To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure,
 And dearest love;
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore;
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late;
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
 Meseemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
 To whom sweet poets verse hath given end-
 less date.

§. 94. *Affections.*

HOW great a toil to stem the raging flood,
 When beauty stirs the mafs of youthful
 blood! [rise,

When the swoln veins with circling torrents
 And softer passions speak thro' wishing eyes!

The voice of reason's drown'd; in vain it
 speaks,

When hasty anger dies the gloomy cheeks;
 And vengeful pride hurries the mortal on
 To deeds unheard, and cruelties unknown.

Then 'gan the palmer thus; Most wretched
 That to affections does the bridle lend: [man,
 In their beginning they are weak and wan,
 But soon, through suff'rance, growe to fearfull
 end; [tend;

Whiles they are weak, betimes with them con-
 For when they once to perfect strength do
 growe, [bend,

Strong warres they make, and cruel batt'ry
 'Gainst fort of reason it to overthrowe:

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, this squire have
 laid thus lowe.

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, do thus expell:
 Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed;

Grief is a flood, and love a monster fell.

The fire of sparke, the weed of little seed,
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed:
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus
 decay; [weed,

The sparks soon quench, the springing seed out-
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away;
 So shall wrath, jealousy, griefe, love, die and
 decay.

§ 95. *Ambition.*

A ROUT of people there assembled were,
 Of every sort or nation under sky, [near
 Which with great upore preased, to draw
 To th' upper part, where was advanced hie
 A stately seat of soveraigne majestie,
 And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
 That never earthly prince in such array [play.
 His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride dis-

Her face right wond'rous faire did seem to be,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightness
 threw [might see:

Through the dim shade, that all men there

Yet was not that same her own native hew,
 But wrought by art, and counterfeited shew,
 Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
 Nath'less, more heavenly faire in deed and view
 She by creation was, till she did fall;
 Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her
 crimes withall.

There, as in gliftring glory she did sit,
 She held a great gold-chain ylinked well,
 Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
 And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
 And all that prease did round about her swell,
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To climb aloft, and others to excell;
 That was Ambition, rash desire to flie,
 And ev'ry link thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thought to raise themselves to high de-
 By riches and unrighteous reward; [gree

Some by close should'ring, some by flatteree;
 Others through friends, others for base reward;
 And all, by wrongways, for themselves prepar'd.

Those that were up themselves, kept others
 lowe; [hard,

Those that were lowe themselves, held others
 Ne suff'ed them to rise, or greater growe;
 But every one did strive his fellow down to
 throwe.

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
 And impotent desire of men to raigne!

Whoneither dread of God, that devils bindes,
 Nor laws of men, that common weals containe,
 Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restraine,

Can keep from outrage, and from doeing
 wrong,

Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine.

No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
 No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

§ 96. *Anguish.*

WHAT equal torment to the grief of minde,
 And pynning anguish hid in gentle heart,
 That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkinde,
 And nourisheth her own consuming smart?

What medicine can any leache's art [hide,
 Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance
 And will to none her maladie impart?

§ 97. *Arbour.*

AND over him, art striving to compaire
 With nature, did an arbour green disprede,
 Framed with wanton ivie, flowering faire,
 Through which the fragrant eglantine did sprede
 His pricking armes, entayl'd with roses red,
 Which dainty odours roundabout him threw;
 And all within with flowres was garnished,
 That, when mild Zephyrus emongst them
 blew, [colours shew.
 Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted

§ 98. *Avarice.*

AND greedy Avarice by him did ride, and
 Upon a camel loaden all with gold; Two

Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:

Accursed usury was all his trade, [waide.
And right and wronge ylike in equall ballance

At last, he came into a gloomie glade, [light,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's
Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,
Of griesly hew, and foule ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoake was tann'd, and eyes
were blear'd;

His head and beard with foot were ill bedight;
His coale-black hands did seem to have been
fear'd [clawes appear'd.

In smithe's fire-spiting forge, and nails like

His iron coat, all over-grown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold, [dust,
Whose glistering glots, darkned with filthy
Well it appeared to have been of old

A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,
Woven with anticks, and wild imagery;
And in his lap a mass of coine he told,
And turned up-side down, to feed his eye,
And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side;
Great heaps of gold, that never could be spent;
Of which, some were ore not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingots, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten monument;
But most were stamp'd, and in their metall bare
The antick shapes of kings and Cæsars strange
and rare.

§ 99. *Basfulness.*

THE whiles, the faerie knight did entertaine
Another damsel of that gentle crew,
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chang'd her native hue.
Strange was her tye, and all her garments blue,
Close round about her tuckt, with many a
plight:

Upon her sist, the bird that shunneth view,
And keeps in covert close from living wight,
Did sit, as if asham'd how rude Dan did her
dight.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone, with rosie red,
The basfull blood her snowy cheekes did die,
And her became as polish'd ivory, [laid
Which cunning craftiman's hand hath over-
With fair vermillion, or pure lastery.

Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

Fair damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold yee weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare,
That in the secret of your heart close lyes,

From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devise,
I will (if please you it discern) assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answered nought, but more abasht for
shame,

Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flushing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion marr'd her modest grace,
That Guyon marvel'd at her uncouth case:

Till Alma him bespake, Why wonder yee,
Fair sir, at that which you so much imbrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestie:
You shame-fac'd are, but Shame-fac'dness itself
is shee.

Another.

And next to her fate goodly Shame-fac'dness;
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground up-reare,
Ne ever once did look up from her dress,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheek made roses oft appear.

§ 100. *Beauty.*

NOUGHT is there under heav'n's wide
hollowness

That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought i' unworthy wretched-
ness

By envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind;
I, whether lately thro' her brightness blind,
Or thro' allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

Esfoons there stepped forth
A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance, borne of heav'nly
birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heav'nly portraict of bright angels hiew,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Thro' goodly mixture of complexion's dew;
And in her cheeks the vermill' red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,

The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above, at th' heav'nly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing preaceant, and so wond'rous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders of their
sight:

In them the blinded God his lustful fire
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
For, with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base
desire.

Nought under heav'n so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors of their rigor to repress,

And mighty hands forget their manlines,
 Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing
 And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress, [eye,
 That can with melting pleasure mollify
 Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and
 cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish swain,
 Each of whose locks did match a man of might,
 To lay his spoils before his leman's train:
 So also did the great Cetean knight,
 For his love's sake, his lion's skin undight:
 And so did warlike Anthony neglect
 The world's whole rule, for Cleopatra's sight.
 Such wond'rous pow're has womens fair
 aspect, [reject.
 To captive men, and make them all the world

§ 101. Boar.

AND then two boars with rankling malice met,
 Their goary sides, fresh bleeding, fiercely
 fret,
 'Till breathless both, themselves aside retire,
 Where foaming wrath their cruel tusks they
 whet, [respire;
 And trample th' earth the whiles they may
 Then back to fight again, new breathed and
 entire.

§ 102. Bower of Bliss.

THENCE passing forth, they shortly do arrive
 Whereas the Bower of Bliss was situate;
 A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
 That nature's work by art can imitate:
 In which whatever in this wordly state
 Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may daintiest fantasie aggregate,
 Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
 And made there to abound with lavish afflu-
 ence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
 As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
 As those unruly beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin:
 Nought feared their force that fortilage to win,
 But wisdom's powre and temperance's might,
 By which the mightiest things enforced bin:
 And eke the gate was wrought of substance
 light,

Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.
 It framed was of pretious ivory,
 That seem'd a work of admirable wit;
 And therein all the famous historie
 Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falied faith, and love to lightly flit,
 The wondred Argo, which invent'rous peece
 First through the Euxian seas bore all the
 flow'r of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry
 Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
 That seemed waves were into ivory,
 Or ivory into the waves were sent,

And other where the snowy substance sprent,
 With vermill-like the boyes blood therein
 A pitious spectacle did represent; [shed:
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled,
 It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creüsa
 wed.

All this and more might in this goodly gate
 Be read; that ever open stood to all [late
 Which thither came; but in the porch there
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblance pleasing more than natural,
 That travellers to him seem'd to entice;
 His looser garments to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
 Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life that good envies to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall, [see,
 Through guileful semblaunce which he make us
 He of this garden had the governall,
 And Pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.
 Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious plaine on every side
 Strow'd with pleasure, whose faire grassie
 ground

Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorne
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes th'
 early morne.

Thereto the heavens alwaies joviall,
 Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffered storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T'assail the creatures which therein did dwell;
 But the milde aire with season moderate
 Gently attemptred and dispos'd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and
 wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholsome than the pleasant
 hill
 Of Rhodopè, on which the nymph that bore
 A giant-babe, her self for griefe did kill;
 Or the Thessalian Tempè, where of yore,
 Faire Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore,
 Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
 When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faire;
 Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote com-
 pare.

'Till that he came unto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
 With boughes and branches, which did broad
 dilate [intricate.
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings
 So fashioned a porch with rare devise,
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to
 entice

All passers by to taste their luscious wine,
 And

And did themselves into their hands incline,
As fresh offering to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the hyacin,
Some as the rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire emerauldes not yet ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht
So made by art, to beautifie the rest, [gold,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves en-
fould,

As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughes, with so rich load op-
Did bow adown as over-burthened. [prest,

There the most dainty paradise on ground,
It self doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentifully abound,
And none does others happiness envie:

The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing
place,

The trembling groves, the crystill running by;
And that which all fair works doth most ag-
grace, [place.

The art which wrought it all appeared in no
One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)

That Nature had for wantonness enfuse
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each the other to undermine,
Each did the other's worke more beautify;
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversitie,
This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood [see;
Through't every channell running, one might
Most goodly it with pure imageree [boyes,
Was over-wrought, and shapen of naked
Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whiles others did themselves embay in liquid
joyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spred
A taylor of ivie in his native hew:

For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight that did not well advised view,
Would surely deem it to be ivie true:
Lowe his lascivious armes adowne did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops crystill seem'd for wantonness
to weepe.

Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom
see,

All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did
sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was set
With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

§ 103. *Bower of Proteus.*

HIS bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mighty rock, 'gainst which doe
rave

The roring billoes in their proud disdaine;
That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave, [keen,
That seems rough mason's hand, with engine
Had long while laboured it to engrave: [seen,
There was his wonne, ne living wight was
Save an old nymph, hight Panopè, to keep it
clean.

§ 104. *Bull.*

AS salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bait,
When rancour doth with rage him once
begore,

Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing out disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to hear him rore.

Another.

As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the herd, meet with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were
feld.

Another.

Like a wild bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiff and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that do him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most the curre, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him incoember,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the
thunder.

§ 105. *Calumny.*

IT is a monster bred of hellish race,
Then answer'd he, which often had annoy'd
Good knights and ladies true, and many else
destroy'd.

Of Cerberus whylome he was begot,
And fell Chimæra in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot,
Where he was fostred long in Strygian fen,
'Till he to perfect ripeness grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
Ill fore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly tor-
ment.

§ 106. *Cannon.*

AS when the devilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies skill,
M m 2 With

And did survey his goodly company :
And marshalling the evil ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did
straine,

Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured wings twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make :
Tho', blinding him againe, his way he forth
did take.

§ 111. *Danger.*

WITH him went Danger cloth'd in ragged
weed, [made:
Made of a beares skyn, that him more dreadful
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror, to deform his griesly shade ;
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was : this mischief, that mishap ;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other his friends ment to enwrap ;
For, whome he could not kill, he practiz'd
to entrap.

Another.

But in the porch did ever more abide
An hedious giant, dredful to behold, [tride ;
That stopt the entrance with his spacious
And with the terror of his countenance bold,
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His Name was Danger, dreaded over all,
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearful cowards entrance to forfall,
And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of perill
hard

Could terrifie from Fortune's faire award :
For, oftentimes, faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching fear'd ;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faires hope, withouten fur-
ther trial.

Yet many doughty warriors, often tride
In greater perills to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sterneness of his look abide ;
But soon as they his countenance behold,
Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
Again, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like
waies, [kaies.
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the

§ 112. *Day-break.*

BY this, the northern wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast star,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But hime is fixt, and sendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandering are :
And chearful Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warn'd once, that Phæbus' fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the eastern hill ;
Full envious that night so long his room did
fill.

§ 113. *Death.*

AND in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide,
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :
Those could he well direct, and straite as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had
eyde ;

Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds ; so inly they
did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,
His body lean and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rook,
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake ;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's scull, that seem'd a
gastly sight.

§ 114. *Defamation.*

HIM in a narrow place he overtook,
And here assailing forc't him turn againe :
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strooke
With his shap steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seem'd to containe
A full good peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth with ranges twaine,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus, grisly
grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues em-
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality ; [pight,
Some were of dogs, that barked day and
night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry :
And some of bears, that groynd continually ;
And some of tygers that did seem to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by : [men,
But most of them were tongues of mortal
That spake reproachfully, not caring where
nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and
there [stings,
The tongues of serpents, with three forked
That spat out poison, and bore bloudy gere
At all that came within his ravengings.
And spake licentious words, and hateful things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie ;
Ne Cæsars spared he a whit, nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamy.
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

§ 115. *Desire.*

AND him beside marcht amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other
swaine ;
Yet was that other swaine the elder syre,
And gave him being, common to them twaine :
His garment was disguised very vaine,
M m 3 And

And his embroidered bonet fate awry;
 'Twixt both his hands flew sparkes he close
 did strain,
 Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
 That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in
 flames did fly.

§ 116. *Detraction.*

THE other nothing better was than she;
 Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
 But in bad manner they did disagree:
 For, what-so Envy good or bad did find,
 She did conceale and murder her own mind;
 But this, what-ever evil she conceived,
 Did spread abroad, and throw in th' open wind.
 Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
 That all she fought was mens good names to
 have bereaved.

For whatsoever good by any said, [vent
 Or done, she heard, she would strait-waies in-
 How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
 Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
 And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
 Therefore she used often to resort
 To common haunts, and companys frequent,
 To hark what any one did good report,
 To bot the same with blame, or wrest in
 wicked fort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
 She would it eke, and make it worse by telling,
 And take great joy to publish it to many,
 That every matter worse was for her melling:
 Her Name was hight Detraction, and her dwel-
 ling

Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;
 A wicked hagg, and Envy's self excelling
 In mischief: for, her self she only vext:
 But this same, both her self and others eke
 perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
 Foaming with poyson round about her gills,
 In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and
 short)

Apear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
 Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wills;
 A distaffe in her other hand she had,
 Upon the which she little spinnes, but spils, [bad,
 And faines to weave false tales and leasings
 To throw among the good, which others had
 disprad,

§ 117. *Discord.*

FREBAND of hell, first tin'd in Phlegeton,
 By thousand furies, and from thence out-
 Into this world, to work confusion, [thrown
 And sett it all on fire, (by force unknown)
 Is wicked Discord, whose small sparks once
 blowne,

None but a god, or god-like man can slake;
 Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was grown
 Amongst those famous impes of Greece, did
 take [them make.
 His silver harp in hand, and shortly friends

§ 118. *Discord's House.*

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
 There whereas all plagues and harmes
 abound,

Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss:
 It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
 With thornes and barren brakes environd
 round,

That none the same way may out-win;
 Yet many wayes to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in;
 For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
 With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
 Of which, the sad effects of discord sung:
 There were rent robes, and broken scepters
 Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't, [plac't,
 Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in
 twaine,

Great cittys ransackt, and strong castles ras't,
 Nations captivd, and huge armies slaine:
 Of all which ruines there some reliques did
 remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
 Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
 For memory of which, on high there hong
 The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
 For which the three faire goddesses did strive;
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
 Of Alexander, and his princes five,
 Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he had
 got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
 The which amongst the Lapithes befell,
 And of the bloody feast, which sent away
 So many centaures drunken souls to hell,
 That under great Alcides furie fell;
 And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
 The noble Argonauts to out-rage fell,
 That each of life sought other to deprive,
 All mindless of the golden-fleece which made
 them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
 That were too long a worke to count them all;
 Some of sworne friends, that did their faith
 forgoe;

Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural;
 Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual;
 Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
 Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispoiled all;
 The monuments whereof there byding been,
 As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh
 and green.

Such was the house within; but all without
 The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
 Which she her self had sown all about,
 Now grown great, at first of little seedes,
 The seedes of evil words, and factious deedes;
 Which when to ripeness due they grown are,
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
 Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
 The which most often end in blood-shed and
 in warr.

And

And those same cursed seedes do also serve
To her for bread, and yield her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterue
Through mischievous debate, and deadly feod,
That she may suck their life, and drink their
blood, [been fed,
With which she from her childhood had
For she at first was born of hellish brood,
And by infernal furies nourished, [be read.
That by her monstrous shape might easily
Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrary ways entended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be;
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak, and both con-
tended; [cided,
And as her tongue, so was her heart de-
That never thought one thing, but doubly
still was guided.

Als as she double speake, so heard she double,
With matchless cares deformed and distort,
Fill'd with false rumors, and seditious trou-
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort, [ble,
That still are led with every light report.

And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplac't; that when th' one for-
ward gode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.
Likewise unequal were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
The own did make, the other mar'd againe,
And fought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay.

For all her study was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrowe the thing that
concord wrought.

So much her mallice did her might surpass,
That even th' Almighty self she did maligne,
Because to man so merciful he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her self was of his grace indigne:

For all this world's faire workmanship she
Unto his last confusion to bring, [tride
And that great golden chain quite to divide,
With which it blessed concord hath together
tide.

§ 119. *Dolphin.*

AS when a dolphin and a sele are met,
In the wide champion of the ocean plaine,
With cruel chaufe their courages they whet,
The masterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile 'twixt them do darraine:
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they
rage, they rore,

That all the sea (disturbed with their traine)
Doth drie with some above the furies hore,
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome
uprore.

§ 120. *Doubt.*

NEXT after him went Doubt, yclad
In a discolour'd cote of strange disguise,
That at his back a brode cappucio had,
And sleeves dependant Albaneſe wiſe:
He lookt askew with his miſtruſtful eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the ſtore to ſhrinke he did aſiſe,
And on a broken reed he ſtill did ſtay
His feeble ſteps, which ſhrunke, when hard
thereon he lay.

Another.

That was to weet, the porter of the place,
Unto whoſe truſt the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, he had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, and th' other back-
ward bent;
Therein reſembling Janus auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if ſome proved perill he did feare,
Or did miſdoubt ſome ill, whoes cauſe did
not appeare.

§ 121. *Dungeon.*

DEEP in the bottom of an huge great rocke
The dungeon was, in which her bound he
left,
That neither yron barrs, nor brazen lock
Did need to guard from force, or ſecret theft
Of all her lovers, which would have her reſt.
For wal'd it was with waves, which rag'd and
roar'd
As they the cliſt in pieces would have cleſt:
Beſides, ten thouſand monſters, foule abhor'd,
Did waite about it, gaping grieſly, all begor'd.

§ 122. *Eagle.*

LIKE to an eagle in his kingly pride,
Soaring through his wide empire, [ſpide
To weather his broad ſayles; by chance hath
A goſhawk, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
Upon ſome fowle, that ſhould her feaſt prepare:
With dreadful force he flies at her belive,
That with his ſouce, which none endure dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy
prey doth rive.

Another.

As when Jove's harneſs-bearing bird from
high,
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud diſdaine,
The ſtone-dead quarrey falſ ſo forcibly,
That it rebounds againſt the lowlie plaine,
A ſecond fall redoubling back againe.

§ 123. *Eaſe.*

PROCEEDING to the miſt he ſtill did ſtand,
As if in minde he ſomewhat had to ſay;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand

In signe of silence, as to hear a play,
By lively actions he began bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he back retired soft away:
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

§ 124. *Envy.*

AND next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poyson run about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he
had; [drous glad.
But when he heard of harme, he wexed won-

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his taile up ties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnash't his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with gripe covetise,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no leis, that any like did use: [feeds,
And who with gracious bread the hungry
His aimes for want of faith he doth accuse:
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He does back-bite, and spightful poyson spues
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such on vile Envy was, that first in rowe did sit.

Another.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull eyes did seem to look askew,
That her misshape much helpt; and her
foule haire
Hung loose and loathsomely: thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew
And all her bones might thro' her cheeks be
read;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blue:
And as she spake, therewith she flavered;
Yet spake she feldome, but thought more the
less she said.

Her hands were foule and dirty, never washt
In all her life, with long nailes over-raught,
Like puttocks clawes, with th' one of which
she scratcht
Her curs'd head, although it itched nought;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed; and gnawed hungerly,
As that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloody gore and poison dropping loth-
somy.

Her name was Envie, known well thereby;
Whoes nature is to grieve, and grudge at all

That ever she sees doen praise-worthy:
Whoes sight to her is greatest cros may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall.
For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feeds on her own maw unnatural,
And of her own foule entrailes makes her
meat;

Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous diat.
And if she hapt of any good to hear,
That had to any body happily betid, [teare
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and
Her flesh for felness, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's loss great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gained a great
stake.

§ 125. *Error.*

THIS is a wandering wood, this Error's den;
A monster vile, whom God and man does
hate.

By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Half like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other half did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile
disdaine.

As she lay upon the durty grownd,
Her huge long taile her den all over-spread,
Yet was in knots and many boughs upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, and she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured:
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all
were gone.

§ 126. *Excess.*

BUT young Perissa was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her own might;
In sumptuous tire she joy'd her self to prank;
But of her love to lavish, little have she thank.

Another.

Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for
womanhood.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whoes sappy liquor with that fulness swell'd,
Into her cup she scruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,
That so faire wine-press made the wine more
sweet:
Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
Whome

Whome passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all strangers goodly so to greet.

§ 127. *Faith.*

OF which the eldest, that Fidelia hight, [face,
Like sunny beames threw from her cryftall
That could have daz'd the rash beholder's
fight, [light.
And round her head did shine like heaven's
She was arraid all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant
mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book that was both sign'd and seal'd with
blood, [understood.
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be

§ 128. *Falcon.*

— AS a falcon faire
That once has failed of her fouse full neare,
Remounts again into the open aire,
And unto better fortune does her self prepare.

Another.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a flush of ducks, foreby he broke,
The trembling brood dismaid with dreadful
fight
Of death, the which them almost overtook
Doe hide themselves from her astonying look,
Amongst the flags and covert round about.

Another.

As when a cast of falcons make their flight
At an hernessaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whites they strike at him with heedless
might,
The warie fowl his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whoes force her first doth bring
Her self quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to grownd like senseless thing;
But th' other not so swift as she before, [more.
Fails of her fouse, and passing by doth hurt no

§ 129. *Fancy.*

EMONGST them all sate he which wonned
there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man in yeares, yet fresh as mote appeare,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did shew; [eyes,
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp stairing
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
Mote deeme him born with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in the houle of
agonies.

Another.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare;

Matchable eyther to that imps of Troy,
Whome Jove did love, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that same dainty lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that when as he did hide,
He wailed woman-like with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wide,
He fill'd with Hylas' name, the nymphes eke
Hylas cride.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies, in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vaine and
That by his gate might easily appeare: [light,
For still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and
there.

§ 130. *Fear.*

NEXT him was Feare, all arm'd from top
to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to and fro:
And his own armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did
wield.

§ 131. *Ship.*

AS when a ship that flies fair under saile,
And hidden rock escaped, hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The mariner yet half amazed stares
At perill past, and yet it doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool-happy over fight.

Another.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas, [prey
Whome raging winds threatening to make the
Of the rough rocks, do diversly diseafe,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either side do sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She, scorning both their spights, does make
wide way, [wave,
And with her breast breaking the foamy
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her
self doth save.

§ 132. *Feeling.*

BUT the fift troupe most horrible of hue,
And fierce of force, was dreadful to reporte:
For some, like snails, some did like spiders
shew,
And some like ugly urchins, thick and short:
They cruelly assailed that fift fort,
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
With strings of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasure, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwark they con-
tinued fight.

§ 133. *Fire.*

LIKE as a fire, the which in hollow cave [prest,
Hath long been under-kept and down sup-
With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,
At last oreakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that earth it hinder and molest, [heat,
It now devoures with flames and scorching
And carries into smoake with rage and horror
great.

§ 134. *First Age.*

THE antique world, in his first flowing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreprieved truth,
The gifts of soveraigne bounty did embrace:
Like angels life was then man's happy case;
But later ages pride (like corne-fed steed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat swoln encrease,
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed [need.
The measure of her meane, and natural first
Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with Steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound,
Then avarice gan through his veines to inspire
His greedy flames, and kendle life-devouring
fire.

§ 135. *Flood.*

AS he that strives to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bankes his violence enclose,
Forceth his swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflowe the fruitful plaine,
That all the country seems to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The woful husbandman doth loud complaine,
To see his whole yeares labour lost so soon,
For which to God he made so many an idle
boon.

§ 136. *Fury.*

BUT Fury was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastfull lookes, and dreadfull drery
head;
For from her back her garments she did teare,
And from her head oft rent her snarled haire:
In her right hand a fire-brand she did tolle
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayed deere in chace embost,
Forgettful of his safety hath his right way lost.

§ 137. *Giant.*

HIS monstrous enemy
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant, horrible and hie,

That with his talnefs seem'd to threat the sky;
The ground eke groned under him for dread;
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sons of mortal
seed.

§ 138. *Gluttony.*

AND by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatnefs swollen were his eyne:
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spewed up his gorge, that all did him
detest.

In green vine leaves he was right filly clad,
For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an ivy gurlond had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat:
Still as he rode he somewhat did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing can,
On which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster than a
man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be a counsel to a king,
Whoes minde in meat and drink was drowned
Full of diseases was his carcasle blue, [so;
And a dry droply thro' his flesh did flow;
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

§ 139. *Greediness.*

THAT is the Gulfe of Greediness, they say,
That deep engorgeth all this world's prey:
Which having swallowed up excessively,
He soon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluitie,
That all the seas for fear doe seem away to fly.

§ 140. *Grief.*

NEXT him went Griefe, and Fury matcht
ysere;
Griefe, all in sable sorrow fully clad,
Down-hanging his dull head with heavy
chere,
Yet inly being more than seemly sad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinced people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they had,
In wilful langour and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of
doulours dart.

§ 141.

And in oblivion ever buried is :
 Where ease abounds, it's each to doe amis;
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easie mis,
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind,
 Who seekes with painefull toile, shall honour
 soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in warres she wons to dwell,
 And will be found with perill and with paine;
 Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happy mansion attaine :
 Before her gate high God did sweat ordaine,
 And wakeful watches ever to abide:
 But easie is the way, and passage plaine
 To Pleasure's palace; it may soon be spide,
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

§ 148. *Hope.*

WITH him went Hope in rank, a handsome mayd,
 Of chearful look, and lovely to behold;
 In filken samite she was light arraid,
 And her faire locks were woven up in gold;
 She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water sprinkle dipt in deawe,
 In which she sprinkled favours manyfold,
 And whome she list, and did great liking
 shewe; [fewe.
 Great likeing unto many, but true love to

Another.

Her younger sifter, that Speranza hight,
 Was clad in blew, that her beseeemed well,
 Nor all so chearful seemed she of sight,
 As was her sifter; whether dread did dwell,
 Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell:
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell :
 And ever up to Heaven, as she did pray, [way.
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other

§ 149. *Hydra.*

OR like the hell-borne Hydra, which they
 faine,
 That great Alcides whylome over-threw,
 After that he had labour'd long in vaine,
 To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
 Forth budded, and in greater numbers grew.

Another.

Such own it was, as that renowned snake
 Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
 Long foster'd in the filth of Lerna lake,
 Whose many heads out-budding ever new,
 Did breed him endless labour to subdue.

§ 150. *Hypocrite.*

AT length they chanc't to meet upon the way
 An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
 His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie graie,
 And by his belt his book he hanging had;
 Sober he seem'd, and very fagely sad,

And to the ground his eyes very lowly bent,
 Simple in shewe, and void of malice bad,
 And all the way he prayed as he went, [repent,
 And often knockt his breast, as one that did

§ 151. *Idleness.*

OF which the first that all the rest did guide,
 Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin;
 Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
 Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
 Like an holy monk the servis to begin.

And in his hand a portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little red;
 For of devotion he had little care,
 Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead,
 Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head
 To looken whether it were night or day.
 May seem the waine was very evil led,
 When such an one had guiding the way,
 That knew not whether right he went, or
 else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloine,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise :
 For every work he challenged esloine,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
 His life he led in lawless riotise;
 By which he grew to grievous maladie;
 For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
 A shaking fever raign'd continually:
 Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

§ 152. *Ignorance.*

AT last, with creeping crooked pace, forth
 came
 An old man, with beard as white as snow,
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
 And guide his weary steps both to and fro;
 For his eye-sight him failed long ago :
 And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,
 The which, unused, rust did over-growe:
 Those were the keys of every inward dore;
 But he could not them use, but kept them still
 in store.

But wery uncouth sight was to behold
 How he did fashion his untoward pace:
 For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;
 Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
 This was the ancient keeper of that place,
 And foster-father of the giant dead,
 His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

§ 153. *Inconstancy.*

FOR those same islands, seeing now and then,
 Are not firme land, or any certain wonne,
 But straggling plots; which to and fro do runne
 In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
 The Wandering Islands: therefore do them
 shonne; [wight
 For they have oft drawn many a wandering
 Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.
 Yet

Yet well they seem to him, that farre doth
view,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground disprede
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves unparelled,
Are deckt with blossomes dyed in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

§ 154. *Incontinence.*

THE wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepey head she in her lap did soft
dispose.

Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arraid, or rather disarraid,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shew'd more white, if more might
More subtil web Arachne cannot spin, [be:
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, doe not in th' aire more
lightly flee.

§ 155. *Lechery.*

AND next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged haire,
And whaley eyes (the signe of jealousy)
Was like the person self whom he did beare;
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye;
Yet he of ladys oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of woman's
fantasie?

In a green gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,
And in his hand a burning heart did bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleness:
For he was false, and fraught with sickleness,
And learned had to love with secret looks,
And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loveing books,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly
hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak womens hearts to tempt and
prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful
paine
Of that foul evill which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow and consumes the
braine: [traine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this

§ 156. *Life.*

O Why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their daies unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awaite,
Tossing themselves like a boat amid the maine
That every houre they knock at deathes gate?
And he that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth
plaine.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely
Ah see, whose faire thing doost faine to see, [lay:
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
All see thy virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peep forth with bashful modestie,
That fairer seems, the less you see her may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.
So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the lease, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and
bowre
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure:
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal
crime.

§ 157. *Lion.*

LIKE as a lion that by chauce doth fall
Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and roare,
In royal heart disdainning to be thrall;
But all in vaine; for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, tho' it grieve him
fore.

Another.

Like as a lion, whose imperial powre
A proud rebellious unicorn defies,
T' avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his seirce foe, him to a tree applies, [spies,
And when him running in full courie he
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the flock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous
feast.

§ 158. *Love.*

O Sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In living beasts, ykindled first above,
Emongst th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call
love;
Not that same which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweet fit, that does true beauty love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-
dying fame.

Well

Well did antiquitie a god thee deeme,
That ever mortal minds has so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through deep impresson of thy secret might,
And stirrest up the heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous
monuments.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse mindes,
How diversly Love doth his pageants play,
And shews his power in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whoes idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to waite its careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth uncomely idleness,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness,
Ever to creep into his noble breast;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this prince to breath at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth
call.

§ 159. *Madness.*

WITH hundred iron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knotts that did him fore
constraine:

Yet his great iron teeth he still did grinde,
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyn, whom bloody strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,
And more for ranke despight, then for great
paine, [wire,
Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

§ 160. *Mastiff.*

LIKE as a mastiffe, having at a bay
A salvage bull, whoes cruel hornes do threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat
To spy where he may some advantage get;
The whilstt the beaſt doth rage and loudly roar.

§ 161. *Mediocrity.*

OF second sister, who did far excel
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Fairst marching forth in honourable wise,
Him at the threshold met, and well did en-
terprize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightness seene, or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthful years:
Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
In brayded tramells, that no looser hares
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate,
With sober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equall measure she doth moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she ever would assuage,
When they would strive due reason to exceed,
But that same froward twaine would encourage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her self in heed.

§ 162. *Mercy.*

THEY, passing by, were guided by degree
Unto the pressance of that gracious queen:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene;
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all embost with lyons and with flour-de-
lice.

And over all her cloth of state was spread,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide unfold;
Whoes skirts were bordered with bright
funny beames,
Glistering like gold, amongst the plights enrolld,
And here and there shooting forth silver
streames, [glittering gleames.
Mongst which crept little angels thro' the

Seemed those little angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, through their nimbleſs
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings [bold,
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sate:
She angel-like, the heir of antient kings
And mighty conquerors, in royal state,
Whilst kings and Cæsars at her feet did them
prostrate.

Thus she did sit in sovereign majestie,
Holding a scepter in her royal hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had bleſt her happy land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand,
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whoes long rest rusted the bright steddy brand,
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends sought
ayde, [dismaide;
She could it sternly draw, that all the world
And

And round about before her feet there sate
A beautie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd to adorne her royal state,
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
LITÆ, by him begot in love's delight,

Upon the righteous Themis: those they say
Upon Jove's judgment-seat waited day and night,
And when in wrath he threatens the world's
decay, [geance stay.

They doe his anger calme, and cruel ven-

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants through frailtie which offend:
Those did upon Marcillae's throne attend:
Just Dice, wife Eunomie, mild Eirene;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance, in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence, yborne of heavenly
strene.

Some clerkes doe doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten, mercy, be of justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
As meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightyes everlasting feat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influ-
ence of grace.

For if that virtue be of that great might,
Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right,
Of spoils the principal to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth from doom of right depart:
As it is greater praise to save, than spill;
And better to reforme, than to cut off the ill.

§ 163. *Minerva.*

LIKE as Minerva, being late return'd
From slaughter of the giants conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whoes wide note-
trils burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfix'd with his spear, down tumbled dead
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hie,
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie
From her left arme, to rest in glorious vic-
torie.

§ 164. *Morning.*

AT last fair Hesperus in his highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth
dawning light,
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both
away did fly.

Another.

Now when the rosy-finger'd morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,

Had spread her purple robe through dewy
And the high hills Titan discovered, [aire,
The royal virgin shook her drowsy head.

Another.

At last, the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire, [mate,
And Phoebus fresh, as bridegrome to his
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy haire:
And hurles his glistering beames through
gloomy aire.

Another.

Soon as the fiery streaks with purple beames
Disperse the shadows of the misty night,
And Titan playing on the easterne streames,
Can cleare the dewy aire with springing light,
So soon as day, forth dawning from the east,
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens with-
drew,
And early calling forth both man and beast,
Commanded them their daily workes renew.

§ 165. *Mountain.*

IT was an hill plac'd in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchless height, that seem'd th' earth to
disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lowly branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soving hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and
powre.
And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His silver waves did softly tumble down,
Unmarr'd with ragged moss or filthy mud;
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But nymphs and faries by the bankes did sit,
In the wood shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.
And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spread it self, to serve to all delight,
Either to dance, when they to dance would
faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure
Desired be, or thence to banish bale: [might
So pleasantly the hill, with equal height,
Did seem to over-look the lowly vale
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount
Acidale.

§ 166. *Mutability.*

SUCH is the weakness of all mortall hope;
So fickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come into their aimed scope,
They fall so short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us hale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Cæsars and of kings,

Let

Let none therefore that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

§ 167. *Night.*

WHERE grievly Night, with visage deadly
sad,

That Phœbus' chearfull face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad, [mew,
She finds forth coming from her darksome
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.

Before the dore her iron charot stood,
Already harness'd for journey new;
And cole-black steeds yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they
were wood.

By this, eternall lamps, where-with high Jove
Doth light the world, were half yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas shove
Into the ocean deep to drive their wearie
drove,

Now when as all the world in silence deep
Yshrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleep.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe, [bad
Which wait begot in heaven, but for thy
And brutish shape, thrust downe to hell below,
Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus flowe,
That dwelling is Herebus' black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungratious,
Half of thy dayes doest lead in horror
hedeous.

What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continual course to keep
That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his work? indeed in sleep
The slothful body doth love to sleep

His lustless limbs, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep
Calls thee thee his Goddess, in his errour blind,
And great dame nature's hand-maid chear-
ing every kind.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts;
Instead of rest, thou lendest rayling teares,
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive,
The dreary image of sad Death appears:
So from the warie spirite thou dost drive
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-shunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceit, and danger imminent,
Foule horror, and eke hellish dreriment:

All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe shunne, for fear of being shent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdness love, doe hate the
light to see.

For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed,

The prayes of high God he fair displays,
And his large bounty rightly doth agreed,
Day's blessed children be the blessed seed, [win:
Which darkness shall subdue, and heaven
Truth is his daughter, he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot or sin:
Our life is day; but death with darkness
doth begin.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the earth's gloomy shade
Did dim the brightness of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, whiles sleep their senses
did invade.

§ 168. *Occasion.*

AND him behind, a wicked hagg did stalk,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walk,
But on a staff her feeble steps did stay;
Her locks, that loathly were, and hoary grey,
Grew all afore, and loosely hung unroll'd;
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold, [old.
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles
And ever as she went, her tongue did walk
In foul reproach, and terms of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talk,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched
wight, [to finite,
Sometimes she raugh him stones, wherewith
Sometimes her staff, tho' it her own leg were,
Withouten which she could not go upright;
Ne evil means she did forbear, [tion reare.
That might him move to wrath, and indigna-

§ 169. *Palace of Sleep.*

TO Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full sleep
And lowe, where dawning day doth never
peep,
His dwelling is; there Thetys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth sleep
In silver dew his ever-drouping head,
Whiles sad night over him her mantles black
doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd with burnish'd ivory,
The other all with silver over-cast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the spright doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownd-
ed deep [keep.
In drowsie fit he finds: of nothing he takes
And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling
down,

And

And ever drizzling raine upon the loft, [found
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone:
No other noise, nor peoples troublous cries,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but careles quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enemies.

§ 170. *Tyger.*

AS when two tygers, pinch'd with hunger's
rage, [spoyle,
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh
On which they ween their famin to assuage,
And gaine a feastful guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out, do stir up strife-full broyle,
And cruell battell 'twixt themselves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the foyle,
But either 'sdeignes with other to partake.

Another.

As when a tyger and a lyonesse
Are met a spoiling of some hungry prey,
Both challenge it with equal greediness:
But first the tyger claws thereon did lay;
And therefore, loth to loos her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the lyon strongly doth gainsay,
That she to hunt the beast first took in hond;
And therefore ought it have, where ever she
it found.

§ 171. *Winds.*

—LIKE as a boistrous wind, [hid,
Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long been
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kind
To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issue forth may find,
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast,
Confound both land and seas, and sky doth over-
cast.

§ 172. *Sun.*

AS when two Suns appear in th' azure sky,
Mounted in Phœbus' chariot fierie bright:
Both darting forth faire beames to each man's
eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold such strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing nature's work, nor what to weene,
Are wrapt with wonder and with rare affright.

§ 173. *Phaeton.*

EXCEEDING shone, like Phœbus' fairest
childe,
That did presume his father's fire waine,
And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted
wild, [raine;
Thro' highest heaven with weaker hand to
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beams doe daze his feeble
eyen,
He leaves the wilkin way most beaten plaine,
And wrapt with whirling wheels enflame
the skyen [shine.
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to

§ 174. *Sight.*

THE first troupe was a monstrous rabblement
Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some
were [bent,
Headed like owles, with beakes uncomely
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to
teare,

And every one of them had lynxes eyes,
And every one did bowe and arrowes beare,
All those were lawless lusts, corrupt envies,
And covetous aspects, all cruell enemies.
Those same against the bulwarke of the sight
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respite day nor night,
But soon as Titan gan his head exault,
And soon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent:
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty and money, they that bulwarke sorely
rent.

§ 175. *Slander.*

SO when that forest they had passed well,
A little cottage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell;
And entering in, found none therein abide,
But an old woman sitting there beside,
Upon the ground, in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felness and for ire,
And thereout sucking venom to her parts in-
tire.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no less:
For shee was stuf with rancour and despight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterness
It forth would break, and gush in great excess,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall,
Gainst all that truth or virtue doe professe;
Whome she with leefings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly back-bite: Her name men
Slander call.

Her nature is, all goodnes to abuse,
And causeless crimes continually to frame;
With which she guiltless persons may accuse,
And steale away the crown of their good name:
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame:
Ne ever thing was done so well alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due
praise deprive.

Her words were not as common words are
ment,
T' expresse the meaning of the inward minde;
But noisome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
From inward parts, with canear'd malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter winde;
Which passing through the eares, would
peare the heart,

And wound the soul it self with grief unkind:

For, like the stings of Aspes, that kill with smart,
[the inner part.]
 Her spightfull words did prick and wound

§ 176. *Storme.*

HEE cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
 When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck
 does threat,
 The rolling billows beat the ragged shore,
 And they the earth would shoulder from her
 seat,
 And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
 His neighbour element in his revenge:
 Then gin the blustering breathren boldly threat,
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
 And boytrous battell make, each other to
 avenge.

Another.

Like to a storme that hovers under skie
 Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
 At length breaks down in raine, and haile, and
 fleet, [dye]
 First from one coast, till nought thereof be
 And then another, till that likewise fleet;
 And so from side to side, till all the world be
 weat.

§ 177. *Superstition.*

WHERE that old woman day and night did
 pray
 Upon her beades devoutly penitent;
 Nine hundred Pater-nosters every day,
 And thrice nine hundred Aves she was
 wont to say.
 And to augment her painefull penance more,
 Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth
 wore,
 And thrice three times did fast from any bit.
 Upon the image with his naked blade
 Three times, as in defiance, there she stroke;
 And the third time, out of an hidden shade,
 There forth issued from under the altar smoake,
 A dreadful fiend, with foul deformed look,
 That stretcht it self, as it had long lain still;
 That her long taile and feathers strongly shook,
 That all the temple did with terror fill; [ill.]
 Yet him nought terrified, that feared nothing
 An huge great beast it was, when it in length
 Was stretcht forth, that nigh fill'd all the
 place,
 And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
 Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
 Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
 Or other like infernall furies kind:
 For of a maide she had the outward face,
 To hide the horror which did lurk behind,
 The better to beguile whom she so fond did
 find.
 Thereto the body of a dog she had,
 Full of fell ravin and fierce greediness;
 A lyon's claws with power and rigour clad,
 To rend and teare what so she can oppress;

And dragon's taile, whoes sling without redress
 Full deadly wounds, when to it is empight;
 An eagle's wings for scope, and speediness,
 That nothing may escape her ravening might,
 Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight,

Much like in foulness and deformitie
 Unto that monster, whome the Theban knight,
 The father of that fatal progeny,
 Made kill herself for very heart's despight,
 That he had read her riddle, which no wight
 Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole:
 So also did this monster use like flight
 To many a one, which came into her school,
 Whom she did put to death, deceived like
 a fool.

§ 178. *Suspicion.*

BUT he was foule, ill-favoured, and grim,
 Under his eye-brows looking still afaunce;
 And ever as Dissemblance laught on him,
 He low'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
 Shewing his nature in his countenance;
 His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
 But walkt each way for fear of hid mischance,
 Holding a lattice still before his face,
 Through which he still did peep as forward
 he did pass.

§ 179. *Venus.*

RIGHT in the midst the goddesse self did stand,
 Upon an altar of some costly masse,
 Whoes substance was uneath to understand;
 For neither precious stones, nor duresfull brasse,
 Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
 But yet more rare and pretious to esteeme,
 Pure in aspect, and like to crystall glasse;
 Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deem;
 But being faire and brittle, likest glasse did
 seeme.

But she in shape and beauty did excell
 All other idols which the heathen do adore;
 Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
 Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
 With which that wretched Greeke that life
 forlore

Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
 But covered with slender veile afore;
 And both her feet and legs together twined
 Were with a snake, whoes head and taile
 were fast combined.

The cause why she was covered with a veile,
 Was hard to know, for that her priests the
 same [ceale.]

From people's knowledge labour'd to con-
 But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
 Nor any blemish which the worke might blame;
 But for (they say) she hath both kindes in one,
 Both male and female, both under one name:
 She sire and mother is herself alone; [none.]
 Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
 A flock of little loves, and sports, and joyes,
 With

With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
 Whoes shap'es seem'd not like to terrestrial boyes;
 But like to angels playing heavenly toys;
 The whilst their elder brother was away,
 Cupid, their eldest brother; he enjoys
 The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
 And to his law compels all creatures to obey.
 And all about her altar, scattered lay
 Great sorts of lovers pitiouſly complaining,
 Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,
 Some of their pride, some paragons disdain,ing,
 Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently fayning,
 As ever one had cause of good or ill.

§ 180. *Temple of Venus.*

THE temple of great Venus, that is hight
 The queen of beauty, and of love the mo-
 There worshipp'd of every living wight; [ther,
 Whose goodly workmanship farre pass all other
 That ever were on earth, all were they set to-
 gether.

Not that same famous temple of Diane,
 Whoes height all Ephesus did over-see, [fane,
 And which all Asia fought with vowes pro-
 One of the world's seven wonders said to be,
 Might match with this by many a degree:

Nor that, which that wise king of Jurie
 framed,
 With endless cost to be the Almighty's see;
 Nor all that else through all the world is
 named [be clamed.

To all the heathen gods, might like to this
 I much admiring that so goodly frame,
 Unto the porch approacht, which open stood,
 But therein sate an amiable dame,
 That seem'd to be of very sober mood, [hood:
 And in her semblance shew'd great woman-
 Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
 She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
 Poudred with pearl and stone; and all her
 gowne [low adowne.

Enwoven was with gold, that raught full
 On either side of her, two young men stood,
 Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
 Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
 Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
 Though of contrary natures each to other:
 The one of them hight Love, the other Hate,
 Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
 Yet was the younger stronger in his state
 Than th' elder, and him mastred still in all
 debate.

Nath'less, that dame so well them tempred
 both,
 That she them forced hand to join in hand,
 Albe that Hatred was thereof full loth,
 And turn'd his face away as he did stand,
 Unwilling to behold that lovely band,
 Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 That her commandment he could not withstand,
 But bit his lip for felonous despight, [fight.
 And gnast his iron tuskes at that displeasing

Concord ycleeped was in common reed,
 Mother of blessed Peace, and Friendship true;
 They both her twins, both born of heavenly
 And she her self likewise divinely grew; [seed,
 The which right well her workes divine did
 shew:

[lends,
 For strength, and wealth, and happineſs she
 And strife, and war, and anger, does subdue:
 Of little, much; of foes she maketh friends,
 And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet
 sends.

By her the heaven is in her course contained,
 And all the world in state unmoved stands,
 As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
 And bound them with inviolable bands,
 Else would the waters overflow the lands,
 And fire devoure the aire, and hell them
 quite,

But that he holds them with his blessed hands.
 She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
 And unto Venus grace the gate doth open
 right.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with frankensense I found,
 And odours riseing from the altars flame:
 Upon an hundred marble pillars round,
 The roof up high was reared from the ground,
 All deckt with crowns, and chains, and gir-
 londs gay, [pound,

And thousand pretious gifts worth many a
 The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
 And all the ground was strew'd with flowers
 as fresh as May.

An hundred altars round about were set,
 All flaming with sacrifices of fire,
 That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
 Which rould in cloudes, to heaven did aspire,
 And in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
 And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright,
 To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
 Every which was to a damzell hight;
 For all the priests were damzells in soft linnen
 dight.

§ 181. *Wrath.*

AFTER that varlet's fight, it was not long
 Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guion spide
 One in bright armes embattaill'd full strong,
 That as the sunny beams doe glance and glide
 Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
 And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
 That seemed him to enflame on every side:
 His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
 When with the mainsting spur he did him
 roughly fire.

Approaching nigh, he never staid to greet,
 Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
 But prickt so fierce, that underneath his feet
 The smouldring dust did round about him
 smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
 And fairely couching his steel-headed spear,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke,

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lyon, loth for to be led;

And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling thro' hasty rage, when choler in
him swell'd.

His ruffin raiment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rage yrent,
Thro' unadvised rashness woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement;

But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent,
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue his heed-
less haste.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life;
And these and many evils more haunt ire,
The swelling spleene, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and St. Francis' fire,
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly
tire.

A P P E N D I X.

§ 1. *The diverting History of John Gilpin; shewing, how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.* COWPER.

JOHN Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.
To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.
My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.
He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.
I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the callender
Will lend his horse to go.
Quoth Mistress Gilpin, That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.
John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.
The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.
Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.
John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;
For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.
So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.
'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"
Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.
Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.
Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true;
Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
 With caution and good heed.
 But finding soon a smoother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which gall'd him in his seat.
 So, fair and softly, John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain,
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.
 So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.
 His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.
 Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.
 The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 'Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.
 Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.
 The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done!
 As loud as he could bawl.
 Away went Gilpin—who but he;
 His fame soon spread around—
 He carries weight! he rides a race!
 'Tis for a thousand pound.
 And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
 How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.
 And now as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at a blow.
 Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.
 But still he seem'd to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle brac'd;
 For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.
 Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 And till he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.
 At Edmonton his loving wife,
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much
 To see how he did ride.
 Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house—
 They all at once did cry;
 The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
 Said Gilpin—So am I.
 But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why? his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.
 So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.
 Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend's the callender's
 His horse at last stood still.
 The callender, amaz'd to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:
 What news! what news! your tidings tell,
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bare-headed you are come,
 Or why you come at all?
 Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke;
 And thus unto the callender
 In merry guise he spoke:
 I came because your horse would come;
 And, if I well forbode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here,
 They are upon the road.
 The callender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in;
 Whence strait he came with hat and wig,
 A wig that flow'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.
 He held them up, and, in his turn,
 Thus shew'd his ready wit,
 My head is twice as big as your's,
 They therefore needs must fit.
 But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case.
 Said John, It is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
 I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.
 Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
 For which he paid full dear;
 For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;
 Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before.
 Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why? they were too big.
 Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half a crown;
 And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell,
 This shall be your's when you bring back
 My husband safe and well.
 The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain,
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein;
 But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.
 Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went post-boy at his heels,
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumb'ring of the wheels.
 Six gentlemen upon the road
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They rais'd the hue and cry:
 Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that pass'd that way
 Did join in the pursuit.
 And now the turnpike-gates again
 Flew open in short space,
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.
 And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town,
 Nor stopp'd 'till where he first got up
 He did again get down.
 Now let us sing, Long live the king,
 And Gilpin, long live he;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

§ 2. *An Evening Contemplation in a College;
 in Imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country
 Church-yard.*

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates;
 With jarring sound the porter turns the key,

Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
 And slowly, sternly, quits it, though for me.
 Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
 And through the cloisters peace and silence
 reign;
 Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
 Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain;
 Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
 Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
 Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes through the
 The droning music of his vocal nose. [gloom
 Within those walls, where through the glim-
 mering shade
 Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
 The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.
 The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
 The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
 The calls of business, and domestic cares,
 Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy
 bed.
 No chattering females croud their social fire,
 No dread have they of discord and of strife,
 Unknown the names of husband and of fire,
 Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.
 Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,
 Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their
 weight,
 How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
 How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!
 Oh! let not temperance, too disdainful, hear
 How long their feasts, how long their dinners
 last:
 Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
 On these unmarried men reflections cast!
 The splendid fortune, and the beauteous face,
 (Themselves confess it, and their fires bemoan)
 Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;
 These sons of science shine in black alone.
 Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
 If these no feats of gaiety display, [ing vault
 Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echo-
 Melodious Frañ trills her quavering lay.
 Say, is the sword well suited to the band?
 Does 'broider'd coat agree with sable gown?
 Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand?
 Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town?
 Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside
 Some who were once the darling of the fair,
 Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
 Controul the manager, and awe the player.
 But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
 With Rome's rich spoils, and truth's exalted
 views,
 Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
 And bade them slight all females—but the
 muse.
 Full many a lark, high towering to the sky,
 Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of
 Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye, [light;
 With twinkling lustre glimmers through the
 night.

Some

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose,
Some mute, unconscious, Hardwicke here may
rest.

Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high de-
bate,

To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state,

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
fines,

Forbids in Freedom's veil t' insult the throne,
Beneath her masque to hide the worst designs;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind,
With "pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews,"

Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future
views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Even now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric stile,
On polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deckt,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile:

Of late the authors' names, though richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care,
And many a catalogue is strew'd around,
To tell th' admiring guest what books are
there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a lingering look?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,
For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compeers,
Do't in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian should enquire thy fate;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say, "Each morn unchill'd by frosts he
ran,

"With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
"To reach the chapel ere the psalms began;

"There, in the arms of that lethargic chair
"Which rears its old moth-eaten back so
"high,

"At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
"And por'd upon the news with curious
"eye.

"Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk, stand,
"Or mirthful converse, would he loitering

"Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
"Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady
"hand.

"One morn we miss'd him at the hour of
"prayer,

"Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green:

"Another came; nor yet within the chair,
"Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.

"The next we heard that, in a neighbouring
"shire,

"That day to church he led a blushing bride,

"A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear

"Improv'd her beauty while the knot was
"ty'd.

"Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,

"He roves enraptur'd through the fields of
"Kent,

"Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,

"Read here the letter which he lately sent."

The Letter.

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,

Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;

Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,

And social quiet marks me for her own:

Next to the blessings of religious truth,

Two gifts my endless gratitude engage,

A Wife—the joy and transport of my youth,

Now with a Son—the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,

In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move,

Content with calm domestic life, where meet
The sweets of friendship and the smiles of love.

§ 3. *The Crooked Sixpence; in Imitation of
Phillips's Splendid Shilling. By Dr. BRAM-
STON.*

—Sing, maiden muse,
Sixpence, hoop-petticoat, and church on fire.

HAPPY the maid, who, from green-sickness
In canvas or in holland pocket bears [free,

A Crooked Sixpence. She envieth not

New-married folks, nor sighs at others banns.

At eve, when Sol this hemisphere forsakes,

She to her needle or her wheel repairs.

Then, not unmindful of the man, dear man,

Whose faith, by promises and amorous oaths,

And Crooked Sixpence, was to her betroth'd,

William or Thomas; at her work she cries,

His year next March is up, and so is mine.

Meanwhile he shoes japans, or, buckling wigs,

Sings Dufey's songs by Purcellini set.

But I, who in my head bear pain, and draw

Short breath, attendant sure on sickness green,

With cinders, or with mortar from the wall,

Wretched repast! my fading flesh disdain!

In chimney-corner close I poking sit,

Nor ever stir spontaneous, scarce when call'd.

I loll, I stretch, I yawn, and from a tub

(Like that whence Burges's preach'd) oatmeal

Oatmeal, unsalutary food if raw! [purloin,

More wholesome than yclep'd *burgout*, which

North-British lad, full famous in records [feeds

Of England's chronicle for selling kings,

When he o'er hoary hills, or craggy cliffs,

Or rugged rocks, where eagles build their nest,

Rides on a galloway, though small, yet strong,

N n 4 Voy ging

Voy'ging from Dungbay-head through sheriff-doms

Barren and bleak, with chequer'd plaid superb,
Intent with clipp'd Jacobules to buy
French wine in Lusitanian casks ypent,
Which well-paid perjurers vouch all for port,
Though they perhaps the growth of Bourdeaux
be,

Chatteau, Margout, or the renown'd Pontack.

Thus while in qualms my heavy moments
A wight in habit velvet all and gold, [creep,
Formal and fine, dread monster! doctor hight,
With solemn face into the kitchen stalks.

His bony fingers thrice my pulse assay;
Thrice secrets deep he asks; surpriz'd, I dread
The voice obscene, and hate the sickly sound.
What shall I do? Amaz'd, confounded, dumb
I stand, nor answer give to his demands,
Nauseous to virgin ears; my frizzled hair
Stands upright, to its roof my tongue sticks dry,
Retentive faculty my bowels lose,
So horrible he seems.—His horse-hair wig
Stiffen'd with angry curls, his agate cane
And gilded sword (too oft by cowards worn)
Disastrous deeds forebode; in his right hand
The desperate pen he takes, which, ting'd with
ink,

Strange characters and figures dire inscribes,
Illegible to maid, or man, or witch.

Oh, may such plagues averted ever be
From modest spinsters! Lo! behind him sneaks
Another mortal, not unlike himself,
Of jargon full, with terms obscure o'ercharg'd,
Apothecary call'd, whose foetid hands
With power mechanic, and with charms arcane,
Apollo god of medicine has endued.
If he gilt pills, powder, or bolus brown,
Haply into the open mouth convey
Of patient; strait his body to the dose
Obsequious (as erst La Mancha's knight)
Is to a feather-bed well warm'd convey'd:
Sheets never to be chang'd, and watchful nurse
The captive wretch incarcerate, till Time,
The best physician, set the patient free.

Beware, ye virgins, of your health beware,
Be circumspect to romp or run; ascend
The mountain's airy top; th' empiric crew
Will else oft visit your abode, by fees
Of gold allur'd, and dangerous symptoms find.
Prompt to torment some pale unthriving wench
With gripping buck-thorn, or with lancet sharp
To pierce their shivering arm. So, poets sing,
Sow-gelder erst, to calves, pigs, colts, and
lambs,

Sworn everlasting foe, with goggling eyes
To stables, sties, or cow-pens, early comes,
Protending his fell knife, to thoughtless bulls
Sure ruin. So, in undiscerning night,
Myriads of Fairies, by their monarch led,
To infants cradles, or to nursery-rooms,
In serried files march on. Meanwhile the babe,
Secure in innocence, sleeps sound and smiles.
The peers and peeresses, with Oberon's self,
Great Oberon, of fairy realms supreme,
Within one circle all, in dance and song,

And midnight music, move their tiny feet.

Nurse hears, or thinks she hears, 'twixt sleep and
wake,

Loud sounds, unseen, delightful to the ear:

But Fairy fiddles lull again to sleep.

Estfoons king Oberon and twelve chosen men,
With scaling ladders of Dutch thread compact,
The cradle mount, collecting all their might:
The burthen of the ponderous child they raise,
Inexorable; nor will ought avail. [well;
Bright eyes, loud tears, or limbs proportion'd
For pigny brat they change the bouncing boy,
And to their own abodes, where'er they be,
The harmless babe with Io Pæans drag.

So pass my days. But when a wake or fair
Comes on, and calls the joyous damsels forth;
When swains, in leathern galligaskins clad,
Treat nymphs with cyder, sparkling drink and
In melancholy hall or kitchen wide [sweet;
I cough deserted; partner for the dance
None chuses me, none in the beechen bark
My name inscribes, no brawny batchelor
Hangs over me enamour'd. Singly sad,
My woe through three times six revolving years
I count; no jolly Joe, nor sober Sam,
The matrimonial question e'er propos'd,
Or Crooked Sixpence offer'd to divide.

Amidst the horrors of long wintry nights
I sigh, my heart into my white-rann'd shoes
With palpitation sinks. I ponder now
Where rats-bane's fold, and now again the well
I view irresolute, and oft the strength
Of my own garters try. Peevish I pine,
And fret, and rave, and wish; my roving mind
Finds no relief, and rolling eyes no sleep.

But, if the stranger Morpheus does invade
My painful limbs, my fancy, still awake,
Thoughtful of man, and eager, in a dream
Imaginary blisses gives and takes:
In vain! awake, I find myself alone,
Unblest'd, alas! and curse the backward sex.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite cut off.
Fairing to me no generous carter brings,
No pears, no ginger-bread, though brown, yet
sweet;

No filberts I, nor walnuts crack, nor squeeze
The china orange through its tawny coat.
Troubles immense, though mightier still remain.
My whale-bone hoop, that has so long withstood
Pales, pots, and doors, and with circumference
wide

My virtuous limbs enclos'd, by frequent sparks
Of fire's destroy'd. (What will not fire destroy!)
The splinter'd ribs crack, break, and pierce
again

My wounded skin. In rags the canvass hangs;
The sevenfold circlets of the fluttering hoop,
Uplifted, yields to every blast of wind,
Southern, or western, or the bleak north-east,
North-east, that sinks the hearts of hippish souls.
Till whale-bone, twitcher, petticoat, and all,
Descend with clangour to the rattling hearth.
So when of some great church the cupola,
Or minster of renown'd metropolis,
York, Canterbury, or the height of Paul's,
Resisting

Resisting long the jaws of ravenous Time,
The summer's thunder, and the winter's wind,
Fam'd many centuries for its stately strength,
Upom some fatal unexpected day,
Smit by the rapid lightning's forked gleam,
Admits the flame; the melted lead runs down;
Their own destruction sapless beams increase;
The neighbours with astonishment are seiz'd;
They stare, they scream, they help, they steal,
they run.

Endeavours vain! unconquer'd, unextinct,
Flames domineer aloft, far off resounds
The rack of chancels, and the crush of aisles;
High turrets hasten to the vaults below,
And proud cathedrals tumble to the ground.

§ 4. *The Copper Farthing; by Miss PEN-
NINGTON.*

HAPPY the boy, who dwells remote from
school,

Whose pocket or whose rattling-box contains
A Copper Farthing! he nor grieving hears
Hot cheese-cakes cried, nor savoury mutton-pies;
But with his play-mates, in the dusk of eve,
To well-known blacksmith's shop, or church-
yard hies;

Where, mindful of the sport that joys his heart,
Marbles, or chuck, he instantly begins,
With undissembled pleasure in his face,
To draw the circle, or to pitch the dump:
While I, confin'd within the hated walls
Of school, resounding with a clamorous din,
By still more hated book, environ'd, I,
With tedious lessons and long task to get,
My dismal thoughts employ; or wield my pen
To mark dire characters on paper white:
Not blunter pen or stronger character
Uies the sage, a chiromancer hight,
Sprung from Egyptian king, and swarthy race,
Amenophis or Ptolemy, when he,
In search of stolen calf, or money lost,
For wandering plowman does his art employ;
Or for the wish'd return of sweetheart dear,
Or apron fine, purloin'd from hawthorn hedge,
For country-maid consults directing stars,
Gemini, Taurus, or chill Capricorn.

Thus while my lingering hours I joyless spend,
With magisterial look and solemn step,
Appears my schoolmaster, tremendous wight,
Dreaded by truant boys; how can I 'scape
Th' expected punishment for task ungot?
Aghast I stand, nor fly to covert bench,
Or corner dark, to hide my hapless head:
So great my terror, that it quite bereaves
My limbs the power to fly; slow he ascends
Th' appointed seat, and on his right hand lies
The bushy rod compos'd of numerous twigs,
Torn from the birchen tree, or bending willow,
Which to the flesh of idle boys portends,
For the neglected task, a poignant smart;
And with him comes another mighty elf,
Yclep'd an Uther; ah, terrific name
To lesser wights! who if they hapless place
In station wrong, pronoun or participle,
Strait by the magic of his voice, are rais'd

In attitude above their lov'd compeers,
Where they, reluctant, various torments bear,
Till by their dolorous complaints, that pierce the
skies,

They draw kind Pity, moist-ey'd goddess, down
To heal, with balm of sympathy, their woe.
Ye urchins, take, ah! take peculiar care,
For when ye wot not, much he marks your ways,
And in his mind revolves disastrous deeds
Against th' unwary wretch. So story tells
That Chanticleer, on dunghill's top elate,
With haughty step, and watchful eye askance,
Each tiny prominence he views, where haply he
May find conceal'd delicious grub or worm,
To which his maw insatiate forebodes
Certain destruction, while, behind or bush
Or pale, encompassing the farmer's yard, [wile
Skulks Reynard, fraught with many a crafty
T' ensnare the feather'd race, who, if they stray
Beyond the precincts of their mother's ken,
He strait purloins them from her careful wing,
With his sharp teeth torments their tender frame,
And with the crimson gore distains their sides,
Relentless; nor can all the piercing cries
Of duckling, chick, or turkey, yet unsledg'd,
His heart obdurate move; instant he tears
Each trembling limb, devours the quivering
flesh,

Nor leaves a remnant of the bloody feast,
Save a few fluttering feathers scatter'd round,
(That, with their varied plumage whilom deck'd
The slaughter'd prey) to tell the hapless tale.
Thus joyless do I spend those hours the sun
Illuminates; and, when the silver moon
Her gentle ray dispenses, and invites
The swains and maids to mix in jovial dance,
Around the towering may-poles of the green,
Where each gay plowman does his partner chuse
As love or fate directs; or o'er the lawn
The needle thread, or to's the bounding ball;
All cheerless I, nor dance nor pleasing sport,
Nor social mirth, nor bowl of nappy ale,
Partake; but, on her drooping raven wing,
Sad Melancholy hovers o'er my head,
Pale Envy rankles deep within my breast,
And baneful venom sheds. Grim Horror too
Attends my thoughts, and fills my gloomy mind
With tales of gliding sprites, in milk-white
shrouds

Array'd, and rattling chains and yelling ghosts
Irafcible! or Fancy, mimic queen,
To swift imagination's eye presents
A group of tiny elves, in circling dance,
Or luscious feast employ'd; such elves as danc'd
When Oberon did fair Titania wed;
While I, in wishes impotent and vain,
For Liberty, dear object of my hopes,
The tedious moments spend; or if, perchance,
Morpheus invok'd, my heavy eye-lids close,
Dear Liberty still haunts my sleeping thoughts,
And in a short-liv'd dream those joys I taste,
Which waking are denied; and beat the hoop
With dextrous hand, or run with feet as swift
As feather'd arrow flies from archer's bow;
Till, from my slumber wak'd, too soon I find
It was illusion all, and mockery vain.

Thus,

Thus, comfortless, appall'd, forlorn, I pass
The tardy hours, nor of those viands taste,
Which are on other boys full oft bestow'd
In plenteous manner, by the liberal hand
Of friend indulgent; apple-pye, or tart,
Or trembling custard of delicious *gout*,
Or frothy syllabub in copious bowl.
Hard fate for me! Yet harder still betides
Me, hapless youth! my faithful top, that oft
Has cheer'd my drooping spirits, and reviv'd
My saddening thoughts, when o'er the pavement smooth

It spins, and sleeps, and to its master's hand
Does ample justice, now, alas! become
To all the rude inclemencies of weather,
To time and destiny's relentless doom,
A miserable victim, quite decay'd
With many services, and cleft throughout,
All useless lies; ah! sight of saddest woe
To wretched me, of every hope bereft,
Of every gleam of comfort. So the wretch,
Who near or Etna or Vesuvius dwells,
Beholds the sulphurous flames, the molten rocks,
And feels the ground trembling beneath his feet;
Till, with a horrid yawn, it opens wide
Before his eyes, all glaring with affright;
Swallows his cultur'd vines, his gardens, house,
With all his soul held dear, his lovely wife,
And prattling babes, the hopes of years to come;
All, all are lost, in ruin terrible!

§ 5. *The School-Boy.*

Multa tulit, fecitque Puer. Hor.

THRICE happy he, whose hours the chear-
ing smiles

Of freedom bless; who wantons uncontroll'd
Where ease invites, or pleasure's siren voice;
Him the stern tyrant with his iron scourge
Annoys not, nor the dire oppressive weight
Of galling chain; but, when the blushing morn
Purples the east, with eager transport wild,
O'er hill, o'er valley, on his panting steed
He bounds exulting, as in full career
With horns, and hounds, and thundering
shouts, he drives

The flying stag; or when the dusky shades
Of eve, advancing, veil the darken'd sky,
To neighbouring tavern, blithsome, he resorts
With boon companion, where they drown their
cares

In sprightly bumpers, and the mantling bowl.

Far otherwise within these darksome walls,
Whose gates, with rows of triple steel secur'd,
And many a bolt, prohibit all egress,
I spend my joyless days: ere dawn appears,
Rous'd from my peaceful slumbers by the sound
Of awe-inspiring bell, whose every stroke
Chills my heart-blood, all trembling I descend
From dreary garret, round whose ancient roof,
Gaping with hideous chinks, the whistling blast
Perpetual raves, and fierce-descending rains
Discharge their fury—dire, lethargic dews
Oppress my drowsy sense; still fancy teems

With fond ideal joys, and, fir'd with what
Or poets sing, or fabled tale records,
Presents transporting visions; goblets crown'd
With juice of nectar, or the food divine
Of rich ambrosia, tempting to the sight!
While, in the shade of some embowering grove,
I lie reclin'd, or through Elysian plains,
Enraptur'd stray; where every plant and flower
Sends forth an odorous smell, and all the air
With songs of love and melody resounds.
Meanwhile benumbing cold invades my joints,
As with flow faultering footsteps I rejoin
To where, of antique mould, a lofty dome
Rears its tremendous front; here all at once
From thousand different tongues a mighty hum
Assaults my ears; loud as the distant roar
Of tumbling torrents; or as in some mart
Of public note, for traffic far renown'd,
Where Jew with Grecian, Turk with African,
Assembled, in one general peal unite
Of dreadful jargon.—Strait on wooden bench
I take my seat, and con with studious care
Th' appointed tasks; o'er many a puzzling page
Poring intent, and sage Athenian Bard,
With dialect, and mood, and tense perplex'd;
And conjugations varied without end.

When lo! with haughty stride (in size like him
Who erst, extended on the burning lake,
Lay floating many a rood;) his sullen brow
With lowering frowns and fearful glooms o'er-
Enters the pædagogus; terrific sight! [cast,
An ample ninefold peruke, spread immense,
Luxuriant waving down his shoulders plays;
His right hand fiercely grasps an oaken staff,
His left a bunch of limber twigs sustains,
Call'd by the vulgar *birch*, Tartarean root,
Whose rankling points, in blackest poison dipt,
Inflict a mortal pain; and, where they light,
A ghastly furrow leave.—A solemn pause en-
sues;

As when, of old, the monarch of the floods,
Midst raging hurricanes and battling waves,
Shaking the dreadful trident, rear'd aloft
His awful brow.—Sudden the furious winds
Were hush'd in peace, the billows ceas'd their
rage:

Or when (if mighty themes like these allow
An humble metaphor) the sportive race
Of nibbling heroes, bent on wanton play,
Beneath the shelter of some well-stor'd barn,
In many an airy circle wheel around;
Some eye, perchance, in private nook conceal'd,
Beholds Grimalkin; instant they disperse,
In headlong flight, each to his secret cell;
If haply he may scape impending fate.

Thus ceas'd the general clamour; all remain
In silent terror wrapt, and thought profound.

Meanwhile, the pædagogus throughout the
dome

His fiery eye-balls, like two blazing-stars,
Portentous rolls, on some unthinking wretch
To shed their baleful influence; whilst his voice
Like thunder, or the cannon's sudden burst,
Three times is heard, and thrice the roofs resound!
A sudden paleness gathers in my face;

Through

Through all my limbs a stiffening horror spreads,
Cold as the dews of death; nor heed my eyes
Their wonted function, but in stupid gaze
Ken the fell monster; from my trembling hands
The time-worn volume drops; oh dire preface
Of instant woe! for now the mighty sound,
Pregnant with dismal tidings, once again
Strikes my astonish'd ears: transfix'd with awe,
And senseless for a time, I stand: but soon,
By friendly jog or neighbouring whisper rous'd,
Obey the dire injunction; strait I loose
Depending brogues, and mount the lofty throne
Indignant, or the back oblique ascend
Of sorrowful compeer, nor long delays
The monarch, from his palace stalking down,
With visage all inflam'd; his sable robe
Sweeping in lengthening folds along the ground:
He shakes his sceptre, and th' impending scourge
Brandishes high; nor tears nor shrieks avail;
But with impetuous fury it descends,
Imprinting horrid wounds, with fatal flow
Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.

Curst be the wretch, for ever doom'd to bear
Infernal whippings; he, whose savage hands
First grasp'd these barb'rous weapons, bitter cause
Of foul disgrace, and many a dolorous groan,
To hapless school-boy!—Could it not suffice
I groan'd and toil'd beneath the mercilefs weight
By stern relentless tyranny impos'd;
But scourges too, and cudgels, were reserv'd
To goad my harrow'd sides: this wretched life
Loading with heavier ills! a life expos'd
To all the woes of hunger, toil, distress;
Cut off from every genial source of bliss,
From every bland amusement, wont to soothe
The youthful breast; except when father Time,
In joyful change, rolls round the festive hour,
That gives this meagre, pining figure back
To parent fondness, and its native roof!
Fir'd with the thought, then, then, my towering
Rises superior to its load, and spurns [soul
Its proud oppressors; frantic with delight,
My fancy riots in successive scenes
Of bliss and pleasures: plans and schemes are laid
How best the fleeting moments to improve,
Nor lose one portion of so rare a boon.

But soon, too soon, the glorious scenes are fled,
Scarce one shortmoon enjoy'd; (oh! transient state
Of sublunary bliss!) by bitter change,
And other scenes succeeded; what fierce pangs
Then rack my soul; what ceaseless floods of grief
Rush down my cheeks, while strong convulsive
throbs [speech!

Heave all my frame, and choke the pow'r of
Forlorn I sigh, nor heed the gentle voice
Of friend or stranger, who, with soothing words,
And slender gift, would fain beguile my woes:
In vain; for what can ought avail to soothe
Such raging anguish? Oft with sudden glance
Before my eyes in all its horror glares
That well-known form, and oft I seem to hear
The thund'ring scourge—ah me! e'en now I feel
Its deadly venom, raging as the pangs
That tore Alcides, when the burning vest
Prey'd on his wasted sides.—At length return'd

Within these hated walls, again I mourn,
A sullen pris'ner, till the wish'd approach
Of joyous holiday or festive play
Releases me: ah! freedom that must end
With thee, declining Sol!—All hail, ye fires
For sanctity renown'd, whose glorious names
In large conspicuous characters pourtray'd,
Adorn the annual chronologic page
Of Wing or Partridge; oft, when sore oppress'd
With dire calamities, the glad return
Of your triumphant festivals hath cheer'd
My drooping soul. Nor be thy name forgot,
Illustrious George; for much to thee I owe
Of heart-felt rapture, as with loyal zeal
Glowing, I pile the crackling bonfire high,
Or hurl the mounting rocket through the air,
Or fiery whizzing serpent; thus thy name
Shall still be honour'd, as through future years
The circling seasons roll their festive round.

Sometimes, by dire compulsive hunger press'd,
I spring the neighb'ring fence, and scale the trunk
Of apple-tree, or wide, o'er flowery lawns,
By hedge or thicket, bend my hasty steps,
Intent, with secret ambush, to surprise
The straw-built nest, and unsuspecting brood
Of thrush or bull-finch; oft with watchful ken
Eying the backward lawns, lest hostile glance
Observe my footsteps, while each rustling leaf,
Stirr'd by the gentle gale, alarms my fears:
Then, parch'd beneath the burning heats of noon,
I plunge into the limpid stream, that laves
The silent vale; or, on its grassy banks,
Beneath some oak's majestic shade recline,
Envyng the vagrant fishes, as they pass,
Their boon of freedom; till the distant sound
Of tolling curfew warns me to depart.

Thus under tyrant power I groan, oppress'd
With worse than slavery; yet my free-born soul
Her native warmth forgets not, nor will brook
Menace, or taunt, from proud insulting peer:
But summons to the field the doughty foe
In single combat, midst th' impartial throng,
There to decide our fate: oft too, inflam'd
With mutual rage, two rival armies meet
Of youthful warriors; kindling at the sight,
My soul is fill'd with vast heroic thoughts,
Trusting, in martial glory, to surpass
Roman or Grecian chief; instant, with shouts,
The mingling squadrons join the horrid fray;
No need of cannon, or the murderous steel,
Wide-wasting nature: rage our arms supplies.
Fragments of rock are hurl'd, and showers of stones
Obscure the day; nor less the brawny arm,
Or knotted club, avail; high in the midst
Are seen the mighty chiefs, through hofts of foes
Mowing their way; and now, with tenfold rage,
The combat burns, full many a sanguine stream
Distains the field, and many a veteran brave
Lies prostrate; loud triumphant shouts ascend
By turns from either host; each claims the palm
Of glorious conquest; nor till night's dun shades
Involve the sky, the doubtful conflict ends.

Thus, when rebellion shook the thrones of
heaven,
And all th' eternal powers in battle met,

High

High o'er the rest, with vast gigantic strides,
The godlike leaders, on th' embattled plain,
Came tow'ring, breathing forth revenge and fate;
Nor less terrific join'd th' inferior hosts
Of angel warriors, when encount'ring hills
Tore the rent concave—flashing with the blaze
Of fiery arms, and lightnings, not of Jove;
All heav'n resounded, and th' astonish'd deeps
Of chaos bellow'd with the monstrous roar.

§ 6. *The Three Warnings. A Tale.*
By Mrs. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, 'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'—
'With you! and quit my Susan's side!
'With you!' the hapless husband cry'd:
'Young as I am! 'Tis monstrous hard!
'Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
'My thoughts on other matters go,
'This is my wedding-night, you know.'
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewel; no more
'Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
'And farther, to avoid all blame
'Of cruelty upon my name,
'To give you time for preparation,
'And fit you for your future station,
'Three several Warnings you shall have,
'Before you're summon'd to the grave:
'Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
'And grant a kind reprieve;
'In hopes you'll have no more to say,
'But when I call again this way,
'Well pleas'd the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale beset,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along Life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he fate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
'So soon return'd!' old Dobson cries.
'So soon, d'ye call it!' Death replies:
'Surely my friend, you're but in jest!
'Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years, at least,
'And you are now fourscore.'
'So much the worse,' the clown rejoind'd,
'To spare the aged would be kind:
'However, see your search be legal;
'And your authority—is't regal?
'Else you are come on a fool's errand,
'With but a Secretary's warrant.
'Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
'Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!
'But for that loss of time and ease,
'I can recover damages.'
'I know,' cries Death, 'that, at the best,
'I seldom am a welcome guest;
'But don't be captious, friend, at least:
'I little thought you'd still be able
'To stump about your farm and stable;
'Your years have run to a great length;
'I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!
'Hold, says the farmer, 'not so fast,
'I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
'However, you still keep your eyes;
'And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
'For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,
'But latterly I've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking story, faith;
'Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death:
'Each strives your sadness to amuse;
'I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
'I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then!' the spectre stern rejoind'd,
'These are unjustifiable yearnings;
'If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
'You've had your Three sufficient Warn-
'So come along, no more we'll part:' [sings.
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

§ 7. *The Cit's Country Box.* LLOYD.

Vos sapere et solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. Hox.
THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,

And

And buckles to his one-horse chair
 Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
 While, wedg'd in closely by his side,
 Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
 With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
 And out they jog in due decorum.
 Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
 'How all the country seems to smile!
 And as they slowly jog together,
 The cit commends the road and weather;
 While Madam doats upon the trees,
 And longs for ev'ry house she sees;
 Admires its views, its situation,
 And thus she opens her oration:

'What signifies the loads of wealth,
 'Without that richest jewel, health?
 'Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 'Who doats upon your precious life!
 'Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
 'Is more than human strength can bear:
 'One may observe it in your face—
 'Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
 'And nothing can your health repair,
 'But exercise, and country air.
 'Sir Traffick has a house, you know,
 'About a mile from Cheney-row:
 'He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true,
 'But not so warm, my dear, as you;
 'And folks are always apt to sneer—
 'One would not be outdone, my dear!

Sir Traffick's name, so well apply'd,
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason;
 And by th' approaching summer season
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four miles out of town,
 (An hour's ride will bring you down)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road;
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it ev'ry day:
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have a house so near the city!
 Take but your places at the Boar,
 You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past;
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 With all the fufs of moving over;
 Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
 And wanton in my lady's head!

'Well; to be sure, it must be own'd,
 'It is a charming spot of ground:
 'So sweet a distance for a ride,
 'And all about so countrify'd;
 'T'would come to but a trifling price
 'To make it quite a paradise!
 'I cannot bear those nasty rails,
 'Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
 'Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
 'We build a railing all Chinese;
 'Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
 'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd:

'One hardly any objects sees—
 'I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
 'Objects continual passing by,
 'Were something to amuse the eye;
 'But to be pent within the walls,
 'One might as well be at St. Paul's.
 'Our house, beholders would adore,
 'Was there a level lawn before,
 'Nothing its views to incommode,
 'But quite laid open to the road;
 'While ev'ry trav'ller, in amaze,
 'Should on our little mansion gaze;
 'And, pointing to the choice retreat,
 'Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat!"

No doubt her arguments prevail,
 For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure
 The title of a connoisseur;
 When noble and ignoble herd
 Are govern'd by a single word;
 Tho', like the royal German dames,
 It bears an hundred Christian names—
 As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
 Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçai quoi, Virtù:
 Which appellations all describe
 TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration,
 To work this wond'rous reformation.
 The useful dome, which secret stood,
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
 The trav'ller with amazement sees
 A temple Gothick or Chinese,
 With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon;
 A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water, four feet wide,
 With angels, curves, and zig-zag lines,
 From Halfpenny's exact dehns:
 In front, a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green;
 Where Taste would want its first great law,
 But for the skulking, fly ha-ha;
 By whose miraculous assistance
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.
 And now from Hyde-park Corner come
 The gods of Athens and of Rome.
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus, and the clumsy Graces;
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
 And there, without the pow'r to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus compleatly grac'd,
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste;
 And Madam's female friends and cousins,
 With common-council-men, by dozens,
 Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.

§ 3. *Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found
 in any of the Books.*

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest
 arose,

The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;

The

The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the
cause [learning,

With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly
find,

That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be
again)

That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who wou'd or who cou'd wear spectacles
then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the
Nose, [them.

And the Nose was as plainly intended for

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes,

But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally
wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—

That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be
shut.

§ 9. *On the Birth-Day of Shakespeare. A Cento.*
Taken from his Works. BERENGER.

*Natura ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et
quasi quodam divino spiritu affari.*

PEACE to this meeting !
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes !
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal Shakespeare to this favour'd isle,
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.
O thou divinest Nature ! how thyself thou
blazon'st

In this thy son ! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and pressure ! When he speaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravish'd,
So voluble is his discourse—Gentle
As Zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough

(His noble blood enchain'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale.—'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen in other ; knowledge
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown, What a piece of work !
How noble in faculty ! infinite in reason !
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal !
Heav'n has him now—yet let our idolatrous
Still sanctify his relics : and this day [fancy
Stand aye distinguish'd in the kalendar
To the last syllable of recorded time :
For, if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

§ 10. *On the Invention of Letters.*

TELL me what Genius did the art invent,
The lively image of the voice to paint ;
Who first the secret how to colour sound,
And to give shape to reason, wisely found ;
With bodies how to clothe ideas, taught ;
And how to draw the picture of a thought :
Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear
A silent language roving far and near ; [sound,
Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's
And spreads her accents through the world's vast
round ;
A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
Whose echo reaches long, long time to come ;
Which dead men speak, as well as those alive—
Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

§ 11. *The Answer.*

THE noble art to Cadmus owes its rise
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes ;
He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound ;
The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
Gave colour, form, and body to the thought.

§ 12. *On a Spider.* DR. LITTLETON.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture hast display'd !
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely blooming maid !
Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom ;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room.
Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof ;
Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof.
Whilst I thy wond'rous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate ;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely banish'd rooms of state.

And

And as from out thy tortur'd body
 Thou draw'st thy slender string with pain;
 So does he labour, like a noddy,
 To spin materials from his brain.
 He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
 That spreads her charms before his eye;
 And that's a conquest little better
 Than thine o'er captive butterfly.
 Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
 Perhaps our deaths may better shew it;
 'Tis ten to one but penury
 Ends both the spider and the poet.

§ 13. *The Extent of Cookery.*

—Aliusque et Idem.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
 A plain brown *bob* he wore,
 Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
 To be a fop no more.
 See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
 His resolution flag;
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a bag.
 Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
 But gets into the house;
 And soon a Judge's rank rewards
 His pliant votes and bows.
 Adieu, ye *bobs*! ye *bags* give place!
Full-bottoms come instead!
 Good Lord! to see the various ways
 Of dressing—a *calf's* head.

§ 14. *Slender's Ghost.*

—*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
 Decay'd and worn with age,
 At dusk of eve, methought I spy'd
 Poor Slender's ghost, that whimpering cry'd,
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!
 Ye gentle bards, give ear!
 Who talk of amorous rage,
 Who spoil the lilly, rob the rose;
 Come learn of me to weep your woes;
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!
 Why should such labour'd strains
 Your formal Muse engage?
 I never dreamt of flame or dart,
 That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
 But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!
 And you, whose love-sick minds
 No medicine can assuage,
 Accuse the leech's art no more,
 But learn of Slender to deplore;
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!
 And you, whose souls are held,
 Like linnets, in a cage,
 Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
 Attend, and imitate my strains:
 O sweet! O sweet Ann Page!

And you, who *boast* or *grieve*,
 What horrid wars ye wage!
 Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
 Yet mean as I do when I sigh
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!
 Hence every fond conceit
 Of shepherd, or of sage!
 'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
 Expresses all you have to say—
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

§ 15. *Hamlet's Soliloquy, imitated.* JAGO.

TO print, or not to print—that is the question.
 Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
 The quirks and crotchets of outrageous Fancy,
 Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
 And by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt
 No more; and by one act to say we end
 The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks
 Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
 From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
 To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's
 the rub—
 For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
 When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect that
 makes
 Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
 For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
 The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
 The tedious importunity of friends,
 When as himself might his quietus make
 With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a load of wit,
 But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
 (That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
 Few travellers return) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
 Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd?
 Thus critics do make cowards of us all;
 And thus the healthful face of many a poem
 Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;
 And enterprizes of great fire and spirit
 With this regard from Doddsley turn away,
 And lose the name of Authors.

§ 16. *To the Memory of George Lewis Langton, Esq; who died on his Travels to Rome.*

SHIPLEY.

LANGTON, dear partner of my soul,
 Accept what pious passion meditates
 To grace thy fate. Sad memory
 And grateful love, and impotent regret,
 Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,
 Thy wise good-nature, friendship delicate
 In secret converse, native mirth
 And sprightly fancy, sweet artificer
 Of social pleasure; nor forgot
 The noble thirst of knowledge and fair fame
 That led thee far through foreign climes.
 Inquisitive: but chief the pleasant banks
 Of Tiber, ever-honour'd stream,

Detain'd

Detain'd thee visiting the last remains
Of ancient art; fair forms exact
In sculpture, columns, and the mould'ring bulk
Of theatres. In deep thought wrapt
Of old renown, thy mind survey'd the scenes
Delighted, where the first of men
Once dwelt, familiar: Scipio, virtuous chief,
Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
Of faithful Brutus, best philosopher.
Well did the generous search employ [death
Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, though
Unseen oppress'd thee, far from home,
A helpless stranger. No familiar voice,
No pitying eye, cheer'd thy last pangs.
O worthy longest days! for thee shall flow
The pious solitary tear,
And thoughtful friendship sadden o'er thine urn.

§ 17. *The Brewer's Coachman.* TAYLOR.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er fate in a box, to be sure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses [horses.
Took that care of their babes that he took of his
He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got o'er:
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man, who drank nothing but water.
Now, William, says he, you see the plain case;
Had you drank as he does, you'd keep a good place. [so,
Drink water! quoth William—had all men done
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
They're soakers, like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

§ 18. *Ode occasioned by reading Mr. West's Translation of Pindar.* WARTON.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy sons a voice divine have heard,
The man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
Hark! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire,
The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre;
The sounds that echoed on Alphæus' streams
Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames;
Lo! swift across the dusty plain
Great Theron's foaming coursfers strain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping art,
Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart;
Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms:
When Freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
We long to sit with heroes old,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,

Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3.

Away, enervate bards, away,
Who spin the courtly, filken lay,
As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,
Or mourn some soft Adonis dead:
No more your polish'd lyrics boast,
In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and
As well might ye compare [lost:
The glimmerings of a waxen flame,
(Emblem of verse correctly tame)
To his own Ætna's sulphur-spouting caves,
When to heav'n's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart thro' the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring cataracts down Andes' channel'd steep

Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps!
Monarch of mighty floods! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows:
Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
Where still the naked Indian roves,
And safely builds his leafy bow'r,
From slavery far, and curst Iberian pow'r;

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O parent of the lyre,
Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire!
O ancient Greece, but chief the bard whose lays
The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze;
And next Euripides, soft pity's priest,
Who melts in useful woes the bleeding breast;
And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
Whose soul amaze and horror wring;
Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
The richest banquet of th' enraptur'd mind!

II. 3.

For the blest man, the Muse's child,
On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
Whose soul she form'd of purer fire,
For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
No widows' midnight shrieks, nor burning
The peaceful poet please; [town,
Nor ceaseless toils for fordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor statesman's schemes,
Nor all deceiv'd Ambition's feverish dreams,
Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of ease.

§ 19. *Ode on the Death of Matzel, a favourite Bull-finch. Addressed to Phil. Stanhope, Esq; (natural Son to the Earl of Chesterfield) to whom the Author had given the Reverberation of it when he left Dresden.* WILLIAMS.

TRY not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage;

Give

Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

Matzel's no more; ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;
Let every sorrow be exprest,
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the nat'ral tear.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—
But vengeance shall have way;
On pains and tortures I'll refine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,
His nine will ill repay.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funereal verse:
My painful task shall be to write
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn
My bird, who never to return
Is fled to happier shades,
Where Lesbians shall for him prepare
The place most charming, and most fair,
Of all th' Elysian glades.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
Soothe wretched ghosts that died for love,
There shall thy plaintive strain
Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
To Procris yield some short relief,
And soften Dido's pain.

'Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
And love thee with my love;
While each attendant soul shall praise
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
And all his songs approve.

§ 20. *To-morrow.* COTTON.

Pereunt et Imputantur.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say!
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and
promises,

The currency of ideots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.

Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening. [ments;

But soft, my friend—arrest the present mo-
For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;

And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
Because, though station'd on th' important
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless centinel, (watch,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar [guard,
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit!
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.

'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more
precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

§ 21. *On Lord Cobham's Gardens.* COTTON.

IT puzzles much the sages' brains,
Where Eden stood of yore;
Some place it in Arabia's plains;
Some say, it is no more.

But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he has prov'd beyond dispute,
That Paradise is Stow.

§ 22. *To a Child of five Years old.* COTTON.

FAIREST flower, all flowers excelling,
Which in Eden's garden grew;
Flowers of Eve's embower'd dwelling
Are, my fair-one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses;
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.
Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens, that ne'er decay.

§ 23. *To Miss Lucy Fortescue.* LYTTELTON.

ONCE by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my am'rous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancy'd pains.
But Venus now, to punish me,
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

§ 24. *To Mr. West*, at Wickham†. 1740.*
LYTTELTON.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.
To both from courts and all their state
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

§ 25. *Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-book.*
1699. SWIFT.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wife.
Here you may read, "Dear charming faint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux:
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes"—
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
In-power of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

§ 26. *Mrs. Harris's Petition. 1699.*

TO their Excellencies the Lords Justices of
Ireland‡, the humble petition of Frances
Harris, [ries;
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscar-
Humbly sheweth,
That I went to warm myself in lady Betty's§
chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shil-
lings, and six pence, besides farthings, in
money and gold:
So, because I had been buying things for my
Lady last night, [right.
I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was

Now, you must know, because my trunk has
a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God
knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle,
next to my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God
would have it, my smock was unript,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down
it slipt; [my Lady to bed;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put
And, God knows, I thought my money was as
safe as my maidenhead. [feel very light:
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord!
I thought I should have sunk outright.
Lord! Madam, says Mary, how d'ye do? In-
deed, says I, never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have
done with my purse?
Lord help me! said Mary, I never stirr'd out
of this place: [that's a plain case.
Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber,
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I
might do myself no harm. [very well think,
So I tumbled and tofs'd all night, as you may
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a
wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went
and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's|| box, ty'd in
a rag, the money was found. [a-swear-
So next morning we told Whittle**, and he fell
Then my dame Wadgar†† came; and she, you
know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you
know what a loss I have had?
Nay, said she, my lord Colway's‡‡ folks are all
very sad; [without fail.
For my Lord Dromedary§§ comes a Tuesday
Pugh! said I, but that's not the business that I
ail. [five-and-twenty years, come spring,
Says Cary|||, says he, I have been a servant this
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of
such a thing.
Yes, says the steward¶, I remember, when I
was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the
time of gooseberries.
So I went to the party suspected, and I found
her full of grief, [I hate a thief).
(Now you must know, of all things in the world,
However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse
silly about: [happen'd out:
Mrs. Dukes, said I, here's an ugly accident has
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of
a louse†††; [house.
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the

* Gilbert West, Esq; the author's cousin.

† The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

‡ Wife to one of the footmen.

§ Galway.

|| Clerk of the kitchen.

** Earl of Berkeley's valet.

§§ The Earl of Drogheda, who with the primate was to succeed the two Earls.

¶ Ferris.

† Near Croyden.

§ Lady Betty Berkeley, afterward Germaine.

†† The old deaf housekeeper.

††† An usual saying of her.

'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and six pence, makes a great hole in my wages : Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages. [understands,

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands. [ever I saw't !

The devil take me ! said she (blessing herself) if So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.

So you know, what could I say to her any more ? I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before. [to the cunning man !

Well ; but then they would have had me gone No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the chaplain will be here anon. [he is my sweetheart,

So the chaplain* came in. Now the servants say Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.

So, as the devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a nativity, when a body's plunder'd ? [son like the devil !]

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd par-Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil ; [d' ye see,

If your money be gone, as a learned divine says, You are no text for my handling ; so take that from me : [have you to know.

I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd Lord ! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so ;

You know I honour the cloth ; I design to be a parson's wife ; [all my life.

I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say, [so went away.

Now you may go hang yourself for me ! and Well : I thought I should have swoon'd. Lord ! said I, what shall I do ? [love too !

I have lost my money, and shall lose my true Then my Lord call'd me : Harry†, said my Lord, don't cry ;

I'll give you something towards thy loss ; and, says my Lady, so will I.

Oh ! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't come to ? [I must petition you.

For that, he said, (an't please your Excellencies,) The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection ; [cellencies letter,

And, over and above, that I may have your Ex-With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better : [day,

And then your poor petitioner, both night and Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

§ 27. *A Description of the Morning.* 1709.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-coach Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.

* Dr. Swift.

† A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

O o a

Here

Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own ;
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's floor
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs. [airs,
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place. [deep,

The smallcoal-man was heard with cadence
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep :
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet ;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street,

The turnkey now his flock returning fees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees :
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

§ 28. *A Description of a City Shower. In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics.* 1710.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine ; [wine.
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in
A coming shower your shooting corns preface,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage ;
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen ;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,

A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne alope :
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean :
You fly, invoke the gods ; then, turning, stop
To rail ; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust, [dust
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was
Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?
Sole coat ! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain !

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,

Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crouds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up semstrefs walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.

Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through),
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell [smell.
What street they sail'd from by their sight and
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their
course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holbourn-bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts,
and blood, [in mud,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd }
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling
down the flood.

§ 29. *On the little House by the Church-yard of
Castlenock. 1710.*

WHOEVER pleaseth to enquire

Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow poet Joe*
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topsy-turvy round
Light with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.

This is the little strutting pile,
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock;
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, † Walls.

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpriz'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A school-boy ran unto't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.

A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight,

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

† Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

§ Stella.

And, stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton‡ took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson§ gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The reverend Dr. || Raymond guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The doctor's family came by,
And little mis's began to cry;
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk said to her, in a heat,
What! sell my master's country-seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.

Says Nancy¶, I can make for mis's
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

§ 30. *The Fable of Midas. 1711.*

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would frait become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.

This fool had got a lucky hit;
And people fancy'd he had wit,
Two gods their skill in musick try'd,
And both chose Midas to decide;
He against Phoebus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:

† Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.

|| Minister of Trim.

¶ The waiting-woman.

The god of wit, to shew his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.

And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down, descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?

None e'er did modern Midas chuse,
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plumbs for bays:
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there's the jest, for Pan is *all*.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek

Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath asses' ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lyes;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.

But gold defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hand so much:
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws:
Which while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.

While he his utmost strength apply'd,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a pension, there a place;
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears, and dirty hands.

§ 31. *Horace, Book I. Ep. VII. Addressed
to the Earl of Oxford. 1713.*

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares posset,
All Europe's business in his breast)

Observ'd a parson near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My Lord (who, if a man may say 't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis* go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour),
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat;
In state opinions *à-la-mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad:
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libel'd all the junto round:
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, "I desire to know
" From his own mouth if this be so;
" Step to the Doctor's strait, and say,
" I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, "Your servant, Sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cry'd;
"He does, with insolence and pride."

Some few days after Harley spies
The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—

* Erasmus Lewis, Esq; the treasurer's secretary.

" My Lord—the honour you design'd—
 " Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
 " I'm sure I never should neglect—
 " No man alive has more respect—"
 " Well, I shall think of that no more,
 " If you'll be sure to come at four."

The Doctor now obeys the summons,
 Likes both his company and commons;
 Displays his talent, sits till ten;
 Next day invited comes again;
 Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
 Either at morning or at meals:
 Came early, and departed late;
 In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
 My Lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to Windsor takes his guest.
 Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a canon there;
 In summer round the park to ride,
 In winter never to reside.

A canon! that's a place too mean;
 No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean;
 Two dozen canons round your stall,
 And you the tyrant o'er them all:
 You need but cross the Irish seas,
 To live in plenty, power, and ease.
 Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse,
 Travels at least an hundred leagues,
 And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a Dean complete,
 Demurely lolling in his seat;
 The silver verge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion-side;
 Suppose him gone through all vexations,
 Patents, intalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats—
 (The wicked laity's contriving
 To hinder clergymen from thriving).
 Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent;
 The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
 Force him to take his tythes in kind:
 And Parvifol* discounts arrears
 By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,
 Above a thousand pounds in debt,
 Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
 Rides day and night at such a rate,
 He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old Read† would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, " Welcome, Reverend Dean!
 " What makes your worship look so lean?
 " Why, sure you won't appear in town
 " In that old wig and rusty gown?
 " I doubt your heart is set on pelf
 " So much, that you neglect yourself.
 " What! I suppose, now stocks are high,
 " You've some good purchase in your eye?
 " Or is your money out at use?—

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

" Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"
 (The Doctor in a passion cry'd)
 " Your raillery is misapply'd;
 " Experience I have dearly bought;
 " You know I am not worth a groat:
 " But you resolv'd to have your jest;
 " And 'twas a folly to contest;
 " Then, since you now have done your worst,
 " Pray leave me where you found me first."

§ 32. *Horace, Book II. Sat. VI.*

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
 For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace-walk, and half a rood
 Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store;
 ' But here a grievance seems to lie,
 ' All this is mine but till I die;
 ' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
 ' To me and to my heirs for ever.
 ' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
 ' By any trick, or any fault;
 ' And if I pray by reason's rules,
 ' And not like forty other fools:
 ' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
 " To grant me this and t' other acre:
 " Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 " Direct my plough to find a treasure!"
 ' But only what my station fits,
 ' And to be kept in my right wits,
 ' Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 ' Just what you gave me, competence:
 ' And let me in these shades compose
 ' Something in verse as true as prose;
 ' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 ' Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent;
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 " Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found,
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
 " Let my Lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day;
 And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
 How should I thrust myself between?
 Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And, smiling, whispers to the next,

† The Lord Treasurer's porter.

" I thought

" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
 " To juggle here among a croud !"
 Another, in a furlly fit,
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
 " So eager to exprefs your love,
 " You ne'er confider whom you shove,
 " But rudely prefs before a duke."
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
 And take it kindly meant, to show
 What I defire the world fhould know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;
 When twenty fools I never faw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
 Defiring I would ftand their friend.
 This humbly offers me his cafe—
 That begs my intereft for a place—
 A hundred other men's affairs,
 Like bees, are humming in my ears.

" To-morrow my appeal comes on ;
 " Without your help, the caufe is gone—"
 The duke expects my lord and you,
 About fome great affair at two—

" Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
 " To get my warrant quickly fign'd :
 " Confider, 'tis my firft request, —
 Be fatisfy'd, I'll do my beft :
 Then prefently he falls to teaze,
 " You may for certain, if you please ;
 " I doubt not, if his lordfhip knew—
 " And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"

'Tis (let me fee) three years and more,
 (October next it will be four)
 Since Harley bid me firft attend,
 And chafe me for an humble friend ;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that ; [wind ?"
 As, " What's o'clock ?" And, " How's the
 " Whofe chariot's that we left behind ?"

Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country figns ;
 Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
 " From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?"
 Such tattle often entertains
 My lord and me as far as Staines,
 As once a week we travel down
 To Windfor, and again to town,
 Where all that paffes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-crofs.

Yet fome I know with envy fwell,
 Becaufe they fee me us'd fo well :
 " How think you of our friend the Dean ?
 " I wonder what fome people mean !
 " My lord and he are grown fo great,
 " Always together, *tête-à-tête* ;
 " What ! they admire him for his jokes ?—
 " See but the fortune of fome folks !"

There flies about a ftrange report
 Of fome exprefs arriv'd at court :
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in every ftreet.

" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great ;
 " Inform us, will the Emperor treat ?
 " Or do the prints and papers lye ?"
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

" Ah, Doctor, how you love to jeft !
 " 'Tis now no fecret"—I proteft
 'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
 " When are the troops to have their pay ?"
 And, though I folemnly declare
 I know no more than my lord mayor,
 They ftand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The clofeft mortal ever known.
 Thus in a fea of folly toft,
 My choicelt hours of life are loft ;
 Yet always wifhing to retreat,
 Oh, could I fee my country feat !
 There leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or perufe fome ancient book ;
 And there in fweet oblivion drown
 Thofe cares that haunt the court and town.

§ 33. *A True and Faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor ; upon lending his Houfe to the Bifhop of Meath, till his Palace was re-built.*

AN oaken, broken elbow-chair ;
 A cawdle-cup, without an ear ;
 A batter'd, fhatte'd afh bedftead ;
 A box of deal, without a lid ;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint ;
 A back-fword poker, without point ;
 A pot that's crack'd acrofs, around
 With an old knotted garter bound ;
 An iron lock, without a key ;
 A wig, with hanging quite grown grey ;
 A curtain worn to half a ftripe ;
 A pair of bellows, without pipe ;
 A difh which might good meat afford once ;
 An Ovid, and an old Concordance ;
 A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
 One is for meal, and one for water :
 There likewise is a copper skillet,
 Which runs as faft out as you fill it ;
 A candleftick, fuff-difh, and fave-all :
 And thus his houfhould-goods you have all,
 Thefe to your Lordfhip, as a friend,
 Till you have built, I freely lend ;
 They'll ferve your Lordfhip for a fhift ;
 Why not, as well as Doctor Swift ?

§ 34. *An Elegy on the Death of Demar, the Ufurer ; who died the fixth of July, 1720.*

KNOW all men by thefe presents, Death the
 tamer
 By mortgage hath secur'd the corpf of Demar ;
 Nor can four hundred thoufand fterling pound
 Redeem him from his prifon under ground.
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth poffefs'd
 Beftow to bury him one iron cheft.
 Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
 His faithful iteward in the fhades below. [cloak]
 He walk'd the ftreets, and wore a threadbare
 He din'd and fup'd at charge of other folk ;
 And by his looks, had he held out his palm
 He might be thought an object fit for alms.
 So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
 He us'd them full as kindly as himfelf.

Where'er he went, he never saw his betters ;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors ;

And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom
In half a minute is not worth a groat, [bought,
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern* ! thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend :
He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot ; [shot.

The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize ;

“ † But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death
“ in spight [light ;

“ Cast in his dart, which made three moidores

“ And, as he saw his darling money fail,

“ Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale.”

He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cry'd down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow ;

Alas, the sexton is thy banker now !

A dismal banker must that banker be,

Who gives no bills but of mortality.

§ 35. *Epitaph on a Miser.*

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies

Demar, the wealthy and the wise.

His heirs, that he might safely rest,

Have put his carcase in a chest ;

The very chest in which, they say,

His other self, his money, lay.

And, if his heirs continue kind

To that dear self he left behind,

I dare believe that four in five

Will think his better half alive.

§ 36. *To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount ; upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift.*

YOU always are making a God of your spouse ;

But this neither reason nor conscience allows :

Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,

And you adore him, because he adores you.

Your argument's weak, and so you will find ;

For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

§ 37. *Dr. Delany's Villa.*

WOULD you that Delville I describe ?

Believe me, Sir, I will not jibe :

For who would be satirical

Upon a thing so very small ?

You scarce upon the borders enter,

Before you're at the very centre.

A single crow can make it night,

When o'er your farm she takes her flight :

Yet, in this narrow compass, we

Observe a vast variety ;

Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,

Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,

And hills and dales, and woods and fields,

And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields ;

All to your haggard brought so cheap in,

Without the mowing or the reaping :

A razor, though to say 't I'm loth,

Would shave you and your meadows both.

Though small's the farm, yet here's a house

Full large to entertain a mouse ;

But where a rat is dreaded more

Than savage Caledonian boar ;

For, if it's enter'd by a rat,

There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal

Down through a thing you call a vale,

Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,

Like rain along a blade of leek ;

And this you call your sweet meander,

Which might be suck'd up by a gander,

Could he but force his nether bill

To scoop the channel of the rill.

For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,

Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,

Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in ;

And round this garden is a walk,

No longer than a taylor's chalk ;

Thus I compare what space is in it,

A snail creeps round it in a minute.

One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze

Up through a tuft you call your trees :

And, once a year, a single rose

Peeps from the bud, but never blows ;

In vain then you expect its bloom !

It cannot blow, for want of room.

In short, in all your boasted feat,

There's nothing but yourself that's great.

§ 38. *Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan. 1723.*

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since
my mother bound my head !

You a gentleman ! marry come up ! I wonder
where you were bred. [cloth ;

I'm sure such words do not become a man of your

I would not give such language to a dog, faith
and troth. [Sheridan ! 'tis a shame

Yes, you call'd my master a knave : fie, Mr.

For a parson, who should know better things, to
come out with such a name.

Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan ! 'tis both a

shame and a sin ; [you and all your kin :

And the Dean my master is an honest man than

He has more goodness in his little finger, than
you have in your whole body :

My master is a parsonable man, and not a spin-

dle-shank'd hoddy-doddy. [an excuse,

And now, whereby I find you would fain make

Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you
goose ;

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.

† These four lines were written by Stella.
Which,

Which, and I am sure I have been his servant
four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart,
drunk or sober: [to my knowledge,
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd
Though you and your come-rogues keep him
out so late in your college. [t'ian eat grafs!
You say you will eat grafs on his grave: a chris-
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
or an ass: [should die before ye;
But that's as much as to say, that my master
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't
believe that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell
my master; what care I? [Mary.
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and
shame the devil; [should be civil.
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one
day that you was here; [the year.
I remember it was on a Tuesday of all days in
And Saunders the man says you are always jest-
ing and mocking: [master's stocking;)
Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
the school— [makes him a fool.
I thought my master a wise man, but that man
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of
ale [pin a dish-clout to his tail.
He would come into our kitchen, and I would
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct
this letter; [get, she writes better.
For I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister Mar-
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before
my master comes from prayers;
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him com-
ing up stairs; [could write written hand:
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
command, MARY.

§ 39. *Riddles, by Dr. Swift and his Friends,
written in or about the Year 1724.*
On a Pen.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stript me to the skin:
My skin he slay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:

To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust,
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not shew his reading.
Nay; man, my master, is my slave:
I give command to kill or save,
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

On Gold.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gawdy livery drest!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods delight.
Soon would their altars flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

On a Corkscrew.

THOUGH I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free,
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight,
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In scarlet some, and some in white:
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass:
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out:
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they open every heart.
A greater chemist none than I,
Who from materials hard and dry
Have taught men to extract with skill
More precious juice than from a still.
Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not ashamed to show my face.

Though

Though at the tables of the great
I near the side-board take my seat;
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand;
And often takes me by the hand.

I twice a day a hunting go;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
And, when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

On a Circle.

I'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out.
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

On Ink.

I AM jet-black, as you may see,
The son of pitch, and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
I'm dead except I live in light.
Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.
My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the street,
And so apply'd to different use.
Most wondrous is my magic power:
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.
Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings:
And fairly shew a reason, why
There should be quarrels among kings.
And, after all, you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And shew where they can best confute.
Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very souls away.

On the Five Senses.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind:
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one title of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,

Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our master; we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.

If wine's bought, or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

On an Echo.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow,
I can bark, or I can low,
I can bleat, or I can sing,
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear;
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date,
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

On a Shadow in a Glass.

BY something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same—but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.

All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost :
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like theameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air ;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone ;
All things on earth I imitate,
Falter than nature can create ;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggars rags appear ;
A giant now, and strait an elf,
I'm every one, but ne'er myself ;
Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice ;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die,
Then pr'ythee tell me what am I.

On Time.

EVER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

On the Vowels.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features.
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T' other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within,
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

On Snow.

FROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can shew such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark, when you squeeze me together,
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another, [ther.
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mo-

On a Cannon.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd,
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead ;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;
The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

§ 40. *To Quilca, a Country-House of Dr. Sheridan, in no very good Repair. 1725.*

LET me thy properties explain :
A rotten cabin dropping rain ;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke ;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
In vain we make poor Sheelah* toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess's Want in triumph reigns :
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

§ 41. *The grand Question debated; Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-House. 1729.*

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight† full of care,

“ Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.

“ This Hamilton's bawn‡, whilst it sticks on
“ my hand,

“ I lose by the house what I get by the land ;

“ But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,

“ For a barrack§ or malt-house, we now must
“ consider.

“ First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,

“ Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us ;

“ There's nine hundred pounds for labour and
“ grain,

“ I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain ;

“ A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,

“ Three dishes a day, and three hog'sheads a year ;

“ With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be
“ stor'd ;

“ No little scrub joint shall come on my board ;

“ And you and the Dean no more shall combine

“ To stint me at night to one bottle of wine ;

“ Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to
“ purloin

“ A stone and a quarter of beef from my furloin.

“ If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant ;

“ My dear I have ponder'd again and again on't :

“ In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,

“ Whatever they give me, I must be content,

“ Or join with the court in every debate ;

“ And rather than that, I would lose my estate.”

Thus ended the Knight : thus began his meek

“ It must, and it shall be barrack, my life. [wife :

“ I'm grown a mere mopus ; no company comes,

“ But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull Rums||,

“ With parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?

“ I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.

“ But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,

“ The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here ;

“ I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,

“ For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe,

“ Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,

“ Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so
“ pert ;

* The name of an Irish servant, † Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written. ‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat, over the whole kingdom, called barracks.

§ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings || A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. “ That

- " That men of his coat should be minding their
" prayers, [airs.]
- " And not among ladies to give themselves
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was
And could not endure so vulgar a taste, [pall,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cry'd, " Madam, why surely my master's posselt.
" Sir Arthur the maltiter! how fine it will found!
" I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
" But, madam, I guess'd there would never
" come good, [Wood.
" When I saw him so often with Darby † and
" And now my dream's out; for I was a-
" dream'd [scream'd!
" That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I
" And after, methought, I had lost my new
" shoes; [news.
" And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill
" Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
" You might have a barrack whenever you please:
" And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
" That for twenty denials you would not give
" If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*, [out.
" Till he gave me my will, I would give him
" no rest; [sheets
" And, rather than come in the same pair of
" With such a cross man, I would lie in the
" streets:
- " But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
" And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
" Dear madam, when'er of a barrack I think,
" An' I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
" For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
" I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
" I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
" At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
" Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
" And waits on the Captain betimes the next
" morning. [behave;
" Now see, when they meet, how their Honours
" Noble Captain, your servant"—" Sir Arthur,
" your slave; [mine"—
" You honour me much"—" The honour is
" 'Twas a sad rainy night"—" But the morn-
" ing is fine. [your service."
" Pray how does my Lady?"—" My wife's at
" I think I have seen her picture by Jervas."—
" Good-morrow, good Captain. I'll wait on
" you down. [clown:
" You sha'nt stir a foot"—" You'll think me a
" For all the world, Captain"—" Not half an
" inch farther."— [Arthur!
" You must be obey'd!"—" Your servant, Sir
" My humble respects to my Lady unknown."—
" I hope you will use my house as your own."
" Go bring me my smock, and leave off your
" prate,
" Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
" Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
" You had like to have put it quite out of my
" head.
- " Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come,
" At the head of his troops, with trumpet and
" drum. [state:
" Now, madam, observe how he marches in
" The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
" Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
" Tantara, tantara; while all the boys halloo.
" See now comes the Captain, all daub'd with
" gold lace:
" O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
" And see how he rides, like a lord of the land,
" With the fine flaming sword that he holds in
" his hand; [rears;
" And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and
" With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
" At last comes the troop, by the word of com-
" mand, [cries, STAND!
" Drawn up in our court; when the Captain
" Your Ladyship lifts up the fash to be seen,
" (For sure I had *disen'd* you out like a queen.)
" The Captain, to shew he is proud of the fa-
" vour, [beaver
" Looks up to your window, and cocks up his
" (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark
" that,
" For a Captain of horse never takes off his hat,
" Because he has never a hand that is idle;
" For the right holds the sword, and the left
" holds the bridle).
" Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
" As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
" (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath
" spilt!) [the hilt.
" Then he lowers down the point, and kisses
" Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin;
" Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk
" in. [found,
" The Captain salutes you with congee pro-
" And your Ladyship curtsies half way to the
" ground. [to us,
" Kit, run to your master, and bid him come
" I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us.
" And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
" And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
" You're heartily welcome: but as for good
" cheer,
" You come in the very worst time of the year;
" If I had expected so worthy a guest—"
" Lord! madam! your Ladyship sure is in jest:
" You banter me, madam, the kingdom must
" grant—"
" You officers, Captain, are so complaisant!"
" Hift, huffy, I think I hear somebody
" coming—"
" No, madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
" To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
" The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
" The Dean and the Doctor † have humbled
" their pride,
" For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side;
" And, because he's their betters, you carve for
" him first;
" The Parsons for envy are ready to burst,

* My lady's waiting-woman.

† Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

‡ Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

" The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
 " To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
 " And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
 " To peep at the Captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
 " Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
 " Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue
 " ran; [give,
 " And, madam, says he, if such dinners you
 " You'll ne'er want for Parsons as long as you
 " live.

" I ne'er knew a Parson without a good nose;
 " But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
 " G—d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
 " But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent:
 " Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm
 " afraid

" You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
 " I wish she would lend you her pretty white
 " hand [band

" In mending your cassock, and smoothing your
 " (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like
 " a ninny, [Jinny).

" That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to
 " Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 " A hundred to one but it covers a clown.

" Observe how a Parson comes into a room;
 " G—d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom:
 " A scollard, when just from his college broke
 " Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose: [loose;

" Your * *Noveds*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs*,
 " and stuff,

" By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
 " To give a young gentleman right education,
 " The army's the only good school in the nation:

" My school-master call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 " But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
 " I never could take to my book for the blood
 " o' me, [o' me.

" And the puppy confess'd he expected no good
 " He caught me one morning coquetting his
 " wife, [my life:

" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in
 " So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
 " The first man I robb'd was a Parson, by G—.

" Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing
 " to say, [day."
 " But the sight of a book makes me sick to this
 " wit, [split.

" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should
 " So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the
 " Dean, [lean?

" As who shou'd say, *Now, am I † skinny* and
 " But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 " And the Doctor was plaguily down in the
 " hips."

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the Dean call, " Will your Lady-
 " ship walk?" [down:"

Her Ladyship answers, " I'm just coming
 Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, " Hussy, why sure the wench is gone
 " mad!

Her Ladyship answers, " I'm just coming
 Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, " Hussy, why sure the wench is gone
 " mad!

Her Ladyship answers, " I'm just coming
 Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, " Hussy, why sure the wench is gone
 " mad!

" How could these chimeras get into your
 " brains?— [pains.

" Come hither, and take this old gown for your
 " But the Dean, if this secret should come to
 " his ears, [jeers:

" Will never have done with his jibes and his
 " For your life, not a word of the matter, I
 " charge ye:

" Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

§ 42. *On the Death of Dr. Swift. Occasioned
 by reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault,*

" *Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs
 " amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose
 " qui ne nous déplait pas.*

" In the adversity of our best friends, we always find
 " something that doth not displease us."

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
 From nature, I believe them true;
 They argue no corrupted mind
 In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
 Is thought too base for human breast:
 " In all distresses of our friends,
 " We first consult our private ends;

" While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 " Points out some circumstance to please us."
 If this perhaps your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
 Our equals rais'd above our size.
 Who would not at a crowded show
 Stand high himself, keep others low?

I love my friend as well as you:
 But why should he obstruct my view?
 Then let me have the higher post;
 Suppose it but an inch at most.

If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won;

Rather than thus be over-topt,
 Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:

How patiently you hear him groan!
 How glad the case is not your own!
 What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he?

But, rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell?
 Her end when emulation misses,
 She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:

The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.
 Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
 Thy various follies who can trace?

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station,
 'Tis all to me an usurpation.

I have no title to aspire;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.

I have no title to aspire;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.

I have no title to aspire;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.

I have no title to aspire;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.

In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine:
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six;
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd at first, and shew'd its use.
 St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose;
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside;
 If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
 I tamely can endure the first:
 But this with envy makes me burst.
 Thus much may serve by way of proem;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
 Must by the course of nature die;
 When, I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends:
 And, though 'tis hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
 "See, how the Dean begins to break!"
 "Poor gentleman, he droops apace!"
 "You plainly find it in his face."
 "That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him, till he's dead."
 "Besides, his memory decays:
 He recollects not what he says;
 He cannot call his friends to mind;
 He forgets the place where last he din'd;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy, we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter:
 In half the time he talks them round,
 There must another set be found.
 "For poetry, he's past his prime:
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
 His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
 'I'd have him throw away his pen;—
 But there's no talking to some men!"
 And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years:
 "He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 And well remembers Charles the Second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.

"His stomach too begins to fail:
 Last year we thought him strong and hale;
 But now he's quite another thing:
 'I wish he may hold out till spring!'
 They hug themselves, and reason thus:
 'It is not yet so bad with us!'
 In such a case, they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend.
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess
 (When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
 Would please them better, than to tell,
 That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
 Then he, who prophesy'd the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest:
 "You know I always fear'd the worst,
 And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather choose that I should die,
 Than his predictions prove a lye.
 Not one foretells I shall recover;
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain;
 How many a message would he send!
 What hearty prayers that I should mend!
 Inquire what regimen I kept;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept!
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the snivelers round my bed.
 My good companions, never fear;
 For though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
 "How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
 Now the departing prayer is read;
 He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.
 Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.
 "Oh! may we all for death prepare!
 What has he left? and who's his heir?
 "I know no more than what the news is;
 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
 To public uses! there's a whim!
 What had the public done for him?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
 He gave it all—but first he dy'd.
 And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd,
 With elegies the town is cloy'd:
 Some paragraph in every paper,
 To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame.
 "We must confess, his case was nice;
 But he would never take advice.
 Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
 He might have liv'd these twenty years:

"For,

"For, when we open'd him, we found,
 "That all his vital parts were found."

From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
 And Lady Suffolk *, in the spleen,
 Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
 The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he shou'd.
 "He's dead, you say; then let him rot;
 "I'm glad the medals † were forgot.
 "I promis'd him, I own; but when?
 "I only was the Princess then:

"But now, as consort of the King,
 "You know, 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
 "Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,"
 Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
 "Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 "And in his place my good friend Will!
 "Or had a mitre on his head,
 "Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters;
 Revive the libels born to die;
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 "I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies:
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those who never pity felt!
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between:
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:
 "The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
 "Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
 "(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
 "Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall:
 "(I wish I knew what king to call.)
 "Madam, your husband will attend
 "The funeral of so good a friend?
 "No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
 "And he's engag'd to-morrow night:

"My Lady Club will take it ill,
 "If he should fail her at quadrille.
 "He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart.)
 "But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 "His time was come; he ran his race;
 "We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past; a different scene!
 No farther mention of the Dean;
 Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
 Departed:—and his works must follow;
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
 "He dy'd a year ago?"—"The same."
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 "Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
 "I sent them, with a load of books,
 "Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
 "To fancy they could live a year!
 "I find you're but a stranger here.
 "The Dean was famous in his time,
 "And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 "His way of writing now is past:
 "The town has got a better taste,
 "I keep no antiquated stuff;
 "But spick and span I have enough.
 "Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em:
 "Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
 "This ode you never yet have seen,
 "By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
 "Then here's a letter finely penn'd
 "Against the Craftsman and his friend:
 "It clearly shews that all reflection
 "On ministers is disaffection.
 "Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
 "And Mr. Henley's last oration.
 "The hawkers have not got them yet:
 "Your Honour please to buy a set?
 "Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
 "Tis read by every politician:
 "The country-members, when in town,
 "To all their boroughs send them down;
 "You never met a thing so smart;
 "The courtiers have them all by heart:
 "Those maids of honour, who can read,
 "Are taught to use them for their creed.
 "The reverend author's good intention
 "Hath been rewarded with a pension ‡:
 "He doth an honour to his gown,
 "By bravely running priest-craft down:
 "He shews, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
 "That Moses was a grand impostor;
 "That all his miracles were cheats,
 "Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
 "The church had never such a writer;
 "A shame he hath not got a mitre!"

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.
 † Which the Dean in vain expected, in
 return for a small present he had sent to the Princess.

‡ Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.
 Suppose

Suppose me dead : and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose ;
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without ;
 One, quite indifferent in the cause,
 My character impartial draws ;
 " The Dean, if we believe report,
 " Was never ill-receiv'd at court.
 " Although, ironically grave,
 " He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave ;
 " To steal a hint was never known,
 " But what he writ was all his own ;"
 " Sir, I have heard another story ;
 " He was a most confounded Tory,
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd,
 " Extremely dull before he dy'd."
 " Can we the Drapier then forget ?
 " Is not our nation in his debt ?
 " 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters !"—
 " He should have left them for his betters ;
 " We had a hundred abler men,
 " Nor need depend upon his pen.—
 " Say what you will about his reading,
 " You never can defend his breeding ;
 " Who, in his satires running riot,
 " Could never leave the world in quiet ;
 " Attacking, when he took the whim,
 " Court, city, camp—all one to him.—
 " But why should he, except he slobber'd,
 " Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
 " Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
 " To save the nation every hour !
 " What scenes of evil he unravels
 " In satires, libels, lying travels ;
 " Not sparing his own clergy cloth,
 " But eats into it, like a moth !"
 " Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 " Had too much satire in his vein,
 " And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 " Because no age could more deserve it.
 " Yet malice never was his aim ;
 " He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
 " No individual could resent,
 " Where thousands equally were meant :
 " His satire points at no defect,
 " But what all mortals may correct ;
 " For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
 " Who call it humour when they jibe :
 " He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
 " Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 " True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 " Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 " Those who their ignorance confess,
 " He ne'er offended with a jest ;
 " But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 " A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 " Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 " Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
 " If you resent it, who's to blame ?
 " He neither knows you, nor your name.
 " Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 " Because its owner is a duke ?

" His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 " Were always of the middling kind ;
 " No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
 " Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
 " Where titles give no right or power,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flower ;
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 " If such a wretch had known his face.
 " On rural 'squires, that kingdom's bane,
 " He vented oft his wrath in vain :
 " ***** squires to market brought ;
 " Who sell their souls and ***** for nought ;
 " The ***** go joyful back,
 " To rob the church, their tenants rack,
 " Go snacks with ***** justices,
 " And keep the peace to pick up fees :
 " In every jobb to have a share,
 " A gaol or turnpike to repair ;
 " And turn ***** to public roads
 " Commodious to their own abodes.
 " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 " Would rather slip aside, and chuse
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 " And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 " So often seen caressing Chartres.
 " He never courted men in station,
 " Nor persons held in admiration ;
 " Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 " Because he sought for no man's aid.
 " Though trusted long in great affairs,
 " He gave himself no haughty airs :
 " Without regarding private ends,
 " Spent all his credit for his friends :
 " And only chose the wise and good ;
 " No flatterers ; no allies in blood :
 " But succour'd virtue in distress,
 " And seldom fail'd of good success ;
 " As numbers in their hearts must own,
 " Who, but for him, had been unknown.
 " He kept with princes due decorum ;
 " Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 " He follow'd David's lesson just ;
 " In princes never put his trust :
 " And, would you make him truly sour,
 " Provoke him with a slave in power.
 " The Irish senate if you nam'd,
 " With what impatience he declaim'd !
 " Fair LIBERTY was all his cry ;
 " For her he stood prepar'd to die ;
 " For her he boldly stood alone ;
 " For her he oft expos'd his own.
 " Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 " Had set a price upon his head ;
 " But not a traitor could be found,
 " To sell him for six hundred pound.
 " Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 " He might have rose like other men :
 " But power was never in his thought,
 " And wealth he valu'd not a groat :
 " Ingratitude he often found,
 " And pity'd those who meant the wound :
 " But kept the tenor of his mind,
 " To merit well of human-kind :

" Nor made a sacrifice of those
 " Who still were true, to please his foes.
 " He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 " To reconcile his friends in power;
 " Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 " While they pursu'd each other's ruin.
 " But, finding vain was all his care,
 " He left the court in mere despair.
 " And, oh! how short are human schemes!
 " Here ended all our golden dreams.
 " What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 " What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 " To save their sinking country lent,
 " Was all destroy'd by one event.
 " Too soon that precious life was ended,
 " On which alone our weal depended.
 " When up a dangerous faction starts,
 " With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
 " By solemn league and covenant bound,
 " To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
 " To turn religion to a fable,
 " And make the government a Babel;
 " Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 " Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
 " To sacrifice Old England's glory,
 " And make her infamous in story:
 " When such a tempest shook the land,
 " How could unguarded Virtue stand!
 " With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
 " Beheld the dire destructive scene:
 " His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 " Himself within the frown of power;
 " Pursued by base-invenom'd pens,
 " Far to the land of s— and fens;
 " A servile race in folly nurs'd,
 " Who truckle most, when treated worst.
 " By innocence and resolution,
 " He bore continual persecution;
 " While numbers to preferment rose,
 " Whose merit was to be his foes;
 " When ev'n his own familiar friends,
 " Intent upon their private ends,
 " Like renegadoes now he feels,
 " Against him lifting up their feels.
 " The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 " An infamous destructive cheat;
 " Taught fools their interest how to know,
 " And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 " Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
 " To save that hapless land from ruin;
 " While they who at the steerage stood,
 " And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
 " To save them from their evil fate,
 " In him was held a crime of state.
 " A wicked monster on the bench,
 " Whose fury blood could never quench;
 " As vile and profligate a villain,
 " As modern Scroggs, or old Treffilian;
 " Who long all justice had discarded,
 " Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;

" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 " And make him of his zeal repent:
 " But Heaven his innocence defends,
 " The grateful people stand his friends;
 " Not strains of law, nor judges frown,
 " Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 " Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict.
 " In exile, with a steady heart,
 " He spent his life's declining part;
 " Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 " Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
 " Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
 " Was to be held a misanthrope,
 " This into general odium drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, much good may 't do him;
 " His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 " But discontent against the times:
 " For, had we made him timely offers
 " To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other brethren of his gown;
 " For party he would scarce have bled:—
 " I say no more—because he's dead.—
 " What writings has he left behind?"
 " I hear they're of a different kind:
 " A few in verse; but most in prose—"
 " Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:—
 " All scribbled in the worst of times,
 " To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
 " To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
 " As never favouring the Pretender:
 " Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the court to shew his spite:
 " Perhaps his travels, part the third;
 " A lye at every second word—
 " Offensive to a loyal ear:
 " But—not one sermon, you may swear."
 " He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
 " With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
 " Was chearful to his dying day;
 " And friends would let him have his way:
 " As for his works in verse or prose,
 " I own myself no judge of those.
 " Nor can I tell what critics thought them,
 " But this I know, all people bought them.
 " As with a moral view design'd,
 " To please and to reform mankind:
 " And, if he often mis'd his aim,
 " The world must own it to their shame,
 " The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
 " He gave the little wealth he had
 " To build a house for fools and mad;
 " To shew, by one satiric touch,
 " No nation wanted it so much.
 " That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 " I wish it soon may have a better.
 " And, since you dread no farther lashes,
 " Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND OTHER LITTLE PIECES.

By Dr. YOUNG.

AS in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

*Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation
of Homer, 1714.*

OTHOU, who with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise;
Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungriving
If Britain his translated song wou'd hear, [age:
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid,—tho' late; and paid to Thee.

*Under the Print of Tom Britton, the musical
Small-coal Man.*

THO' mean thy rank, yet, in thy humble cell,
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell:
Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain:
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a lib'ral mind.

TH' inspiring muses, and the god of love,
Which most shou'd grace the fair Melinda
strove;

Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
The muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Tho' Greece in shining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
The antients thought no single goddess fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a sep'rate claim; 'till now we find
The diff'rent titles in Melinda join'd.

AN Opera, like a pill'ry, may be said
To nail our Ears down, but expose our Head.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an ideot; but she eats in plate.

*To the Hon. Mrs. Percival, with Hutcheson's
Treatise on Beauty and Order. GRIERSON.*

TH' internal senses painted here we see:
They're born in others, but they live in thee.
O were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues of thy breast;
His needless labours with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,
Like Samson, I my thousands slay:
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

On God's Omnipotence.

WHEN Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pur-
su'd,
In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood;
When thro' the dreary wastes they took their way,
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea!
What limits can th' almighty goodness know,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

Similis simili gaudet.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty, not her
own,

Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had;
Ye Gods! she cries, in ecstacy of heart,
How near can nature be express'd by art!
Well! it is wond'rous like!—nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip,—the killing eye!

Blunt and severe, as Manly in the play,
Downright replies—Like, Madam, do you say!
The picture bears this likeness, it is true,
The canvas painted is, and so are you.

MY sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Oft tells me,—Billy, I shall die:
I griev'd, but recollected strait
'Tis bootless—to contend with fate:
So resignation to Heav'n's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill;
'Twas well it did, for, on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will—to spare my wife.

AS Sh—— at Temple was taking a boat,
The watermen ask'd him which way he
wou'd float; [with the stream:
Which way! (says the Doctor) why, fool,
To Paul's, or to Lambeth—'twas all one to him.

*On a Prelate's going out of Church in Time of
Divine Service, to wait on the Lord Lieute-
nant of Ireland.*

LORD Pam in the church (could you think
it) kneel'd down:
When told that the Duke was just come to town,
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God, to attend on his Grace:
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no share in his lordship's pro-
motion.

AHum'rous fellow in a tavern late, [pate;
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken
The surgeon, with his instruments and skill,
Searches his skull, deeper, and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, Good surgeon, spare your pains,
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

BY fav'ring wit, Mæcenas purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
At once the patron, and the poet too.

On an eminent Modern Preacher.

POLLIO must needs to penitence excite;
For, see, his scarf is rich, and gloves are white;
Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd,
With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd!
No stubborn sinner able to withstand
The force and reas'ning of his wig and hand:
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that laugh, than fifty who repent:
On moral duties, when his tongue refines,
Tully and Plato are his best divines; [small;
What Matthew says, or Mark, the proof but
What Locke or Clarke asserts—good scripture
all: [raign,
Touch'd with each weakness which he does ar-
With vanity, he talks against the vain;
With ostentation, does to meekness guide,
Proud of his periods levell'd against pride;
Ambitiously the love of glory flights, [writes.
And damns the love of fame—for which he

THE Latin word for cold, one ask'd his friend;
It is, said he—'tis at my finger's end.

The World.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, tho' divinely penn'd,
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.

On the Battle of the Books.

SWIFT for the antients has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent, from thence, that the moderns
excel.

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the great-
est state;

The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet wou'd not his vaunts abate;
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding fees;
Aye, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

From the Latin.

UNHAPPY, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse
attend,
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

The Humourist. Imitated from Martial.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about
thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

A Haughty courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets;
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit;
The scholar said, I do; and gave him it.

THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd
his friend: [depend;
Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt,
wou'd free him: [see him.
—His word he kept—in want he ne'er wou'd

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the
more.

To Henry Purcel.

TO you a tribute from each muse is due;
The whole poetic tribe's oblig'd to you
For surely none but you, with equal ease,
Cou'd add to David, and make D'Urfey please.

*On the Offering made by King James I. at a
grave Comedy, called The Marriage of Arts.*

AT Chritt-Church Marriage, play'd before
the king,
Lest these learn'd mates should want an offering
The king himself did offer—what, I pray?
He offer'd, twice or thrice, to go away.

*A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady,
who sent him her Compliments on the Ten
of Hearts.*

YOUR Compliments, Lady, I pray you, for-
bear,
Our old English Service is much more sincere;
You sent me ten Hearts; the tythe only is mine;
Give me but one Heart, you may burn t'other
nine.

By Dr. DONNE.

I Am unable, yonder Beggar cries,
To stand or go; if he says true, he lies.

MOORE always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he
And yet in this no vanity is shewn; [writes;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

FRIEND, in your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

*To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the Author
a Benefit Night.* DENNIS.

REflecting on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her Blossoms, various as thy muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.

Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter — But that no semblance takes from thee;
That hoary Season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by Time's bleak storms I with'ring lay,
Leafless, and whit'ning in a cold decay!
Yet shall my people's ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

The Fan. ATTERBURY.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead.

HACKETT.

MEAD's not dead then, you say; only sleep-
ing a little;
Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off there to a tittle:
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt,
—Pluto knows who he's got, and will ne'er let
him out.

To Mr. Pope.

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:
While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times tho' many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.
But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame:
When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee:
That day, (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.

British Oeconomy.

IN merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet.

*Found stuck on the Statue of the Moor, which
supports the Sun Dial in Clement's-Inn.*

IN vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear,
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

By HACKETT.

WHEN Jack was poor, the lad was frank and
free;
Of late he's grown brim-full of pride and pelf;
You wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

By PRIOR.

TO John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

*On the Burser of St. John's College in Oxford
cutting down a fine Row of Trees.*

INDULGENT nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes:
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox; [rocks:
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from
A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

Good Music, and bad Dancers. BUDGELL.

HOW ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus play'd, and like them danc'd
the brutes.

YE little wits that gleam'd a while,
While Pope vouchsaf'd a ray;
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!
To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each tends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.
Alas! these skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn;
Weep, weep, and fall: For earth ye were,
And must to earth return.

Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book. LANSDOWNE.

IN vain, Clarinda, night and day,
For mercy to the Gods you pray;
What arrogance, on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

SO much, my Pope; thy English *Iliad* charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after-ages shall with wonder seek,
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

By HARRINGTON.

THE golden hair that Galla wears,
Is her's: who won'd ha' thought it?
She swears, 'tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper.

WALLER.

FAIR hand, that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white,
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like tracks of leverets in morning snow:
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.

Strange,

Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil !
For tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake:
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus cou'd make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion, and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd :
Your works are read wherever there are men ;
So far the scissars goes beyond the pen.

By PRIOR.

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st it to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

A Cure for Poetry.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Thro' which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

On some Snow which melted in a Lady's Breast.

THE envious snow comes down in haste
To prove thy breast less fair ;
But grieves to see itself surpast,
And melts into a tear.

The French Poets.

WHEN old Elijah, as the scriptures say,
Triumphant mounted to the realms of day,
His spirit doubled, and his cloak beside,
He gave Elitha, by long service try'd.
Tristan from hence would fain example take
For honest Quinault, his disciple's sake :
But this, alas ! injurious fate deny'd,
For Tristan poorer than a prophet dy'd.
To Quinault thus the bard expiring spoke,
" My wit I leave thee—But I have no cloak."

ON Grace, Free-will, and Mystrics high,
Two wits harangu'd the table ;
B—ly believes he knows not why,
N—sh swears 'tis all a fable.
Peace, ideots, peace ! and both agree,
N—sh kifs thy empty brother ;
Religion laughs at foes like thee,
But dreads a friend like t'other.

POX on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

Dr. Aldrich's five Reasons for Drinking.

GOOD wine ; a friend ; or, being dry ;
Or, lest we should be by and by ;
Or, any other reason why.

By WALLER.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Saccarissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain :
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy ;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use ;

All but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song :
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unfought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

By PRIOR.

ON his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair :
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A different cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give ;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II.
ROCHESTER.

HERE lies the mutton-eating King,
Whose word no man relies on ;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wife one.

THAT little patch upon your face
Wou'd seem a foil on one less fair ;
On you it hides a killing grace ;
And you in pity plac'd it there.

By PRIOR.

AS afternoon one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river ;
Cupid a shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.
With skill he chose his sharpest dart ;
With all his might his bow he drew :
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.
I faint ! I die ! the goddess cry'd :
Oh cruel ! couldst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on ? Parricide !
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak ;
Indeed, Mama, I did not know ye :
Alas ! how easy my mistake !
I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

From the Greek. PRIOR.

VENUS, take my votive glass :
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see !

Written on a Glass, by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.

ACCEPT a miracle, instead of wit ;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

On Lady Manchester.

ADDISON.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
And with unusual blushes glow'd.

Suicide.

Dr. SEWEL.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

By BANKS.

YOUNG Courtly takes me for a dunce;
For all night long I spoke not once;
On better grounds I think him such:
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

By POPE.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labours end,
And thou shalt live—for Buckingham
commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless
pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

MISTAKEN nature here has join'd
A brauteous face, and ugly mind;
In vain the faultless features strike,
When soul and body are unlike:
Pity that snowy breast should hide
Deceit, and avarice, and pride.
So in rich jars, from China brought,
With glowing colours gaily wrought,
Oft-times the subtle spider dwells,
With secret venom bloated swells,
Weaves all his fatal nets within,
As unsuspected, as unseen.

By WALLER.

WERE men so dull they cou'd not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee
Like simple birds into a net,
So grossly woven and ill-set;
Her own teeth wou'd undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
These teeth my Lyce must not show,
If she wou'd bite: her lovers, though
Like birds, they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shews 'tis a painted sepulchre.

To Mr. Pope.

DEPEND not upon verse for fame,
Tho' none can equal thine;
Our language never rests the same,
'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.
Thy wreaths, in course of fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decay'd:
But story lasts, tho' modern flow'rs
Of poetry must fade.
A surer way then wouldst thou find,
Thy glory to prolong,
Whilst there remains amongst mankind
The sense of right and wrong?
Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bentley was thy foe.

By Lord HERVEY.

POSSESS'D of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat:
How well you build, let flatt'ry tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

*Written in a Window of the Tower, over the
Name of R. Walpole, confined in the same Room
An. Dom. 1712.* LANSDOWNE.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen, [scene:
Appears by turns, as Fortune shifts the
Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down again;
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

The Manchester Millers, named Bone and Skin. BYRON.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it,
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That flesh and blood can't bear it,

By Sir G. LYTTTELTON.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest
fair,
But love can hope where reason wou'd despair,

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two different pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles, while it wounds.

The Difference between the Ancients and Moderns.

SOME for the ancients zealously declare,
Others our modern wits are fools, aver:
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told,
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old,

To Mr. Pope, on his Epitaph on Mr. Gay. Lord ORRERY.

ENTOMB'D with kings tho' Gay's cold
ashes lie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.
Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
A destiny more glorious who can hope?
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by Pope.

On the Queen's Grotto at Richmond.

LEWIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head;
Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads which cannot eat.

HEARD

I HEARD last week, friend Edward, thou
wast dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cries Ned.

FRIEND Isaac, 'tis strange you that live so
near Bray,
Shou'd not set up the sign of the Vicar;
Tho' it may be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must needs be a sign of good liquor.

Answer.

INDEED, Master Poet, your reason's but poor,
For the Vicar would think it a sin,
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign 'twas bad liquor therein.

By a Porter; on the Gin-Act. To a great Man.

WHY will you make us coolly think?
If you would govern, we must drink.

Giles Jolt.

GILES Jolt as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilf'ners stole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? Odf-
dickins! what!
Why how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart;
If not—odfbuddikens I've found a cart.

To Zoilus. JOSIAH RELPH.

WITH industry I spread your praise,
With equal, you my censure blaze;
But, faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

Milton. DRYDEN.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature cou'd no farther go;
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

*On the Duchess of Marlborough's Offer of 500l.
for the best Poem on the Duke's Actions.*

FIVE hundred pounds! too small a boon
To put the poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her;
Shou'd she attempt th' heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce wou'd buy the paper.

Scotland. CLEVELAND.

HAD Cain been a Scot God wou'd have al-
ter'd his doom, [home.
Nor forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him at

By PRIOR.

THUS to the muses spoke the Cyprian Dame;
Adorn my altars, and revere my name:

My son shall else assume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow! my girls, have at your
hearts.

The muses answer'd,—Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
On the instructive verse and moral book;
On female idleness his pow'r relies,
But when he finds us studying hard he flies.

By A. HILL.

WHEN Christ, at Cana's feast, by pow'r
divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cry'd they, while in red'ning tide it gush'd,
The bathful stream hath seen its God, and blush'd.

By AARON HILL.

TENDER-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains:
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures;
Use 'em kindly, they rebel:
But, be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

*Upon the Busts of the English Worthies at
Stow. Mr. N—T.*

AMONG these chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not Cobham's bust a place?
—The structure was his own.

By POPE.

GREAT Villers' fate sage Cutler cou'd fore-
see, [me."
And well he thought advis'd him—"Live like
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir
John!"
"That I can do, when all I have is gone,"

The Giant angling.

HIS angle rod made of a sturdy oak, [broke,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

LYE on! while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

*On Marc Angelo's famous Piece of the Cruci-
fixion, who slabb'd a Person, that he might
do it more naturally. Dr. YOUNG.*

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies:
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;

He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats the blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh! glorious theft! O! nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wond'rous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat. HARRISON.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives expir'd?
What sounds so moving as her own, can tell
How Tabby dy'd, how full of play she fell!
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

A Receipt for Courtship. SWIFT.

TWO or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, given as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, you disguise
With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleas'd the less your face we
Yet I advise, since my advice you ask, [view:
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

Inscription for a Bust of Lady Suffolk, in a Wood.

HER wit and beauty for a court was made,
Her truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

By Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.

WHILST thirft of praise and vain desire of
In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim; [fame,
With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,
In part she is to blame that has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels; while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Enslam'd her senate, and upheld her laws,
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And giv'n the just success to Cato's sword.

O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the muse triumph'd, where the patriot fail'd.

TOM's coach and six!—Whither in such haste
going?

But a short journey.—To his own undoing.

Jealousy.

TO Bedlam with him: is he found in mind,
Who still is seeking what he wou'd not find?

By LEONARD WELSTEAD,

I OWE, says Thomas, much to Peter's care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir:
True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their
rise;
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

By Dr. KENRICK,

THE great, good man, whom Fortune will
displace,
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane,
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wise and good,
And prostrate seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,
They lose their height, but keep their reverence;
The pious crowd the piles tho' fall'n deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
G. STEPNEY.

THE gods and Cato did in this divide—
They chose the conqu'ring, he the con-
quer'd side.

By Dean SWIFT.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

A Flower by Varelst. PRIOR.

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said;
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

By Sir SAM. GARTH.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights:
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales:
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn:
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers:
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Malbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

By AARON HILL.

HOW is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
Alas! how different, to pretend and know!
Like

Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud:
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud,
While like some nobler stream, true knowledge
glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

The Royal Knotter. Sir CH. SEDLEY.

AH! happy people, ye must thrive,
Whilst thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory;
While he, by 's valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread-fringes for ye.
Blest we! who from such queens are freed,
Who by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads:
But here's a queen now, thanks to God,
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.
Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,
And when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound:
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
Tho't cost the nation scarce a groat,
Thy conquests will surround.

What's Honour?

NOT to be captious: not unjustly fight:
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do
what's right.

JACK his own merit sees. This gives him
pride,
That he sees more than all the world beside.

By Prior.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool:
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

Dean Swift's Curate.

MARCH'D three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to great St Mary;
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipt two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
Which thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious fun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run;
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit;
What mortal else cou'd e'er go through it?

The Miser's Feast.

HIS chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd; and cry out
fire.

*On Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting, for the Author,
the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules.*

POPE.

WHAT God, what genius did the pencil move
When Kneller painted these? [love,
'Twas friendship—warm as Phoebus, kind as
And strong as Hercules.

The Duke of Ch—s. SWIFT.

JAMES B—s was the Dean's familiar
friend; [end:
James grows a Duke; their friendship here must
Surely the Dean deserves a fore rebuke,
From knowing James, to say, he knows a duke.

The Doctor and the Patient.

SLEPT you well? "Very well." My draught
did good.
"It did no harm: for yonder it hath stood."

Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's Death.

THOMSON.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

*To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Strad-
dishall, in Suffolk.*

THOMSON.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou canst not
fall;

Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife; [life:
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate;
High bliss is only for a higher state.

The Power of Time. SWIFT.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock, said a Welch divine,
Is out at elbows, why shou'd I repine?

*On the Publication of Mrs. Rowe's Poems, since
her Death.*

THUS Philomela sung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the rising soul re-
strain'd;
Now the freed spirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in strains more soft, more
strong;—
There only cou'd she learn a loftier song.

By

By Lord LANSDOWNE.

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes, that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be;
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee.

By PRIOR.

WHEN Topewell thought fit from the world
to retreat,
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat:
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon reply'd,
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you
dy'd.

BRUTUS unmov'd heard how his Porcia fell.
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as
well.

By Dean SWIFT.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

*On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephalus
and Procris, with this Motto, "Aura veni."*

POPE.

COME, gentle air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the sacred shade;
Come, yentle air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray!
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play;
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall, by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she
She views the story with attentive eyes, [gives:
And pities Procris while her lover dies.

ONE day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances shou'd
Be like a jelly-bag.
Your smile, I own, is new,
But how wilt make it out? says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend:
Make it at top both wide, and fit
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end.

By Mrs. BARBER.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
Unnumber'd hearts surprise;

In Stella's soul lies all her pow'r,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.
Stella like Britain's monarch reigns
O'er cultivated sands;
Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store:
Each day that makes thy charms decrease
Will give to Stella more.

To Mr. Pope, on his Dunciad.

THE raven, rook, and pert jackdaw,
Tho' neither birds of moral kind,
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind.
Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.
With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive,
One potent drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead.

TREASON does never prosper: what's the
reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

CURIO's rich side-board seldom sees the light,
Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright;
His knives and forks, all rang'd in even rows,
No hand molests, no servants discompose;
A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
For ever still; whose flyers—never fly:
His plates unsoiled, shining on the shelf;
For Curio dresses nothing but himself.

On a Bee stifted in Honey.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the blest busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is in the sweets she hoards to die.
'Tis thus, wou'd man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taste wisely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

On Mr. Pope's Death.

ARISE, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For, lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

By Dr. SWIFT.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
squabble, [the rabble;
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and
Then ventur'd to give some wholesome advice;
But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,

To

Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warn-
ing, [ing.
That he sent to all three a challenge next morn-
He fought with all three; thrice ventur'd his life;
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by
his wife.

On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey.
S. WESTLEY.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch! was yet
alive,

No gen'rous patron wou'd a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumentai bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

*Inscription for a Fountain adorned with Queen
Anne's and the Duke of Marlborough's Statues,
and the chief Rivers of the World round the
Work.*
PRIOR.

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes, and farthest nations
know, [taught,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been
How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro'
fought.

By W. CONGREVE.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her bright eyes,
With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfill;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

LET Blackmore still, in good king Arthur's
vein,
To Fleckno's empire his just right maintain;
Let him his own to common sense oppose,
With praise and slander maul both friends and
foes;
Let him great Dryden's awful name prophane,
And learned Garth with envious pride disdain;
Let the quack scribble any thing but bills,
His satire wounds not, but his physic kills.

By JOSIAH RELPH.

NO, Varus bates a thing that's base,
I own indeed he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

Under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz. LYTTELTON.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall
find

A hand, or colours to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere:
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate;

With all the richest stores of learning fraught;
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distressed to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel; [know
That, when misfortune su'd, ne'er fought to
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
Despites calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Wou'd for another think this praise design'd.

By JOSIAH RELPH.

WHEN from her bosom Arria pull'd the
blade,
Thus to her lord the tender heroine said;
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear,
Alas! I die by that which kills my dear.

*The Commons' Petition to King Charles the
Second.*
ROCHESTER.

IN all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His scepter, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

CHARLES at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

The Worm Doctor. J. RELPH.

VAGUS advanc'd on high proclaims his skill
By cakes of wond'rous force the worms to
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart, [kill:
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek.

DRYDEN.

WISE, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless
praise
The sons of Rome—this grateful statue raise:
For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have
shar'd,
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own;
Their lives had parallels—but thine has none.

On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.

TO stone the gods have chang'd her—but in
vain—
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

To a young Gentleman.

NATURE has done her part: do thou but
thine;
Learning and sense let decency refine.
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules,
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

Ulysses

Ulysses' Dog. POPE.

WHEN wife Ulysses from his native coast
 Long kept by wars, and long by tempests
 Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone, [toft,
 To all his friends, and ev'n his queen unknown:
 Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
 Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
 In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
 Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
 The faithful dog alone his master knew!
 Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
 Like an old servant, now cashier'd, he lay;
 And tho' e'en then expiring on the plain
 Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man, }
 And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
 'Twas all he cou'd, and fawn'd, and kist his feet,
 Seiz'd with dumb joy: then falling by his side,
 Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and dy'd.

To King Charles I. on his Navy. WALLER.

SHOULD nature's self invade the world
 again,
 And o'er the center spread the liquid main,
 Thy power were safe—and her destructive hand
 Would but enlarge the bounds of thy com-
 mand:
 Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of all,
 And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

To an English Lady at Paris.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
 O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
 Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
 In native charms, divinely fair—
 Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
 And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

On Mrs. Barbieri's first Appearance on the Stage.

NO pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue,
 In vain he strives to move us with his song:
 On a fair Syren we have fix'd our choice,
 And wait with longing ears for Barbieri's voice:
 When, lo! the nymph, by bashful awe betray'd,
 Her fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid:
 But so much innocence adorns her fears,
 And with such grace her modesty she wears,
 By her disorder all her charms increase,
 And, had she better sung, she'd pleas'd us less.

On the Spectator.

WHEN first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
 Great Britain for her censor's silence
 mourn'd; [night,
 Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the
 Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
 So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
 And sigh'd till circling days his joys renew'd;
 Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
 Whether a bright successor, or the same;
 So we; but now from this suspense are freed, }
 Since all agree who both with judgment read,
 'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

To the Lord Chancellor King. (Alluding to his Motto, "Labor ipse voluptas!")

'TIS not the splendor of the place,
 The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
 And all the pompous train of state,
 With crouds, which at the levee wait,
 That make you happy, make you great: }
 But when mankind you strive to bless,
 With all the talents you possess;
 When all the joys you can receive
 Flow from the benefits you give;
 This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
 And makes the heavy burden light:
 True pleasure, rightly understood,
 Is only labour to do good.

Written in a Lady's Milton. PRIOR.

WITH virtue, strong as yours, had Eve been
 arm'd,
 In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd:
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
 Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

From the Greek. PRIOR.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
 And with our follies glut thy heighten'd
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return, [mirth:
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
 Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
 Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

A Character of an old Rake.

SCORN'D by the wise, detested by the good,
 Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
 Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
 Proud, without spirit; vain, without desert:
 Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
 Desperately gay—and impotently lewd:
 And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
 For eminence in folly, deem'd a wit.

*Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney, on his Books in fa-
 vour of a Vegetable Diet.*

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
 Thou didst thy system learn;
 From Hippocrate thou hast it not,
 Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
 And say the same of grass;
 The one for babes is only food,
 The other for an ass.

Doctor! one new prescription try,
 (A friend's advice forgive;)
 Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die;
 Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.

MY system, doctor, is my own,
 No tutor I pretend;—
 My blunders hurt myself alone,
 But your's your dearest friend.
 Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
 Thrice happy might you be;

Perhaps

Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.
I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

On King William's Exploits, during two Campaigns in Flanders.

THE author sure must take great pains,
Who fairly writes his story,
In which of these two last campaigns
He gain'd the greatest glory:
For, while that he march'd on to fight,
Like hero, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his fight,
And Mons within his hearing.

A smart Repartee.

SWIFT.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
(Since marriage is a holy thing)
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women, he reply'd;—
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

On Glover's Leonidas being compared to Virgil.

EQUAL to Virgil!—It may perhaps;
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's.

On a bad Translation.

HIS work now done, he'll publish it no doubt,
For sure I am, that murder will come out.

To a bad Fidler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd Old
Nick, [stick.
Whilst thou mov'st nothing—but thy fiddle-

On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and a Cock at Blenheim.

HAD Marlborough's troops in Gaul no
better fought, [wrought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble
No more in arms, than he in emblems skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

On the Bridge at Blenheim. Dr. EVANS.

THE lofty arch his high ambition shews,
The stream, an emblem of his bounty, flows.

To a Lady. A. HILL.

IF fixt on yours, my eyes in pray'r you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry!
For since our Maker's throne is plac'd so high,
That only in his works the God we spy: [view,
And what's most bright most gives him to our
I look most near him, when I look on you.

The Antidote.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire:
But, soon as e'er the beauteous ideot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my
wound, [bound.
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue un-

The Female Prattler.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia; Oh, forbear,
If your own health or our's you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.
Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd;
All are distracted while they gaze,
But, if they listen, they are cur'd.
Your silence would acquire more praise,
Than all you say, or all you write;
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush!—and be an angel quite.

To Avaro.

THUS to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a
Which never guest had entertain'd, [mouse;
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd;
I said:—Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d' you drink, and where d' you eat?
If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine.

Effectual Malice.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest,—and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancour, and true Christian spite:
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design,—
Writes scoundrel verses—and then says they're
mine.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715.

THE king, observing with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty:—
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

The Friendly Contest.

WHILE Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring
Of rival grief, to weep their pious king,
The bards of Isis half had been forgot,
Had not the sons of Cam in pity wrote;
From their learn'd brothers they took off the
curse, [worse.
And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing
Against

Against Life. From the Greek of Posidippus.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals chuse thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar—
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give:
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarry'd live:
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

For Life. From the Greek of Metrodorus.

MANKIND may rove, unvex'd by strife,
Thro' ev'ry road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war:
At home auspicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind:
All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
And merchants plow for gold the main:
Respect arises from our store;
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th' unmarry'd with more freedom live:
If parents, our blest lot we own;
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage;
And venerable hairs old-age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?"

The Revenge of America. WARTON.

WHEN Cortez' furious legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful genius rose:
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.
What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plunders proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice;
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst:
The rage that sweeps my sons away
My baneful gold shall well repay.

Mutual Pity.

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree:
So different is our whim;
The fellow fondly laughs at me—
While I could cry for him.

Universal Complaisance.

THRO' servile flattery thou dost all com-
mend—
Who cares to please, whom no man can offend?

Under the Statue of a Water-Nymph, at Stour-head, Somersetshire. From the Latin. POPE.

NYMPH of the grot, these sacred springs
I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep:
Ah, spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave,
Or drink in silence, or in silence lave.

On his own Grotto. POPE.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' trans-
lucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil;
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! Great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach! but awful!—Lo th' Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' March-
mont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

A prudent Choice.

WHEN Loveless marry'd Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
I chose her, says he, like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

On a great House adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the servants thin,
The gods without, the dev'l within.

On a hasty Marriage.

MARRY'D! tis well! a mighty blessing!
But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
In ancient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed:"
But hard's his case, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the lions nor the tombs had seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile;—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

To a Spendthrift disinherited.

HIS whole estate, thy father, by his will,
Gave to the poor—thou hast good title still.

On a pale Lady.

WHENCE comes it, that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?—
Is it, that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

The Musical Contest.

SWIFT.

SOME say that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel, 's a mere ninny:
Others aver, that, to him, Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

The Happy Physiognomy.

YOU ask why *Roome diverts you with his
jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the case;
The jest is lost—unless he prints his face.

On seeing a Miser at a Concert in Spring-Gardens.

MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th' oppress:
But Vauxhall's concert's more attractive pow'r
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore:
O strange effect of music's matchless force,
T'extract two shillings from a miser's purse!

On certain Pastorals.

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that lowe.

On one who made long Epitaphs.

POPE.

FRRIEND! for your epitaphs I'm griev'd,
Where still so much is said;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

On the Collar of a Dog presented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.

I Am his highness' dog at Kew;
Pray, tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

From the Greek.

A Blooming youth lies buried here,
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace:
Prepar'd the marriage state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

On Sophocles.

WIND, gentle ever-green, to form a shade
Around the tomb, where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:

* Author of a paper, called Pasquin, reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung:
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the muses and the graces writ.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

By BEN JOHNSON.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live:
If she had a single fault,
Leave it bury'd in this vault.

Intended for Dryden.

POPE.

THIS Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once. The rest who does not
know?

On Mr. Rowe.

POPE.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we
trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd
Oh! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
And bless'd, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

On Mr. Fenton.

POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, bless'd beyond the poet's fate, [great,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he
dy'd.

On Mr. Gay.

POPE.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.

These

These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

On Tom D'Urfey.

HERE lies the Lyric, who, with tale and song,
Did life to three-score years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown
His song has ended, and his tale has told. [old,

To Aaron Hill, Esq. S. RICHARDSON.

WHEN noble thoughts with language pure
unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Tho' unincumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds for want of meaning
chime, [course,
Which, like the rock in Shannon's midway
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force:
Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill,
Flows higher from the mules' sacred Hill.

PRIOR, on himself.

TO me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given }
To live; alas! one moment sets us even; }
Mark how impartial is the will of Heav'n. }

*Inscription on an Urn at Lord Corke's, to the
Memory of the Dog Hector.*

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's
tomb!

See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
These are the honours by his master paid
To Hector's manes, and lamented shade:
Nor words nor honours can enough commend
The social dog—nay more, the faithful friend!
From nature all his principles he drew;
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true; [press'd;
His looks and voice his inward thoughts ex-
He growl'd in anger, and in love carel's'd.
No human falsehood lurk'd beneath his heart;
Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.
When Hector's virtues man, proud man! dis-
plays,

Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's praise.

On a Parish Clerk.

HERE lies, within his tomb, so calm,
Old Giles: pray sound his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

On an old Woman who sold Pots at Chester.

BENEATH this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay:
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
Yet now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,

In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again.

*To the Pye-house Memory of Nell Batchelour,
the Oxford Pie-Woman.*

HERE, into the dust,
The mouldering crust
Of Elenor Batchelour's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.
When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much prais'd:
Now here she does lie,
And makes a dirt-pie,
In hopes that her crust shall be rais'd.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect.

LIE heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Posthumous Fame.

A Monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold;
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues
shown, [stone.
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth, like his, should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch, like him, should ever live.

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt. POPE.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw
near: [dear:
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might
divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he dy'd.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak:
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrow, mix his own.

On General Withers. POPE.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest
mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind,
O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say, those English glories gone,
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

On Mr. Cragg. POPE.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of
soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!

Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend!
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd, [lov'd.
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd—by the muse he

On Sir Isaac Newton.

APPROACH, ye wife of soul, with awe
divine,
'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this shrine!
That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
That genius, which ennobled human kind!
Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride:
And half esteem'd an angel—till he dy'd:
Who in the eye of Heav'n like Enoch stood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with
God:
Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
Who but forfook one world to know the laws
of more.

On the same.

POPE.

NATURE, and nature's laws, lay hid in
night;
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

From COWLEY.

HERE lies the great—False marble, tell
me where?
Nothing but poor and fordid dust lies here.

On a young Lady.

MALLET.

THIS humble grave, tho' no proud structure
grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r de-
Regard and pity wait sincere on thee! [cree,
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship fits a mourner here.

On Mr. Aikman and his Son.

MALLET.

DEAR to the wife and good, beneath this stone
Here sleep in peace, the father and the son!
By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride:
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine, [divine,
Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth
The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date!
But oh! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd!

On a young Lady.

HERE innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely, death.
Hence did she go just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

On an Infant.

TO the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted, from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew;
I no gay delights could view:
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.—

Happy infant, early blest'd!
Rest, in peaceful slumber, rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Lasting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

Another.

BENEATH a sleeping infant lies;
To earth her body's lent:
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.

When the arch-angel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

On Two Twin-Sisters.

FAIR marble, tell, to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.
In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

*To the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Shuckburgh,
who died at Bath, March 22, 1764.*

REMOV'D from all the pains and cares of
life,
Here rests the pleasing friend and faithful wife:
Ennobled by the virtues of her mind;
Constant to goodness, and in death resign'd:
Who plac'd true practice in a wise retreat,
Privately pious; and unknown, tho' great;
Sure, in the silent sabbath of the grave,
To taste that tranquil peace she always gave.
O early-lost, in virtue's fairest prime!
Thy pieties supply'd life's want of time.
No death is sudden to a soul prepar'd,—
When God's own hour brings always God's
reward. [own!]
Thy death, (and such, O reader, wish thy
Was free from terrors, and without a groan:
Thy spirit to himself th' Almighty drew,
Mild as his sun exhales th' ascending dew.

On General Wolfe: in the Church of Westeram, in Kent—where he was born, 1727.

WHILE George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,—
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear:
With humble grief inscribe one artist's stone,—
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

The Prayer of a wise Heathen.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knowest best what mortals want:)
Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply;
What's evil—to our pray'rs deny!

To the Right Hon. Lady Ch——, 1763.

WHEN lovely Portia glitters at the play,
Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines the day;
From crowds distinguish'd by her grace and air,
Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair:
A kindling passion ev'ry breast alarms, [charms.
Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her
But when, retir'd amidst their rural bow'rs,
She cheers th' illustrious patriot's calmer hours;
Or, smiling, sits her infant tribe among,
And guides to virtue's paths the list'ning throng:
Behold, amidst these pleasing cares of life,
The tender mother, and th' engaging wife!
More just applause these humbler virtues share,
And Portia shines—as good as she is fair.

An Incident in High Life.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council
sat; [sat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew
Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries:
"Where?" quoth Sir John: "Why, see! two
drops of rain
"Start from the summit of the crystal pane:--
"A thousand pounds! which drop with nim-
"blest force [course!"
"Performs its current down the slippery
The betts were fix'd; in dire suspense they wait
For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the fash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll--like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But ah! the glittering joys of life are short!--
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project
cross'd;
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

AS a west-country mayor, with formal ad-
dress, [Bells:
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen

"The Spaniard," quoth he, "with inveterate
spleen [queen;
"Has presum'd to attack you, a poor virgin-
"But your majesty's courage has made it ap-
"pear, [the ear."
"That the don had ta'en the wrong scow by

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport:
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp'd; began to call,
"Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
"My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
"You snore so loud—you'll wake the king."

On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common
way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
"If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
"Your threats," replies Radcliffe, "disturb
"not my ease; [please."
"And so you don't paint it, e'en do what you
"You're smart," rejoins Kneller; "but, say
"what you will, [pill."
"I'll take any thing from you—but potion or

The Empty Gun.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And, face to face, the noisy contest wage;
"Don't cock your chin at me," Dick smartly
cries; [replies.
"Fear not—his head's not charg'd," a friend

To ——, Esq; Antiquary and F. R. S.

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new;
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

On erecting a Monument to Shakespeare, under the Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, &c.

TO mark her Shakespeare's worth and Bri-
tain's love,
Let Pope design, and Burlington approve:
Superfluous care! When distant times shall view
This tomb grown old—his works shall still be
new.

On Mr. Nash's Picture at full Length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath. CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic drest,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guesses.
Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,

Place

Place figures in a room at Bath :
 Forgive them, God of Arts !

Newton, if I can judge aright,
 All Wisdom does expels ;
 His knowledge gives mankind delight,
 Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
 The sunshine of the mind ;
 Read o'er his works in search of it,
 You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mafs,
 Made up of wrong and right ;
 Sometimes a king, sometimes an afs :
 Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the bufts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength ;
 Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
 But Folly's at full length.

The following Lines were handed up to a beautiful young Lady who was attending the Trial of Criminals at the Affizes in Surrey.

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
 Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's heart?
 You, fair one, will smile, and cry, "Laws, I Assur'd that no peers can be summon'd to try you.
 But think not that paltry defence will secure For the muses and graces make a jury to try you.

The Dropsical Man. TAYLOR.

Ajolly, brave toper, who could not forbear,
 Though his life was in danger, old port and stale beer,
 Gave the doctors the hearing—but still would 'Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a ton,
 The more he took physic the worse still he grew,
 And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
 Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
 He began to consider—so sent for his son.
 Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
 I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
 More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours,

This manor, this house, and estate will be yours;
 My early excesses may teach you this truth,
 That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.

Says Tom (who's a lad of a generous spirit,
 And not like young rakes, who're in haste to herit)

Sir, don't be dishearten'd; altho' it be true,
 Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
 'Tis no more than what many a man has gone through.

And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young,

Your life after this may be happy and long.
 Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
 With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
 Too well by experience, my vessels, thou know'st,
 No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the ghost.

EPIGRAMS from MARTIAL.

To James Harris, Esq;

MARTIAL, Book iv. Ep. 87.

WOULD'ST thou, by Attic taste approv'd,
 By all be read, by all be lov'd,
 To learned Harris' curious eye,
 By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply :
 In him the perfect judge you'll find,
 In him the candid friend, and kind.
 If he repeats, if he approves,
 If he the laughing muscles moves,
 Thou nor the critic's sneer shalt mind,
 Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
 If he condemns, away you fly,
 And mount in paper-kites the sky,
 Or dead 'mongst Grub-street's records lie.

Book i. Ep. 11.

CURMUDGEON the rich widow courts,
 Nor lovely she, nor made for sports ;
 'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
 That she has got a church-yard cough.

Book i. Ep. 14.

WHEN Arria from her wounded side
 To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
 I feel not what I've done, she cry'd ;
 What Pætus is to do—I feel.

Book iii. Ep. 43.

BEFORE a swan, behind a crow,
 Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.
 Ah! cease your arts—death knows you're grey,
 And spite of all will keep his day.

Book iv. Ep. 78.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes the man,
 And I must dine with Lady Anne.
 A silver service loads the board,
 Of eatables a slender hoard.
 "Your pride, and not your victuals spare ;
 "I came to dine, and not to stare."

Book vii. Ep. 75.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
 To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
 Or take thee to their country seat,
 To make their dogs, and bless their meat ;
 —, dream not on preferment soon,
 Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book viii. Ep. 35.

ALIKE in temper and in life,
 A drunken husband, sottish wife,
 She a scold, a bully he,—
 The devil's in't they don't agree.

Book xii. Ep. 23.

YOUR teeth from Hemmet, and your hair
 from Bolney.
 Was not an eye too to be had for money?

Book xii. Ep. 30.

NED is a sober fellow, they pretend—
 Such would I have my coachman, not my friend.

Book xii. Ep. 103.

YOU sell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and cloaths;
The price once paid, away the purchase goes;
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still sold returns, and still is to be sold.

Book i. Ep. 40.

IS there, t' enroll amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew?
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore?
Is there, who right maintains, and truth pursues,
Nor knows a wish that Heaven can refuse?
Is there, who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

Book ii. Ep. 80.

WHEN Fannius should have 'scap'd his foe,
His own hands stopp'd his breath:
And was 't not madness, I would know,
By dying, to 'scape death?

The same.

HIMSELF he slew, when he the foe would fly;
What madness this--for fear of death to die?

Book v. Ep. 78.

VARUS did lately me to supper call;
The furniture was large, the feast but small,
The table's spread with plate, not meat; they put
Much to accost the eye, nought for the gut:
We came to feast our bellies, not our eyes;
Pray take away your gold; give us some pies.

Book i. Ep. 16.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recom-
mends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends;
Remember you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more:
Defer not what no future time insures,
And only what is past, esteem that your's.
Successive cares and trouble for you stay;
Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away;
Then seize it fast; embrace it 'ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
"I'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
To-morrow is too late;—then live to-day.

From Martial, literally translated.

A Landlord of Bath put upon me a queer hum:
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave
me * mere rum.

Book ii. Ep. 41.

YES; I submit, my lord; you've gain'd your
end: [your friend.
I'm now your slave—that would have been
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove;—
Respect, adore you—ev'ry thing—but love.

Book viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's
not;
But take his word for't; Hal's not worth a groat.

Book i. Ep. 16.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd
the sword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord;
My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
But thine, alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

Book ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise:—
They're incorrect, a brother poet says:
But let him rail; for, when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

Book i. Ep. 34.

HER father dead--alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.
No mourner he, who must by praise be feed'd,
But he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

Book i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are
mine; [thine.
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for

Book ii. Ep. 3.

YOU say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something has to pay.

Book ii. Ep. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare
gown;
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

I Dropt a thing in verse, without a name;
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame:
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
But ne'er enquir'd: so left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child,
The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.
The public now enlarges every grace,
What shining eyes it has! how fair a face!
Of parts what symmetry! what strength divine!
The noble brat is sure of Pælops' line.

The Mistake. TAYLOR.

A Cannon-ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And, as on 'his comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the surgeons.
Z—ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.

An Epitaph to the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all
eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.

* Merum is not translated at all.

Her speech was the melodious voice of Love;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind exprest;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

An Inscription on the Tomb raised to the Memory of the Author's Father, and of others his Ancestors.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,

Here sleeps in silent tombs a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store,
No guilt, no sordid avarice made it more;
With honest fame, and sober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd, and spread their cheering influence round.

May he whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise!

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

SINCE first you knew my am'rous smart,
Each day augments your proud disdain;
'Twas then enough to break my heart,
And now, thank Heav'n! to break my chain.
Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me!

Now let love and hatred cease!
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three months afunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

Dialogue between an old Incumbent, and the Person promised the next Presentation.

I'M glad to see you well—O faithless breath!
What, glad to see me well, and wish my death!
No more, replies the youth, Sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your living.

THO' cheerful, discreet, and with freedom well bred,

She never repented an idle word said:
Securely she smiles on the forward and bold,
They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

I SWORE I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

On one who first abused, and then made Love to a Lady.

FOUL — with graceless verse,
The noble — dar'd asperse,
But when he saw her well bespatter'd;
Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd;
He gaz'd and lov'd the hideous elf,
She look'd so very like himself.
True sung the bard well known to fame*,
Self-love and social are the same.

SHE who in secret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover;
But she who plays the trifler's part,
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
Then grant the boon for which I pray!
'Tis better lend than throw away.

WE thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate;
While by your humble self alone,
You seem'd unrated and unknown,
But now on fortune's swelling tide
High-borne, in all the pomp of pride;
Of grandeur vain, and fond of pelf,
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself,

TOM thought a wild profusion great,
And therefore spent his whole estate:
Wil thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
And gleans what misers blush to hoard.
Their passion, merit, fate the same,
They thirst and starve alike for fame.

To Clarissa.

WHY like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?
I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which scorn'd presumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
To hate myself, and burn for thee.

EVER busy'd, ne'er employ'd,
Ever loving, ne'er enjoy'd,
Ever doom'd to seek and miss,
And pay unblest the price of bliss.

VAINLY hath Heaven denounc'd the wo-
man's woes, [throes,
Thou know'st no tender cares, no bitter
Unfelt your offspring comes, unfelt it goes. }

On Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon.

GREAT Homer's birth sev'n rival cities
claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of Fame;
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe [bestow,
His wondrous worth; what Egypt could

With all the schools of Greece and Asia
 join'd,
 Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
 Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain,
 The *British Eagle and the Mantuan Swan
 Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford,
 With incontest'd laurels deck thy brow: [thou
 Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee
 brought
 More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught.
 Not Homer's self such matchless honours won;
 The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakespeare none.

*A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spanish of Lopez
 de Vega. Menagiana, tom. iv. p. 176.*

CAPRICIOUS Wray a sonnet needs must
 have;

I ne'er was so put to't before: — a sonnet!
 Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it;
 'Tis good howe'er t' have conquer'd the first
 slave.

Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
 Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the
 second.

If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
 I should turn back on th' hardest part and laugh.

Thus far with good success I think I've scrib-
 bled, [got o'er ten.

And of the twice seven lines have clean
 Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.

Thanks to thee, muse, my work begins to
 shorten. [dribblet.

There's thirteen lines got through dribblet by
 'Tis done! count how you will, I warr'nt
 there's fourteen.

ON Pollard oak, hollow at heart,
 Tremendous lightning darted.
 Tremble at God's avenging dart,
 Oh all ye hollow-hearted.

NO wonder that Oxford and Cambridge
 profound,
 In learning and science so greatly abound;
 When all carry thither a little each day,
 And we meet with so few who bring any away.

AS Quin and Foote
 One day walk'd out
 To view the country round,
 In merry mood
 They chaffing stood,
 Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his poke
 A shilling took,
 And said, I'll bet a penny
 In a short space,
 Within this place,
 I'll make this piece a guinea,
 Upon the ground,
 Within the pound,

The shilling soon was thrown;
 Behold, says Foote,
 The thing's made out,
 For there is one pound one.

I wonder not,
 Says Quin, that thought
 Should in your head be found,
 Since that's the way
 Your debts you pay,
 One shilling in the pound.

On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.

MERIT, if thou'rt blest with riches,
 For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
 And give them to thy naked brother,
 For one good turn deserves another.

THE fifth day of May,
 Being airy and gay,
 And of vigorous mind,
 And to hip not inclin'd,
 My body in health,
 I'll dispose of my wealth;
 And to some one or other,
 And I think to my brother,
 Because I foresaw
 That my brethren in law,
 If I did not take care,
 Would come in for a share;
 Which I no wise intended
 Till their manners are mended,
 And of that God know's there's no sign;
 I do therefore enjoin
 And strictly command
 That nought I have got
 Shall go in hotchpot:
 But I give and devise,
 As much as in me lies,
 To the son of my mother,
 My own dearest brother,
 To have and to hold,
 All my silver and gold,
 As the affectionate pledges
 Of his brother,

JOHN HEDGES,

N. B. This Will passed a considerable personal
 estate in 1741, and is now to be seen in
 Doctor's Commons.

OH let me die in peace! Eumenes cried,
 To a hard creditor at his bed-side. [evade!
 How! die! roar'd Gripus; thus your debts
 No, no, Sir, you sha'n't die, till I am paid.

IF you transpose what ladies wear, *Veil.*
 'Twill plainly shew what harlots are. *Vile.*
 Again if you transpose the same,
 You'll see an ancient Hebrew name, *Levi.*
 Change it again, and it will shew
 What all on earth desire to do. *Live.*

On Sleep.

ALTHOUGH soft sleep death's sad resemblance wears,
Still do I with him on my couch to lie;
Come, balmy sleep, for sweetly it appears,
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

On a bad Singer.

WHEN screech-owls screek, their note portends
To foolish mortals death of friends:
But when Corvina strains her throat,
E'en screech-owls sicken at the note.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish curate as he went;
But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he past him with a cover'd crown,
The gownman stopp'd, and, turning, sternly
said— [fed!—
I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than
Why aye! says Tom, still jogging on, that's
true: [you.
Thank God, he feeds me! but I'm taught by

Epitaph on a certain Miser.

HERE lies one who for med'cines would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost:
I fancy now he'd wish again to live, [cost.
Cou'd he but guess how much his funeral

On Captain Grenville. Lord LYTTLETON.

YE weeping muses, graces, virtues, tell,
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth;
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He too, like Sidney, nurs'd in learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
The secret wish of ev'ry female heart;
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, for his country dy'd.

Designed for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.

MORE than his name were less—'twould
seem to fear [it here.
He who increas'd heav'n's fame, could want
Yet—when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds, he found at first, decay'd;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And time and Newton's name, together die!

Upon a young Gentleman refusing to walk with the Author in the Park, because he was not dress'd well.

FRRIEND Col and I, both full of whim,
To shun each other oft agree;

For I'm not beau enough for him,
And he's too much a beau for me.
Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear;
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

On Mrs. Clive's resenting being put out of the Part of Portia, and saying she was surely as well qualified to wear Breeches as Mr. Garrick was to play Ranger.

DEAR Kate, it is vanity both us bewitches,
Since I must the truth on't reveal,
For when I mount the ladder, and you wear
the breeches,
We shew—what we ought to conceal.

On Mr. Quin.

SAYS Epicure Quin, should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite.

Extempore, on hearing a certain impertinent Address in the Newspapers. By Garrick, Thomson, &c.

THOU essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this
age, [bad crimes,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy
Is to take thy own physic and read thy own
rhymes.

Answer to the Junto.

THEIR wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For, if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

Dr. Hill's Reply to the Junto's Epigram.

YE desperate junto, ye great or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the deuce and
'em all!
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail:
I'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of
honey; [money.
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the

Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called The Rout, was acted.

FOR physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I to Mr. Garrick.

IF 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a
letter, [better;
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen;
Q 9 4 Most

Most devoutly I wish that they both have their
due,
And that I may be never mistaken for U.

Colloquial Epigram.*

Wilmot.

YOU should call at his house, or should send
him a card,

Can Garrick alone be so cold?

Garrick.

Shall I, a poor player, and still poorer bard,
Shall folly with Camden make bold?
What joy can I give him, dear Wilmot declare?
Promotion no honours can bring;
To him the Great Seals are but labour and care,
Wish joy to your country and king.

*To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, which
were written in Ireland in the Year of the
Rebellion, by Henry Brooke, Esq; 1745.*

OH thou, whose artless, free-born genius
charms,
Whose rustic zeal each patriot bosom warms;
Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil,
Forsoke the fields, and till a nobler soil;
Extend the farmer's care to human kind,
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind;
There plant religion, reason, freedom, truth,
And sow the seeds of virtue in our youth:
Let no rank weeds corrupt, or brambles choak,
And shake the vermin from the British oak:
From northern blasts protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our pastures from the wolves of
Rome.

On Britain's liberty ingraft thy name,
And reap the harvest of immortal fame!

Upon a Lady's Embroidery.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,
A goddess at her art defy'd;
But soon the daring mortal fell
The hapless victim of her pride.

O then beware Arachne's fate,
Be prudent, Chloe, and submit;
For you'll more surely feel her hate,
Who rival both her art and wit.

*Death and the Doctor. Occasioned by a Physi-
cian's lampooning a Friend of the Author.*

AS Doctor — musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay:
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With, "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"

The Doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew:
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale:

"Take my advice, and mend your trade;
"We both are losers if you fail.

"Go write, your wit in satire show,

"No matter, whether smart or true;

"Call — names, the greatest foe

"To dullness, folly, pride, and you.

"Then copies spread, there lies the trick,

"Among your friends be sure you send 'em;

"For all who read will soon grow sick,

"And when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

"Thus trade increasing by degrees,

"Doctor, we both shall have our ends:

"For you are sure to have your fees,

"And I am sure to have your friends."

*Upon a certain Lord's giving some Thousand
Pounds for a House.*

SO many thousands for a house
For you, of all the world, lord Mause!
A little house would best accord
With you, my very little lord!
And then exactly match'd would be
Your house and hospitality.

*Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath, and
hearing a Connoisseur declare that "they
were finely painted for a Gentleman."*

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely for a gentleman!"
Is genius, rarest gift of Heaven,
To the hir'd artist only given?
Or, like the Catholic salvation,
Pal'd in for any class or station?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works is paid?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by five per cent?
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claud Loraine may yield to thee.

*Tom Fool to Mr. Hoskins, his Counsellor and
Friend.*

ON your care must depend the success of my
suit,
The possession I mean of the house in dispute.

* Soon after the promotion of Lord Camden to the Seals, Mr. Wilmot, his Lordship's purse-bearer, called at Hampton, where learning that Mr. Garrick had not yet paid his congratulatory compliments, the conversation between the two gentlemen furnished Mr. Garrick with the subject of the Epigram; in which, with an admirable address, our English Roscius has turned an imputed neglect into a very elegant panegyric on that truly patriotic nobleman.

Consider, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
The worst of his tribe, and the best is so-so.
O let not his quiddits and quirks of the law,
O let not this harpy your poor client claw;
In law as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave should be ever too hard for a fool:
To this rule one exception your poor client
implores, [of doors.
That the fool may for once beat the knave out

From the Spanish.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flowers in union meet;
As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.
A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,—
And fixes on Louisa's lip.
There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey flew away.

An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips,
Musician, who died very poor.*

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could re-
move
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm, thou gav'st so oft before.
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
'Till angels wake thee, with a note like thine.

*Inscriptions on a Monument to the Memory of
a Lady's Bullfinch.*

On the Front of the Stone.

Memoriae
Blandientis Volucris
Hunc Lapidem
posuit
DAVID GARRICK
et hoc
Nobilissimæ Luciae
Officii sui
Testimonium
quale quale est
dicavit.

On the Right Side.

The goddesses of wit and love
Have patroniz'd the owl and dove;
From whose protection both lay claim
To immortality and fame:
Could wit alone, or beauty, give
To birds the same prerogative;

My double claim had fate defy'd
And † Lucy's fav'rite ne'er had dy'd,

*Epitaph on William Hogarth †, in Chiswick
Church-Yard.*

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Epitaph on James Quin §, in Bath Cathedral.

THAT tongue, which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no
more!
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shake-
speare writ. [stretch'd forth,
Cold are those hands, which, living, were
At friendship's call to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! deign, reader, to be
taught [thought,
(Whate'er thy strength of body, force of
In nature's happiest mould however cast)
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Epitaph on Laurence Sterne||.

SHALL pride a heap of sculptur'd marble
raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humour sleep with
Sterne.

Epitaph on Mr. Holland, in Chiswick Church.

If talents
To make entertainment, instruction,
To support the credit of the stage
By just and manly action,
And to adorn society
by virtues
Which would honour any rank and profession,
Deserve remembrance,
Let him, with whom these talents were long
exerted,
To whom these virtues were well known,
And by whom the loss of them will be long
lamented,
Bear testimony to the worth and abilities of his
departed friend,
CHARLES HOLLAND,
Who was born March 12, 1733,
Dy'd the 7th of December, 1769,
And was bury'd near this place.
D. GARRICK.

* This Epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See Euro-
pean Magazine, January 1785.

† Countess of Rochford, daughter of Edward Younge, Esq; of Durnford, in the County of Wilts.

‡ He died October 26, 1764.

§ Mr. Quin died January 1766.
|| Mr. Sterne was borne at Clonmel in Ireland, November 24, 1713; and died in London, March 18,
1768.

Epitaph on Mr. Beighton, who had been Vicar of Egham forty-five Years.

NEAR half an age, with every good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days;
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door;
Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain:
All moan his death, his virtues long they try'd,
They knew not how they lov'd him 'till he dy'd:
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

Epitaph on Paul Whitehead, Esq.

Near this place
Are deposited the remains
of
PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.
Who was born January 25, 1710.
And died Dec. 30, 1774,
Aged 65.

Here lies a man, misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Tho' his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame.
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm apply'd,
Nor quitted their distresses—'till he dy'd.

A Tribute, by Mr. Garrick, to the Memory of a Character he long knew and respected.

Epitaph on Mr. Haward, Comedian.*

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

HAVARD from sorrow rests beneath this stone;

An honest man—belov'd as soon as known;
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part!
The noblest character he acted well,
And Heaven applauded—when the curtain fell.

Inscription on a Grotto of Shells at Crux-Easton†, the Work of Nine young Ladies†. PORE.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in his humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by Nine Sisters. HERBERT.

SO much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight:

In them the master-piece of nature's shown,
In this I see art's master-piece in stone.
O! Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd art;
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

Verses, supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the center all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh solitude! where are the charms
That fages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.
Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How soon wou'd I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heav'nly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.
But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

* He died 20th February, 1778. † In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward Lisle, Esq.
Lisses, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq; and sisters to Dr. Lisle.

† Miss
There

There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

Ode to Peace.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return, and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I, nor pow'r pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles;
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heav'n that thou alone canst make,
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
What'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
Farewell! we meet no more?

Human Frailty.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain,
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part,
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
'Tis here the folly of the wife
Through all his art we view,
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

*On observing some Names of little Note recorded
in the Biographia Britannica.*

OH fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!

In vain recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age,
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land,
Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand;
Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,
There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark,
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

The Nightingale and Glow-Worm.

A Nightingale, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when even-tide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark,
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop;
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent:
Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song,
For 'twas the self-same Power divine,
Taught you to sing, and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern:
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
'Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistles downy feed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gawdy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of ev'ry ill!
More cruelty could none express,
And I, if you had shewn me less,
Had been your pris'n'r fill.

The Pine-apple and the Bee.

THE pine-apples in tripple row,
Were basking hot and all in blow,
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd.
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame,
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied,
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light.
Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.
Methinks, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind;
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthio ogles as she passes
The nymph between two chariot-glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The silly unsuccessful bee.
The maid who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets;
Like thine her appetite is keen,
But ah the cruel glass between!

Our dear delights are often such,
Expos'd to view, but not to touch;
The sight our foolish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames,
With hopeleß with one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers;
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

Horace. Book ii. Ode 10.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's pow'r;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.
He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blast, the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground,
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-clapt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heav'n be over-cast,
The dark appearance will not last,
Expect a brighter sky;
The God that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen:
But oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

A Reflection on the foregoing Ode.

AND is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the
shore?

Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea
The Christian has a heart unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

The Shrubby. Written in a Time of Affliction.

OH happy shades! to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me,
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fixt unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,
And flights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Hath lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing slow,
They seek, like me, the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe.

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam,
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

The Winter Noddy.

WHAT nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats,
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay,
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.
See how they have safely surviv'd
The frowns of a sky so severe,
Such Mary's true love that has liv'd
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend, such as you.

Boadicea, an Ode.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,
Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke,
Full of rage and full of grief:
Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeles and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.
Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.
Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.
Such the hard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,

Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due,
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

Heroism.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around,
Her unctuous olives and her purple vines,
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
When on a day, like that of the last doom,
A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,
While through the Stygian veil that blots the
day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid light'nings play.
But oh! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havock and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an uninform'd and idle mass,
Without a soil t'invite the tiller's care,
Or blade that might redeem it from despair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
Cloaths it with earth, and bids the produce live,
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
Oh bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
Oh charming paradise of short-liv'd sweets!
The self-same gale that wafts the fragrance
round,

Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound,
Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below;
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own de-
fence,

Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires.
Fast by the stream that bounds your just do-
main,

And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
A nation

A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
 Studious of peace, their neighbours and their
 Ill fated race! how deeply must they rue [own.
 Their only crime, vicinity to you!
 The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road,
 At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread;
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
 Before them, and behind a wilderness;
 Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
 Attend to finish what the sword begun,
 And echoing praises such as fiends might earn,
 And folly pays, resound at your return.
 A calm succeeds—but plenty, with her train
 Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again;
 And years of pining indigence must show
 What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,
 (Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
 Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
 Gleans up the refuse of the general spoil,
 Rebuilds the tow'rs that smok'd upon the plain,
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art
 Renew the quarrel on the conquerors part,
 And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
 That wealth within is ruin at the door.

What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,
 But Ætnas of the suffering world ye sway?
 Sweet nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
 Deplores the wasted regions of her globe,
 And stands a witness at truth's awful bar,
 To prove you there, destroyers as ye are.

Oh place me in some heav'n-protected isle,
 Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile,
 Where no Volcano pours his fiery flood,
 No crested warrior dips his plume in blood.
 Where pow'r secures what industry has won,
 Where to succeed is not to be undone,
 A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant.

AN Oyster cast upon the shore
 Was heard, though never heard before;
 Complaining in a speech well worded,
 And worthy thus to be recorded:

Ah hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell
 For ever in my native shell,
 Ordain'd to move when others please,
 Not for my own content or ease,
 But toss'd and buffeted about,
 Now in the water, and now out.
 'Twere better to be born a stone
 Of ruder shape and feeling none,
 Than with a tenderness like mine,
 And sensibilities so fine:
 I envy that unfeeling shrub,
 Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub.
 The plant he meant grew not far off,
 And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
 Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
 And with asperity replied.

When, cry the botanists, and stare,
 Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
 No matter when—a poet's muse is
 To make them grow just where she chuses.

You shapeless nothing in a dish,
 You that are but almost a fish,
 I scorn your coarse insinuation,
 And have most plentiful occasion
 To wish myself the rock I view,
 Or such another dolt as you.
 For many a grave and learned clerk,
 And many a gay unletter'd spark,
 With curious touch examines me,
 If I can feel as well as he;
 And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
 Says, Well—'tis more than one would think—
 Thus life is spent, oh fie upon't!
 In being touch'd, and crying, don't.

A poet, in his evening walk,
 O'erheard and check'd this idle talk.
 And your fine sense, he said, and yours,
 Whatever evil it endures,
 Deserves not, if so soon offended,
 Much to be pitied or commended.
 Disputes though short, are far too long,
 Where both alike are in the wrong;
 Your feelings, in their full amount,
 Are all upon your own account.

You in your grotto-work inclos'd
 Complain of being thus expos'd,
 Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
 Save when the knife is at your throat,
 Wherever driven by wind or tide,
 Exempt from every ill beside.

And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
 Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,
 If all the plants that can be found
 Embellishing the scene around,
 Should droop and wither where they grow,
 You would not feel at all, not you.
 The noblest minds their virtue prove
 By pity, sympathy, and love,
 These, these are feelings truly fine,
 And prove their owner half divine.

His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
 And each by shrinking shew'd he felt it.

An Invitation into the Country.

THE swallows, in their torpid state,
 Compose their useless wing,
 And bees in hives as idly wait
 The call of early spring.
 The keenest frost that binds the stream,
 The wildest wind that blows,
 Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
 Secure of their repose.
 But man, all feeling and awake,
 The gloomy scene surveys,
 With present ills his heart must ach,
 And pant for brighter days.
 Old winter, halting o'er the mead,
 Bids me and Mary mourn,
 But lovely spring peeps o'er his head,
 And whispers your return.

Then April with her sister May,
Shall chase him from the bow'rs,
And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,
To crown the smiling hours.

And if a tear that speaks regret
Of happier times appear,
A glimpse of joy that we have met
Shall shine, and dry the tear.

SONGS, BALLADS, &c. &c.

§ 1. Song. Lord LYTTELTON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind;
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?
Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?
Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

§ 2. Song. WALLER.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.
Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

§ 3. Song. *L'Amour timide*. MOORE.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause—I must not—dare not tell.
The grief that on my quiet preys—
That rends my heart—that checks my
I fear will last me all my days, [tongue—
But feel it will not last me long.

§ 4. Song. Earl of DORSET*.

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;

But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune route the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do it's worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each others ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;

* Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

§ 5. *Song.* Lord LANSDOWNE.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent,
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.
Let glittering fops in courts be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty should have no other bait,
But gentle vows and love.
If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay;
A thousand worlds too few.
But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

§ 6. *Song.* Sir CAR SCROOPE.

ONE night, when all the village slept,
Myrtillo's sad despair
The wretched shepherd waking kept,
To tell the woods his care;
Begone (said he) fond thoughts, begone!
Eyes, give your sorrows o'er!
Why should you waste your tears for one
Who thinks on you no more?
Yet, oh! ye birds, ye flocks, ye powers,
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have pass'd in love!
Yon stars above (my cruel foes!)
Have heard how she has sworn,
A thousand times, that like to those,
Her flame should ever burn!

But since she's lost—oh! let me have
My wish, and quickly die;
In this cold bank I'll make a grave,
And there for ever lie:
Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,
And kindly here complain.
Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,
But never rose again.

§ 7. *A Pastoral Elegy.*

AH, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
By love and first nature allied,
Together in fondness we grew;
Ah, would we together had died!
For thy faith, which resembled my own,
For thy soul, which was spotless and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
What bliss can hereafter be mine?
Whomever engaging, I see,
To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
For fear I should mourn him like thee.
Though the Muses should crown me with art,
Though honour and fortune should join;
Since thou art denied to my heart,
What bliss can hereafter be mine?
Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!
Thy grave with sad osiers I'll bind;
Though no more in one cottage we dwell,
I can keep thee for ever in mind:
Each morning I'll visit alone
His ashes who lov'd me so well,
And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
“ Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!”

§ 8. *Song.* MOORE.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away;
The grave of thy Collin has room,
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu;
I haste to my Collin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.
All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy arose;
And forth to the green-turf she sprung,
Where Collin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.
How long, my lov'd Collin, she cried,
How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.
Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!

Her

Her face like the lily so fair,
 And eyes that gave light to the plain !
 The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
 That face and those eyes charm no more,
 And Lucy, forgot and alone,
 To death shall her Colin deplore.
 While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
 I hear the kind call, and obey,
 Oh, Colin, receive me, she cried !
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone and died.

§ 9. Song.

GAY.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind;
 A damsel lay deplo'ring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.
 Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days:
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast!
 The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear!
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.
 How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.
 All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear:
 When o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spied;
 Then, like a lily, drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and died.

§ 10. Song.

HARD by the hall, our master's house,
 Where Mersey flows to meet the main;
 Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
 A lover to complain;
 With arms across, along the strand
 Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his head;
 Viewing the footsteps in the sand,
 Which a bright nymph had made.
 The tide, says he, will soon erase
 The marks so lightly here impress;
 But time or tide will ne'er deface
 Her image in my breast.
 Am I some savage beast of prey?
 Am I some horrid monster grown?
 That thus she flies so swift away,
 Or meets me with a frown?
 That bosom soft, that lily skin
 (Trust not the fairest outside show)
 Contains a marble heart within,
 A rock hid under snow.
 Ah me! the flints and pebbles wound
 Her tender feet, from whence there fell
 Those crimson drops which stain the ground,
 And beautify each shell.
 Ah! fair one, moderate thy flight,
 I will no more in vain pursue,
 But take my leave for a long night;
 Adieu! lov'd maid, adieu!
 With that, he took a running leap,
 He took a lover's leap indeed,
 And plung'd into the sounding deep,
 Where hungry fishes feed.
 The melancholy hern stalks by;
 Around the squalling sea-gulls yell;
 Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
 And toll his funeral bell.
 The waters roll above his head,
 The billows toss it o'er and o'er;
 His ivory bones lie scattered,
 And whiten all the shore.

§ 11. Song. *Jemmy Dawson* *. SHENSTONE.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear.
 And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;
 For thou canst weep at every woe,
 And pity every plaint, but mine.
 Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
 A brighter never trod the plain;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the eight Officers, belonging to the Manchester Regiment of volunteers in the service of The Young Cavalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in 1746. And this ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant, though the Editor, after much enquiry, has never had the happiness to meet with it.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill, appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George, without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to list the giver's name.

But tho', dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree;
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd:
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Now, now, she cried, I follow thee.

My death, my death, alone can shew
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

§ 12. *Song. A Morning Piece; or, A Hymn for the Hay-makers.*

BRISK chaunticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night;
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous
light; [toms run.

Back to their graves the fear-begotten phan-
Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfume to the breath of the south;
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came Health from her cottage of
thatch,

Where never physician had lifted the latch.
First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake.

Now the rural Graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree;
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamant zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly homespun vest.

The abbey bells, in wak'ning rounds,
The warning peal have given;
And pious Gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heav'n.
All nature wakes; the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.

All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play;
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day.

Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake.
Our voices let's raise,
In Phoebus's praise,
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

13. Song. Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee why so pale?
 Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee why so mute?
 Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her;
 The devil take her.

§ 14. Song. Humphry Gubbin's Courtship.

A Courting I went to my love,
 Who is sweeter than roses in May;
 And when I came to her, by Jove,
 The devil a word could I say.
 I walk'd with her into the garden,
 There fully intending to woo her;
 But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
 If of love I said any thing to her.
 I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
 While my heart was as light as a feather;
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,
 But—Madam, 'tis very fine weather.
 To an arbour I did her attend,
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
 I crept to the furthest end,
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.
 I ask'd her which way was the wind,
 For I thought in some talk we must enter:
 Why, Sir, (she answer'd, and grinn'd)
 Have you just sent your wits for a venture?
 Then I follow'd her into the house,
 There I vow'd I my passion would try;
 But there I was still as a mouse:—
 Oh! what a dull booby was I!

§ 15. Song. The Despairing Lover. WALSH.

DISTRACTED with care,
 For Phyllis the fair;
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon, her lover,
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish;
 But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes;
 Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes.
 When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep;
 His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting,
 That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get;

But a neck, when once broken,
 Can never be set:

And that he could die
 Whenever he would;
 But, that he could live
 But as long as he could:
 How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so.
 But bold, unconcern'd
 At thoughts of the pain,
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again.

§ 16. Song.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen,
 and hall,
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate:
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 Contented he work'd, and he thought himself
 happy. [nappy:
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too
 most sweet! [meet:
 Saying, Just to a hair I have made both ends
 Derry down, down, &c.
 But love, the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau;
 He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart;
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble part;
 Derry down, down, &c.
 It was from a cellar this archer did play,
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
 Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way:
 Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
 Whenever he spake, she would flounce and
 would flee,
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair:
 Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
 He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,
 So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.
 Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise as a friend,
 All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end:
 Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by
 what's past,
 That love brings us all to an end at the last.
 Derry down, down, &c.

§ 17. Song. MOORE.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
 And I believ'd him true,
 The moments of delight how sweet!
 But ah! how swift they flew!

The sunny hill, the flowery vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have echoed to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the spirit there.

§ 18. *Song. The Lass of the Hill.*
Miss MARY JONES.

ON the brow of a hill a young shepherdess
dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt;
For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn, ere she eat her brown
bread: [health,
That to rise with the lark was conducive to
And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was
wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley be-
low, [beau,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a
Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his
tale:

With his winning behaviour he melted her heart;
But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd and protested, had kneel'd and
implor'd,

And could lye with the grandeur and air of a lord:
Then her eyes he commended in language well
dress'd, [breast;

And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his
Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on
her mind, [clin'd.

That in downright compassion to love she in-
But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,

All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd.
And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and
Nell: [haste,

Though he sees her but seldom, he's always in
And if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing and hanging her
head, [her bread;

And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce earns
The whole village cry shame, when a milking she
goes,

That so little affection is shown to the cows:
But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail
on, [gone.

And a fig for the cows, now her sweetheart is
Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay
isle,

How ye yield up your hearts to a look or a smile:
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,

Who to court you and tempt you will try all
his skill;
But remember The lass on the brow of the hill.

§ 19. *Song.* BARTON BOOTH, Esq.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring, her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the blest above,
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came:
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

§ 20. *Song.* PARNELL.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy stands contest
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

§ 21. *Song. May-Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen.*
CUNNINGHAM.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin Queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

§ 22. *Song.* JOHNSON.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;

Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store;
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

§ 23. *Delia. A Pastoral.* CUNNINGHAM.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves:
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be!
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendent nest she view'd
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be;
But not so dear (the thousandth part)
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale!
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair!
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair!
When, in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me.

§ 24. *Song.* AKENSIDE.

THE shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.
A damask cheek, and ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
 Without whose vital aid
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,
 And all her roses dead.
 But ah! where both their charms unite,
 How perfect is the view,
 With every image of delight,
 With graces ever new!
 Of power to charm the greatest woe,
 The wildest rage controul;
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
 And rapture through the soul.
 Their power but faintly to express
 All language must despair;
 But go, behold Arpasia's face,
 And read it perfect there.

§ 25. *Song. On young Olinda.*

WHEN innocence and beauty meet,
 To add to lovely female grace,
 Ah, how beyond expression sweet
 Is every feature of the face!
 By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
 The flower angelic odours breeds;
 The fragrant charms of being good
 Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.
 Oh sacred Virtue! tune my voice,
 With thy inspiring harmony;
 Then I shall sing of rapt'rous joys,
 Which fill my soul with love of thee.
 To lasting brightness be refin'd,
 When this vain shadow flies away;
 Th' eternal beauties of the mind
 Will last when all things else decay.

§ 26. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.*

STEEL.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.
 Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
 Aloft in air that quivering plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.
 My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
 Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.
 Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise!
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
 And waft a lover on his way!
 My bliss too long my bride denies,
 Apace the wasting summer flies:
 Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
 Not storms or night shall keep me here.
 What may for strength with steel compare?
 Oh! Love has fetters stronger far:
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;
 When thoughts torment, the first are best;
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
 Away to Orra, haste away!

§ 27. *Song. The Midsummer Wish. CROXALL.*

W AFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
 To Windsor's shady kind retreat;
 Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
 Repel the dog-star's raging heat:
 Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
 Afford a rural calm repose;
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.
 Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays;
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And through the flowery meadow strays.
 His fertile banks with herbage green,
 His vales with golden plenty swell;
 Where'er his purer streams are seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.
 Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
 With naked arm once more divide;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently-rolling tide.
 Lav me, with damask-roses crown'd,
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade;
 Where water-lilies deck the ground,
 Where bubbling springs refresh the glade.

§ 28. *Song. Miss WHATELEY.*

C OME, dear Pastora, come away!
 And hail the cheerful spring;
 Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
 And woods with love-notes ring:
 Now Phœbus to the West descends,
 And sheds a fainter ray;
 And as our rural labour ends,
 We bless the closing day.
 In yonder artless maple bower,
 With blooming woodbines twin'd,
 Let us enjoy the evening hour,
 On earth's soft lap reclin'd:
 Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
 The crystal current shade;
 O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
 My faithful heart has made.
 Within this breast no soft deceit,
 No artful flattery 'bides:
 But truth, scarce known among the great,
 O'er every thought presides:
 On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
 And all its glittering train;
 Be mine the pleasures which adorn
 This ever-peaceful plain.
 Come then, my fair, and with thy love
 Each rising care subdue;
 Thy presence can each grief remove,
 And every joy renew;

The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
Their transient bloom is vain;
But lasting truth and virtue paint
Pastora of the plain.

§ 29. *Song.*

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wintry flocks are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky.
The birds awake, the flowers appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we see!
Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day;
For soon, too soon, it will be night:
Arise, my love, and come away.

§ 30. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue. STEEL.*

HASTE, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our amorous journey through this dreary
waste;
Haste, my rein-deer! still, still thou art too slow,
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.
Around us far the rushy moors are spread;
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.
The watery length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flowery meadows pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flowery meadows, empty pride, farewell.
Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.
Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid, [air.
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly

§ 31. *Song. Arno's Vale. Earl of MID-
DLESEX*.*

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
How blithe the nymphs, the swains how gay!
Content inspir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the sweets of Arno's vale.
But since the good Palemon died,
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To northern men, an iron race.

* Charles Sackville, afterwards duke of Dorset. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Gaston, the last duke of Tuscany of the house of Medici; and addressed to signora Muscovita, a singer, a favourite of the author's.

The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
The muses droop, the Goths prevail;
Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

§ 32. *Song. The passionate Shepherd to his
Lover. MARLOW.*

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the steepy mountain yields.
And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

§ 33. *Song. The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.
Sir W. RALEIGH.*

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reck'ning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

§ 34. *Song. Summer.* THOMAS BREREWOOD, *Esq.*

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove
of tall trees,

With my fair-one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the
Let me pass the hot noon of the day. [breeze,

When the sun, less intense, to the westward in-
clines,

For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins
to bleat,

When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again!

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams through the leaves
give us light,

Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move;

And let no single thought be express'd in our
But of friendship improv'd into love. [talk,

Thus enchanted each day with these rural de-
lights,

And secure from ambition's alarms;
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms,

§ 35. *Song.* MOORE.

HOW bless'd has my time been, what joys
have I known, [own!

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as
often we stray,

Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she
beguiles, [smiles.

And meets me at night with compliance and
What though on her cheeks the rose loses its
hue, [through;

Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year
Time roll, as he flies, adds increase to her
truth, [youth.

And gives to her mind what he steals from her
Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too-credulous
fair;

In search of true pleasure how vainly you
room!

To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

§ 36. *Song.* FITZGERALD.

THE charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heav'nly fair,

We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt, for ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!

The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd;

When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind:

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,

They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;

Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

§ 37. *Song.*

BUSY, curious, thirstily fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;

Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.

Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:

Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;

Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

§ 38. *Song.*

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of
the sea,

Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of
his brine, [wine.

Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous
What trafficking then would have been on
the main

For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a
drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more
Secure in the evening of such a repast; [haste,
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap. [nap
By the force of his rays, and thus heated with
wine,

Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What

What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.
How happy us mortals when blest'd with such
rain,

To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
Nay even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump in the river and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in every one's
brow,

Hob as great as a prince dancing after the
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then en-
joy'd,

Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour!

§ 39. Song. SHENSTONE.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;

And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove:
With pride her foot-steps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

§ 40. Song.

MY mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,

That God or nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want that mott would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:

I prefs to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.

Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall:

I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,

No wily wit to save a sore,

No shape to win a lover's eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;

I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;

And I am rich with little store:

They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;

They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,

I grudge not at another's gain;

No worldly wave my mind can toss;

I brook that is another's bane;

I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;

I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease;

My conscience clear my chief defence:

I never seek by bribes to please,

Nor by desert to give offence:

Thus do I live, thus will I die;

Would all did so as well as I.

I take no joy in earthly bliss;

I weigh not Cæsus' wealth a straw;

For care, I care not what it is;

I fear not Fortune's fatal law:

My mind is such as may not move

For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;

I wander not to seek for more;

I like the plain, I climb no hill;

In greatest storms I sit on shore,

And laugh at them that toil in vain

To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;

I feign not love where most I hate;

I break no sleep to win my will;

I wait not at the mighty's gate;

I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;

I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath;

Extremes are counted worst of all;

The golden mean betwixt them both

Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;

This is my choice; for why, I find

No wealth is like a quiet mind.

§ 41. Song. Countess of WINCHELSEA.

WOULD we attain the happiest state
That is design'd us here;

No joy a rapture must create,

No grief beget despair.

No injury fierce anger raise,

No honour tempt to pride;

No vain desires of empty praise

Must in the soul abide.

No charms of youth or beauty move

The constant settled breast:

Who leaves a passage free to love,

Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,

Where none of these abound;

The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
Or can on earth be found.

§ 42. *Song.* BEDINGFIELD.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.
A little parlour stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king!
Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have choice few friends of your own taste;
A wife agreeable and chaste.
An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.
Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few taylor's, and no doctors' bills;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 43. *Song.* Mrs. PILKINGTON.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state:
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.
I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.
Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could shew,
Though seated on a throne.
Temultuous days, and restless nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.
Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine!
And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign!

§ 44. *Song.* *The Character of a happy Life.*
Sir HENRY WOTTON.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath!
Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!
Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend:
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend!
This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 45. *Song.* HILDEBRAND JACOB, Esq.

I ENVY not the mighty great,
Those powerful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expence of ease.
Far happier the shepherd's swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On ruffy pillows lays his head.
No curs'd ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast:
His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

§ 46. *Song.*

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.
With passions untrifled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.
The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wise.
In the pleasures the great man's possessions dis-
Unenvied I'll challenge my part; [play,
For every fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.
How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

§ 47. *Song.* SHIRLEY.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;

But

But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still;
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmur'ing breath,
 When the pale captive creeps to death.
 The laurel withers on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor victim bleeds;
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb:
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

§ 48. *Song. Dr. DALTON*.*

NOR on beds of fading flowers,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
 Nor with swains in syren bowers,
 Will true pleasure long reside.
 On awful Virtue's hill sublime
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
 Who wins her height must patient climb,
 The steps are peril, toil, and care.
 So from the first did Jove ordain
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

§ 49. *Song. A Moral Thought. Dr. HAWKES-
 WORTH.*

THRO' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
 Low vales, and mossy cells among,
 In silent paths the careless rill,
 Which languid murmurs, steals along.
 Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
 And lingering leaves its native plain;
 Then pours impetuous down the steep,
 And mingles with the boundless main.
 O let my years thus devious glide,
 Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
 Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
 Nor honour's sanguinary palm.
 When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
 Still let the stream untroubled be,
 As down the steep of age it falls,
 And mingles with eternity.

§ 50. *Song.*

FROM the court to the cottage convey me
 away, [gay:
 For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call
 Where pride without measure,
 And pomp without pleasure,
 Make life in a circle of hurry decay.
 Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the
 town, [gown:
 I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet
 My friends shall be few,
 But well chosen and true,
 And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.

* In the Masque of Comus.—It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of Tasso's *Jerusalem*.

† Written for, and set by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

‡ In the entertainment of The Miller of Mansfield.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
 On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree;
 The river's clear brink
 Shall afford me my drink, [be.
 And Temp'rance my friendly physician shall
 Ever calm and serene, with contentment still
 blest,
 Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
 I'll neither invoke
 Or repine at Death's stroke, [rest.
 But retire from the world as I would to my

§ 51. *Song. The Blind Boy. COLLEY CIB-
 BERT†.*

O Say what is that thing call'd light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy?
 What are the blessings of the sight?
 O tell your poor blind boy!
 You talk of wondrous things you see,
 You say the sun shines bright;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night?
 My day or night myself I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play;
 And could I ever keep awake
 With me 'twere always day.
 With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.
 Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

§ 52. *Song. ROBERT DOOSLEY ‡.*

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be
 less!
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau;
 A clown in this dress may be honest far
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and
 star.
 Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit
 to be seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal; [meal.
 Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like
 What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;
 In this of right noble examples he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.
 Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this he would mimic the tools of the state;

Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's
dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

§ 53. *Song. The Old Man's Wish. Dr. POPE.*

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the
gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate!
May I govern my passion with an absolute
sway, [wears away,
And grow wiser and better as my strength
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three
more

Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'ison or teal,
And clean though coarse linen at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout hum-
ming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With *Monte Fiascone* or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last
day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when
mellow, [fellow:
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his
For he govern'd his passion with an absolute
sway, [wore away,
And grew wiser and better as his strength
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

§ 54. *Song. Time's Alteration.*

WHEN this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays,
(Believe me this is true)
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,

With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means is small
Maintains both horse and coach:
Instead of an hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew,
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly shew;
We wanted no brawn nor soule,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine;
None under degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew,
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews:

The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor soldiers pay,
They were not so abus'd
As they are at this day;
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prett;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then, in fight,
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live;
Lord, mischief on them bring,
That will not their alms give;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

§ 55. *Song. The Vicar of Bray.*

IN good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist,
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive-obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,

Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir;
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's-defender;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will faulter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

§ 56. *Song. The Storm.* G. A. STEVENS.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
Lift, ye landmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!
Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail-sheets, and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The top-sail-sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.
Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!
The top-sail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courie;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky,
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?
 The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
 Plumb the well—the leak increaseth,
 Four feet water in the hold.
 While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn;
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas! to them there's no return.
 Still the leak is gaining on us:
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below.—
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
 For only that can save us now.
 O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
 See! our mizen-mast is gone.
 The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
 Up, and rig a jury foremast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore.
 Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Heav'n has sav'd our lives;
 Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to our lips a brimmer join,
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
 None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

§ 57. *Song. Neptune's raging Fury; or, the
 Gallant Seamen's Sufferings.*

YOU gentlemen of England
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah, little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas;
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 [All] the cares, and the fears,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 All you that will be seamen,
 Must bear a valiant heart,
 For when you come upon the seas,
 You must not think to start;
 Nor once to be faint-hearted,
 In hail, rain, [blow] or snow,
 Nor to think for to shrink
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 The bitter storms and tempests
 Poor seamen do endure,
 Both day and night, with many a fright,
 We seldom rest secure.

Our sleep it is disturbed
 With visions strange to know,
 And with dreams, on the streams,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 In claps of roaring thunder,
 Which darkness doth enforce,
 We often find our 'ship' to stray
 Beyond our wanted course:
 Which causeth great distractions,
 And sinks our hearts full low;
 'Tis in vain to complain,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
 Our ship is tost in waves,
 And every man expecting
 The sea to be their graves;
 Then up aloft she mounteth,
 And down again so low;
 'Tis with waves, O with waves,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 Then down again we fall to prayer,
 With all our might and thought,
 When refuge all doth fail us,
 'Tis that must bear us out;
 To God we call for succour,
 For he it is, we know,
 That must aid us, and save us,
 When the stormy winds do blow,
 The lawyer and the usurer,
 That sit in gowns of fur,
 In closets warm can take no harm,
 Abroad they need not stir;
 When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
 And beats with hail and snow,
 We are sure to endure,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 We bring home costly merchandise,
 And jewels of great price,
 To serve our English gallantry,
 With many a rare device;
 To please the English gallantry,
 Our pains we freely show,
 For we toil, and [we] moil,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 We sometimes sail to the Indies
 To fetch home spices rare,
 Sometimes again to France and Spain,
 For wines beyond compare;
 Whilst gallants are carousing,
 In taverns on a row,
 Then we sweep o'er the deep,
 When the stormy winds do blow,
 When tempests are blown over,
 And greatest fears are past,
 'In' weather fair, and temperate air,
 We straight lie down to rest;
 But when the billows tumble,
 And waves do furious grow,
 Then we rouse, up we rouse
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 If enemies oppose us,
 When England is at wars

With

With any foreign nations,
 We fear not wounds nor scars;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel in the keel,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 We are no cowardly shrinkers,
 But true Englishmen bred,
 We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
 And never fly for dread;
 We'll ply our business nimbly,
 Where'er we come or go,
 With our mates to the Straits,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we have hold 'adventurers'
 We ne'er shall want a trade;
 Our merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them wealth, I know;
 Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When we return in safety,
 With wages for our pains,
 The tapster and the vintner
 Will help to share our gains;
 We'll call for liquor roundly,
 And pay before we go;
 Then we'll roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

§ 58. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies;
 And every pang that rends the heart
 Bids expectation rise.
 Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

§ 59. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain.
 Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

§ 60. *Song.*

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast,
 Dress it quickly, I desire,
 In the dripping put a toast,
 That I hunger may remove;
 Mutton is the meat I love.
 On the dresser see it lie,
 O! the charming white and red!
 Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
 On the sweetest grass it fed:

Let the jack go swiftly round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.
 On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean:
 Pickles get, and salad both,
 Let them each be fresh and green:
 With small beer, good ale, and wine,
 O ye gods! how I shall dine!

§ 61. *Song.* SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER the green-wood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.
 Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

§ 62. *A Dirge.* D'URFEY.

SLEEP, sleep, poor youth, sleep, sleep in peace,
 Reliev'd from love, and mortal care,
 Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
 Uncertain blest less happy are.
 Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
 No ills of fate thou now canst fear,
 In vain would tyrant power enslave,
 Or scornful beauty be severe.
 Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
 Far from thy happy mansion keep;
 Earthquakes that shake the universe,
 Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.
 With all the charms of peace posselt,
 Secure from life's tormentor, pain,
 Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
 Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

Past is the fear of future doubt,
 The sun is from the dial gone,
 The sands are sunk, the glass is out,
 The folly of the farce is done.

§ 63. *Song.* GARRICK.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
 Of things more than mortal sweet Shake-
 speare would dream, [bed,
 The fairies by moon-light dance round his green
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
 The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
 Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain.
 The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here
 dread,
 For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
 Here

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,

And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth ;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!

Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow ! [spread !

Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

§ 64. Song. *The Fairies.*

COME follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green ;
Come follow Mab your queen :

Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest ;
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid :

Every night, before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd ;
Tails of worms and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrely ;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile :
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

§ 65. Song. *The Thief and Cordelier.*

PRIOR.

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know
the Grève,

The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave ;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had
put on, [begun :
And the hangman completes what the judge had
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of
the post, [no more cross'd.
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets
are known ; [his own ;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has
But my hearers cry out, what a deuce dost thou
ail ?

Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to black a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear ;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier !
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the
scene, [begin ;
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart ;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son ? says the
priest ;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd :
O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon ;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was
Derry down, &c. [taken.

Phoh ! prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies ;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis :
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die ; let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid ?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :
Courage, friend ! to-day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ! our hero replied in a fright ;
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of
to-night. [truss'd up ;
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas ! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the
Parbleu ! I shall have little stomach to eat : [treat,
I should therefore esteem it great favour and
grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you
to boot; [suit:
But our actions, you know, with out duty must
The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

§ 66. *Song. Admiral Hosier's Ghost.* GLOVER.

—was written by the ingenious author of
Leonidas, on the taking of Porto-Bello from
the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22,
1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so
pathetically represented, was briefly this: In
April, 1726, that commander was sent with
a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies,
to block up the galleons in the ports of that
country, or, should they presume to come out,
to seize and carry them into England: he ac-
cordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near
Porto-Bello; but being restricted by his orders
from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay
inactive on that station until he became the
jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed
to Carthagena, and continued cruising in these
seas, till far the greater part of his men pe-
rished deplorably by the diseases of that un-
healthy climate. This brave man, seeing his
best officers and men thus daily swept away,
his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and
himself made the sport of the enemy, is said
to have died of a broken heart.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There, while Vernon fate all-glorious
From the Spaniards late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet,
On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.
On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he bled him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.
Heed, oh! heed our fatal story;
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost;

You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was loit;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors hold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!
For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fall'n, my country crying,
“He has play'd an English part,”
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request:
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—nam'd in me.

§ 67. Song. Captain Death*.

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,
The same noble views have their bosoms
inspir'd;

As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend:
And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
To one British hero,—'tis brave captain Death!

His ship was the Terrible,—dreadful to see!
His crew were as brave, and as gallant as he;
Two hundred or more was their good comple-
ment,

And sure braver fellows to sea never went:
Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath
In fighting for Britain, and brave captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her
course:

The French privateer† and the Terrible met;—
The battle begun,—all with horror beset:
No heart was dismay'd,—each as bold as Mac-
beth;— [tain Death.

They fought for Old England, and brave cap-
Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard,
and felt;

A fight that the heart of Bellona would melt!
The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd
with blood, [lood:—

And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the
The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,
Our brave captain dropp'd,—and soon after his
mate;—

Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen, [green:
That soon dy'd the waves to a crimson from
And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton to crown captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible, bravely and bold;
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold;
The French were the victors,—though much to
their cost,— [lost.

For many brave French were with Englishmen
And thus says Old Time, From good queen
Elizabeth,

I ne'er saw the fellow of brave captain Death.

§ 68. Song. The Sea Fight in XCII†.

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,

Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand supply his gun;

Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the
deep;

He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on;

Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic
shore;

Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;

Now they cry,
Run or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main!

See they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater
fate;

In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost
estate;

For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!

Now we sing,
Bless the king,
Let us drink to every English tar.

* Written, as it is said, by one of his surviving crew.

† Called the Vengeance.

† The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song, was determined, after a running action of several days, off cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1692, in favour of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of admiral Russel, afterwards earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the chevalier Tourville, whose ship, *Le Soleil Royal*, carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the duke of Berwick, and several great officers, both of his own court, and of the court of France, and even Tourville himself, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore. It is now certain that Russel had engaged to favour the scheme of his old master's restoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourville's impetuosity and rashness rendered the whole measure abortive: And the distressed and ill-fated monarch retired, in a fit of despondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the solitary gloom of La Trappe.

§ 69. *Song. Peggy*.* GARRICK.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my Peggy:
Yet guittar bards the lyre shall hit,
Or say what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
She's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose
As does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone it's endless night—
All's dark without my Peggy!

While bees from flower to flower shall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the rivers love,
So long shall I love Peggy:
And when death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,
"Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

§ 70. *Song. The Miller's Wedding.*

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport
and to play;
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay;
No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen,
For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we!
Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a
bride,
Be marry'd to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;

My body is stout, and my heart is as found,
And my love, like my courage, will never give
ground.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss;
We fettle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your
beaus, [cloaths,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but
lies still,

Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

§ 71. *Song in the Winter's Tale.*

COME come, my good shepherds, our flocks
we must shear;

In your holiday-suits, with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folk are the guiltless and free,
And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions, by luxury taught,
We practise no arts, with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in
our eyes;

For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city-dames led,
But we as the children of Nature are bred;
By her hand alone we are painted and dress'd:
For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in
the breast.

That giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the
poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we
feel;

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

§ 72. *Song.* GARRICK.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has
caught. [your eye,
The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;

* This song was written in compliment to Mrs. Wollington.

But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your favourite
guitar,

Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too
much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-
mand:

Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to
your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to
your mind;

'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests im-
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of LOVE.

§ 73. *Song in Harlequin's Invasion.*

TO arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!
The road to renown lies before you!
The name of King Shakespeare has charms
To rouse ye to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!
'Tis Nature calls on you to save her;
What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakespeare for ever?

§ 74. *Song. In the same.*

THRICE happy the nation that Shakespeare
has charm'd!

More happy the bosoms his Genius has warm'd!
Ye children of nature, of fashion, and whim!
He painted you all, all join to praise him.

Chorus. Come away! come away!

His Genius calls—you must obey!

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung;
All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen;
He could soar with the eagle, and sing with the
wren.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

To praise him, ye Fairies and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.

Chorus. Come away! come away!

His Genius calls—you must obey.

§ 75. *Song in the Country Girl.*

TELL not me of the roses and lilies,
Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phillis;

Tell not me of the dimples and eyes,
For which silly Corydon dies:

Let all whining lovers go hang;

My heart would you hit,

Tip your arrow with wit,

And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,

And it comes to my heart with a twang.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty;
And beauty will ogle in vain:
The way to my heart's thro' my brain.

Let all whining lovers go hang,

We Wits, you must know,

Have two strings to our bow,

To return them their darts with a twang, twang,

To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 76. *Air in Cymon.*

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;

Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,

Oh how it did flutter and rage!

Then he mop'd and he pin'd

That his wings were confin'd,

Till I open'd the door of his den:

Then so merry was he;

And, because he was free,

He came to his cage back again.

§ 77. *Air in Cymon.*

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms;

Let not care awake to grieve me,

Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,

Quitting young the parent's nest,

Find each bird a bird of prey;

Sorrow knows not where to rest!

§ 78. *Shakespeare's Mulberry-Tree.*

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
the tree, [by thee;

Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,

What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,

Bend to thee,

Blest Mulberry,

Matchless was he

Who planted thee;

And thou like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round their branches, whose heads
sweep the sky,

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here

To root out the natives at prices so dear,

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our
coast;

But of fir we make ships, we have thousands

While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can
write.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Let Venus delight in gay myrtle bowers,

Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;

The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,

With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

With

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch [church,

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;
From folly and fashion a charm let it be:

Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour the country, do honour to him.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,

Bend to thee,

Blest Mulberry,

Matchless was he

Who planted thee,

And thou like him immortal shall be.

§ 79. *Song. The Friar of Orders Gray.*

"Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale.

"One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher."

IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar;
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he's dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,

Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him bare-fac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For, violets pluck'd the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so:
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comeliest youth was he:—
But he is dead, and laid in his grave:
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer-trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart:
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for ever more
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,

And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true-love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought:
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

§ 80. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest,
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, sailors when away
At every port a mistress find.

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;

Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet, free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her leav'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

§ 81. *Song.*

ROWE,

AS, on a summer's day,
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she pass'd by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!

And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our God has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears,
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

§ 82. *Song.*

PRIOR,

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains:
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!

He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
And she too kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cause of all my care;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, have I heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, she cried;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

§ 83. Song.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the
spring, [sing;
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly
thus sung she,
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
Oh cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love
from me, [they've ruin'd me;
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho'
And I love my love, because I know my love
loves me.

O should it please the pitying powers to call me
to the sky, [love to fly;
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my
To guard him from all dangers how happy
should I be! [loves me.
For I love my love, because I know my love
I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it won-
drous fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns
from sea, [loves me.
For I love my love, because I know my love
Oh if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!

To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward
should be; [loves me.
For I love my love, because I know my love
Oh if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my
love might spy; [shall see,
But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er
Yet I love my love, because I know my love
loves me.

§ 84. Song.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill.
The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.
Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.
No herds have I, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas! is love.
How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold!
They ask no vows of sacred truth,
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove;
But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast
What wealth, what riches would suffice?
Yet India's shore should never boast
The lustre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap must prove;
Can I then buy—who have but love.

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere:
Let treasure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth must pay in love!

§ 85. Song.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
But Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure can yield.
The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.

Come let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

§ 86. *Song. Nancy of the Vale.* SHENSTONE.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The sultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artless bower
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden every grove:

But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Esham's dale;
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank, the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
 That float on Avon's tide;
 Bright as the water-lily sprung
 And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom,
 Her eye all mild to view;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd
 This peerless bud I found,
 And shadowing rocks and woods conspire
 To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so sweet!
 Or fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline:
 Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
 As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 Has won my right good will;
 To him I gave my plighted vow,
 With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I these charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

§ 87. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenstone, Esq.*
 CUNNINGHAM,

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the pride of the plain;
 In sooth, he was gentle and kind;
 He mark'd, in his elegant strain,
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
 But never would risk their cell.
 Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equall'd his song?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain;
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

§ 87.

§ 88. *Song.* LYTTTELTON.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

§ 89. *Song.* LYTTTELTON.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear;
No other wit but her's approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

§ 90. *Song.* SOAME JENYNS.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for heaven's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Pret's not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very power
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Resolve not then to do an ill
Because perhaps you may,
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not pursue,
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love and you.

§ 91. *Song. The Power of Music.* LISLE.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions
Which men are forbidden to see, [below,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far,—but how vast their surprize,
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
—So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,
And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such power had music in hell!

§ 92. *Song.* ROWE.

TO the brook and the willow, that heard him
complain,

Ah willow! willow!

Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his pain,
Sweet stream, he cry'd, sadly I'll teach thee to
flow, [woe,

And the waters shall rise to the brink with my
All restless and painful my Celia now lies,
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies:
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers
repair, [your care;

Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.
Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loss of my charmer the fates have de-
creed,

Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one believe,
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;
One

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.
Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,
Bear this to my willow; this verse is my last.
Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

§ 93. Song.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain;
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill-grounded
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn
Your kindness will vastly improve;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sunshine of love:
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You oft have regarded with wonder;
He is dropsical, she is fore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;
Together they totter about,
And sit in the sun at the door,
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother,
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,
Which sickness nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these,
And the current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

§ 94. Song. GILBERT COOPER.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move thy fear,
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear 'em lip their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

§ 95. Song.

PERCY.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town:
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain beset,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 96. Song.

LYTTELTON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?
Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

§ 97. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels, had she on:
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
Both by birth and parentage of high degree.
As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.
But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
O, then said this lady gay, full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!
Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:
Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee,
"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow." [knight,
All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous
God grant upon my head the same may fully
light.
Blessed be the time and season,
That thou came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away that is your own.
"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wonderous store."—
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen throughout the world are count-
ed kind.
Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest'd.
"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;

English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I will quickly change myself, if it be so, [go.
And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou
"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies
unknown.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies, dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee,

"Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
And of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets, for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company:
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewel too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!
"The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady."

§ 98. *Ballad. The Children in the Wood: or, The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament.*

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.
Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;

His wife by him as sick did lie,
 And both possess'd one grave.
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kind;
 In love they liv'd, in love they died,
 And left two babes behind:
 The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three years old;
 The other a girl, more young than he,
 And made in beauty's mould.
 The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred pounds a year;
 And to his little daughter Jane
 Five hundred pounds in gold,
 To be paid down on marriage day,
 Which might not be controul'd:
 But if the children chance to die
 Ere they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possess their wealth;
 For so the will did run.
 Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children dear;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else I have here:
 To God and you I do commend
 My children night and day;
 But little while, be sure, we have
 Within this world to stay.
 You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle, all in one;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespake their mother dear,
 O brother kind, quoth she,
 You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery.
 And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward;
 If otherwise you seem to deal,
 God will your deeds regard.
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 She kiss'd her children small:
 God bless you both, my children dear,
 With that the tears did fall.
 These speeches then their brother spoke
 To this sick couple there:
 The keeping of your children dear,
 Sweet sister, do not fear;
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear,
 When you are laid in grave.
 Their parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them home unto his house,
 And much of them he makes,
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away,

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take the children young,
 And slay them in a wood.
 He told his wife, and all he had,
 He did the children send,
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.
 Away then went these pretty babes,
 Rejoicing at that tide,
 Rejoicing with a merry mind,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the way,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decay.
 So that the pretty speech they had
 Made murderers hearts relent;
 And they that undertook the deed
 Full sore they did repent.
 Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch that hired him
 Had paid him very large.
 The other would not agree thereto,
 So here they fell at strife;
 With one another they did fight
 About the children's life:
 And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood;
 While babes did quake for fear.
 He took the children by the hand,
 When tears stood in their eye;
 And bade them come and go with him,
 And look they did not cry:
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain:
 Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 When I do come again.
 These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and down;
 But never more they saw the man
 Approaching from the town:
 Their pretty lips, with black-berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dy'd,
 And, when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cried.
 Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
 Till death did end their grief;
 In one another's arms they died,
 As babes wanting relief:
 No burial these pretty babes
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast, painfully,
 Did cover them with leaves.
 And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell:
 His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
 His lands were barren made,

His

His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him stay'd.
 And, in the voyage of Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die;
 And, to conclude, himself was brought
 To extreme misery:
 He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
 Ere seven years came about.
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out.
 The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
 As was God's blessed will;
 Who did confess the very truth,
 The which is here express'd;
 Their uncle died, while he, for debt,
 In prison long did rest.
 All you that be executors made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God, with such like misery,
 Your wicked minds requite.

§ 99. *Ballad. The Hunting in Chevy-Chase.*

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all;
 A woeful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-chase befall:
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Percy took his way;
 The child may rue that is unborn
 The hunting of that day.
 The stout earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer's days to take;
 The chiefest harts in Chevy-chase
 To kill and bear away;
 These tiding to earl Douglas came,
 In Scotland where he lay;
 Who sent earl Percy present word
 He would prevent his sport:
 The English earl not fearing this,
 Did to the woods resort,
 With fifteen hundred bowmen bold;
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim their shafts aright.
 The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow-deer:
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When day-light did appear;
 And, long before high noon, they had
 A hundred fat bucks slain;
 Then, having din'd, the drovers went
 To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
 Well able to endure;
 Their backsides all, with special care,
 That day were guarded sure.
 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
 The nimble deer to take,
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.
 Lord Percy to the quarry went,
 To view the slaughter'd deer;
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
 This day to meet me here:
 If that I thought he would not come
 No longer would I stay.
 With that a brave young gentleman
 Thus to the earl did say:
 Lo! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
 His men in armour bright;
 Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
 All marching in our fight;
 All men of pleasant Tivdale,
 Fast by the river Tweed.
 Then cease your sport, earl Percy said,
 And take your bows with speed:
 And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance;
 For never was there champion yet,
 In Scotland or in France,
 That ever did on horseback come,
 But if my hap it were,
 I durst encounter, man for man,
 With him to break a spear.
 Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 Whose armour shone like gold:
 Show me, said he, whose men you be,
 That hunt so boldly here;
 That, without my consent, do chase
 And kill my fallow-deer!
 The man that first did answer make,
 Was noble Percy, he;
 Who said, We list not to declare,
 Nor show whose men we be:
 Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
 Thy chiefest harts to slay.
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
 And thus in rage did say:
 Ere thus I will out-braved be,
 One of us two shall die:
 I know thee well, an earl thou art,
 Lord Percy, so am I.
 But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
 And great offence, to kill
 Any of these our harmless men,
 For they have done no ill:
 Let thou and I the battle try,
 And set our men aside.
 Accurs'd be he, lord Percy said,
 By whom this is denied.

Then

Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
 Witherington was his name,
 Who said, I would not have it told
 To Henry our king, for shame,
 That e'er my captain fought on foot,
 And I stood looking on:
 You be two earls, said Witherington,
 And I a 'squire alone:
 I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have strength to stand;
 While I have power to wield my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.
 Our English archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true;
 At the first flight of arrows sent,
 Full threescore Scots they slew.
 To drive the deer with hound and horn
 Earl Douglas had the bent;
 A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
 The spears to shivers sent.
 They clos'd full fast on every side,
 No slackness there was found;
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground.
 O Christ! it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.
 At last these two stout earls did meet,
 Like captains of great might;
 Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
 And made a cruel fight.
 They fought until they both did sweat,
 With swords of temper'd steel;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling down did feel.
 Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas said,
 In faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By James our Scottish king:
 Thy ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see.
 No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
 Thy proffer I do scorn;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.
 With that there came an arrow keen,
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow:
 Who never spoke more words than these,
 Fight on, my merry men all;
 For why, my life is at an end,
 Lord Percy sees my fall.
 Then leaving life, earl Percy took
 The dead man by the hand,
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
 Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed,
 With sorrow for thy sake;
 For sure, a more renowned knight
 Mischance did never take.
 A knight amongst the Scots there was,
 Which saw earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the earl Percy:
 Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd;
 Who, with a spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight;
 And pass'd the English archers all,
 Without all dread or fear;
 And through earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear:
 With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The spear went through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more.
 So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain:
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 The noble earl was slain:
 He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew he:
 Against sir Hugh Montgomery
 So right the shaft he set,
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon
 In his heart-blood was wet.
 This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun;
 For when they rung the evening-bell
 The battle scarce was done.
 With the earl Percy there was slain
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron:
 And, with sir George, and good sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.
 For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.
 And with Earl Douglas there was slain
 Sir Hugh Montgomery;
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
 One foot would never fly;
 Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliffe too,
 His sisters son was he;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.
 And the lord Maxwell, in like wise,
 Did with earl Douglas die:
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three :
 The rest were slain in Chevy-chafe,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail ;
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
 Where Scotland's king did reign,
 That brave earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news, king James did say,
 Scotland can witness be,
 I have not any captain more
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slain in Chevy-chafe.

Now God be with him, said our king,
 Sith 'twill no better be ;
 I trust I have within my realm,
 Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
 But I will vengeance take ;
 And be revenged on them all,
 For brave lord Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,
 After, on Humbledown,
 In one day fifty knights were slain,
 With lords of great renown ;

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many hundreds die.
 Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-chafe,
 Made by the earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
 In plenty, joy, and peace ;
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

§ 100. *Song. Sir Cauline.*

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad : it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines ; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader, before he comes to Pt. 2. v. 110, 111. that the **ROUND TABLE** was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great

baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred "on his three sons" by K. Edw. I. he, at his own costs, caused a tournament to be held at Kenilworth ; where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days ; the like whereof was never before in England ; and there began the **ROUND TABLE**, (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form :) And upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him ; he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick."—It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls jousts and turnaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princefs ; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners : it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands. And even so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are SKILFUL IN SURGERY." See Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicle, &c.

The First Part.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
 There dwelleth a bonnye kinge ;
 And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
 Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
 In fashyon she hath no peere ;
 And princely wighthes that ladye wooed
 To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
 But nothing durst he saye ;
 Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
 But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so befall,
 Great dill to him was dight ;
 The maydens love removde his mynd,
 To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
 One while he spred them nye ;
 And aye ! but I winne that ladyes love,
 For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
 Our kinge was bowne to dyne :
 He sayes, Where is syr Cauline,
 That is wont to serve the wyne ?

Then

Then aunswerde him a courteous knyghte,
And fast his handes gan wringe :
Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

Fetch me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leech fulle fine :
Goe take him doughte, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red ;
Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye :
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord ?
O sicke, thou fayr ladye.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee ;
For it is told in my fathers halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye :
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
Ne longer wold I lye.

Sir knyghte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire ;
Alas ! and well you knowe, syr knyghte,
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge ;
And dare ye, syr knyghte, wake there all nighte,
Untill the fayre morninge ?

For the Eldridge knyghte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne :
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knyghte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone ;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy sake, fair ladie ;
And Ile either bring you a ready token,
Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chaumbère,
Her maydens following bright :
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe ;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne :
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
A furyous wight and fell ;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell :

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
O man, I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee ;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The lesse me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knyghte, he pricked his steed ;
Syr Cauline bold abode :
Then either shooke his truittye speare,
And the timber these two children * bare
Soe soon in sunder flode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande,
But syr Cauline with a backward stroke,
He smote off his right-hand ;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye :
And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faste wringing of her hande :
For the maydens love, that most you love,
Withold that deadlye brande :

For the maydens love, that most you love,
Nowe smyte no more I praye ;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hefts obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knyghte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And therto plight thy hand :

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe ;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dyinge daye.

The Eldridge knyghte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe ;
And sware to obey syr Caulines heft,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knyghte
Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knyghte and his ladye
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knyghtes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint:
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:
O ladye, I have been on the Eldridge hills:
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy helts for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love!—
Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
Alas! syr knighte, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
He promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte so free:
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father shold it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde syr Cauline the knighte:
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan shee was in his fight.

Part the Second.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and syr Cauline
Therewith in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrie man was hee:
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladye.

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe:
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
I praye you save syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Acrofs the salt sea fome:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladye;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Faile lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe:
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never shee wolde them nec.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kinge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love
Before that faire ladye.

And manye a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle;
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye:
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His aſton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge,
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
 That waited on his knee,
 And at his backe five heads he bare,
 All wan and pale of blee.
 Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
 Behold that hend Soldain!
 Behold these heads I bear with me!
 They are kings which he hath slain.
 The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
 Whom a knight of thine hath shent:
 And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
 And to thee, all thy knightes among,
 Defiance here hath sent.
 But yette he will appease his wrath
 Thy daughters love to winne:
 And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
 Thy halls and towers must brenne.
 Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee;
 Or else thy daughter deere;
 Or else within these lists soe broad
 Thou must finde him a peere.
 The king he turned him round aboute,
 And in his heart was woe:
 Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
 This matter will undergoe?
 Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
 Will fight for my daughter and mee?
 Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,
 Right fair his meede shall bee;
 For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
 And of my crowne be heyre;
 And he shall winne fayre Christabelle,
 To be his wedded fere.
 But every knighte of his round tablè
 Did stand both still and pale;
 For whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,
 It made their hearts to quail.
 All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
 When she sawe no helpe was nye:
 She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
 And the teares gusht from her eye.
 Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
 Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd;
 Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldan,
 Though he be unmacklye made.
 And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
 That lyeth within thy bowre,
 I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,
 Though he be stiff in stowre.
 Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
 The kinge he cryde, with speede:
 Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
 My daughter is thy meede.
 The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
 And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
 I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
 Thou lettest me here all daye.
 Then forthe the stranger knight he came
 In his blacke armour dight:
 The ladye sighed a gentle sigh,
 "That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
 Within the lists soe broad:
 And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
 They gan to lay on load.
 The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
 That made him reele asyde:
 Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
 And thrice she deeply sighde.
 The soldan strucke a second stroke,
 And made the bloude to flowe:
 All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
 And thrice she wept for woe.
 The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
 Which brought the knighte on his knee:
 Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
 And she shriekt loud shriekings three.
 The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
 All recklesse of the pain:
 Quoth he, But heaven be now my speede,
 Or else I shall be flaine.
 He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
 And spyng a secrette part,
 He drave it into the soldan's syde,
 And pierced him to the heart.
 Then all the people gave a shoute,
 Whan they sawe the soldan falle:
 The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
 That had rekwed her from thrall.
 And nowe the kinge with all his barons
 Rose uppe from offe his seate,
 And downe he stepped into the listes,
 That courteous knighte to greete.
 But he for payne and lacke of bloude
 Was fallen into a swounde,
 And there all walteringe in his gore,
 Lay lifelesse on the grounde.
 Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
 Thou art a leech of skille;
 Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
 Than this good knighte sholde spille.
 Downe then steppeth that fayre ladyè,
 To helpe him if she maye;
 But when she did his beavere raise,
 It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
 And shriekte and swoound awaye.
 Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
 When he heard his ladye crye,
 O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
 For thee I wisht to dye.
 Then giving her one partinge looke,
 He closed his eyes in death,
 Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
 Begane to drawe her breathe.
 But when she founde her comelye knighte
 Indeed was dead and gone,
 She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
 And thus she made her moane.
 O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
 For mee thy faithfulle feere;
 'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
 Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoone,
And with a deepe-feste figne,
That burit her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Chrytabelle did dye.

§ 101. *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.*

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he got from abbeyes and the houses of rich earles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe."

Stowe Annals, p. 159.

WHAN shaws beene sheene, and shraddes
full fayre,

And leaves both large and longe,
Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beat and binde,
And tooke my bowe me free;
If I be Robin alive in this lande,
He be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff itt be never so loude this night,
To-morrow it may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For He goe seeke yond wighty yeomen,
In greenwood where they bee.

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrest
A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee,
There they were ware of a wight yeoman,
That leane against a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of many a man the bane;

And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth Lyttle John,
Under this tree so grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou setteest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How often send I my men before,
And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And it were not for burting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barneisdale,
The gates* he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barneisdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellowes
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the proud sheriffe with seven score men,
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
He make yond sheriffe that wends soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fetteled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell downe at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ever thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the sheriffes men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth
If it be Christ his will. [John,

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so
fayre,

"Good morrowe, good fellow," quoth he:
T t 2 Methinkes,

Methinkes, by this bowe thou beares in thy
 A good archere thou sholdst bee. [hande,
 I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
 And of my morning tyde.
 Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin;
 Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.
 I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
 Men call him Robin Hood;
 Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe
 Than fortye pound foe good.
 Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
 And Robin thou soone shalt see:
 But first let us some pastime find
 Under the greenwood tree.
 First let us some masterye make
 Among the woods so even,
 We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
 Here at some unfetted steven.
 They cut them down two summer shroggs,
 That grew both under a breere,
 And sett them threescore rood in twaine
 To shoote the prickes y-fere.
 Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
 Leade on, I do bidd thee.
 Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
 My leader thou shalt bee.
 The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
 He mist but an inch it fro:
 The yeoman he was an archer good,
 But he cold never do foe.
 The second shoote had the wighty yeman,
 He shot within the garland:
 But Robin he shott far better than hee,
 For he clave the good pricke wande.
 A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
 Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
 For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
 Thou wert better than Robin Hood.
 Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
 Under the leaves of lyne.
 Nay by my faith, quoth holde Robin,
 Till thou have told me thine.
 I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
 And Robin to take I me sworne;
 And when I am called by my right name
 I am Guy of good Gisborne.
 My dwelling is in this wood, says Robin,
 By thee I set right nought:
 I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
 Whom thou so long hast fought.
 He that had neyther beene kithe nor kin,
 Might have seen a full fayre sight,
 To see how together these yeomen went
 With blades both browne and bright.
 To see how these yeomen together they fought
 Two howres of a summers day:
 Yett neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
 Them settled to flye awaye.
 Robin was reachles on a roote,
 And stumbled at that tyde;
 And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
 And hitt him upon the syde.
 Ah deere Ladye, sayd Robin Hood, tho
 That art but mother and may',
 I think it was never mans destinye
 To dye before his day.
 Robin thought on our ladye deere,
 And soone leapt up againe,
 And strait he came with a backward stroke,
 And he Sir Guy hath slayne.
 He took Sir Guys head by the hayre,
 And stuck it upon his bowes end:
 Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,
 Which thing must have an end.
 Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
 And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
 That he was never on woman born,
 Cold know whose head it was.
 Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guye,
 And with me be not wrothe;
 If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
 Thou shalt have the better clothe.
 Robin did off his gowne of greene,
 And on Sir Guy did throwe,
 And hee put on that capull hyde,
 That cladd him topp to toe.
 Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and litle horne,
 Now with me I will beare;
 For I will away to Barnesdale,
 To see how my men doe fare.
 Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
 And a loud blast in it did blow.
 That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
 As he leaned under a lowe.
 Harken, harken, sayd the sheriffe,
 I heare nowe tydings good,
 For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
 And he hath slaine Robin Hood.
 Yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne blowe,
 Itt blowes foe well in tyde,
 And yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
 Cladd in his capull hyde.
 Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
 Aske what thou wilt of mee.
 O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
 Nor I will none of thy fee:
 But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
 Lett me goe strike the knave;
 For this is all the meede I aske;
 None other rewarde I le have.
 Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe,
 Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee:
 But seeing thy asking hath beene foe bad,
 Well granted it shal bee.
 When Little John heard his master speake,
 Well knewe he it was his steven:
 Now shall I be loofet, quoth Little John,
 With Christ his might in heaven.
 Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
 He thought to loose him blive;

The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him can drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
Why draw you mee so neere?

Itt was never the use in our countrye,
Ones shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And have him Sir Guyes bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,
He fled full fast away;
And soe did all the companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
But Little John, with an arrowe soe broad,
He shott him into the backe-syde.

§ 102. *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and
William of Cloudestly,*

—were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called corruptly in the ballad Englishwood, whereas Engle, or Ingle-wood, signifies wood for firing.) At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "The pedigree, education, and marriage of Robin Hood," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.

The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long-bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the
And William of Clowdeslee [Clough,
To shoot with our forester for forty mark;
And our forester beat them all three.

Collect. of Old Ballads. 1727. 1 vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular Hero of Sherwood.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the BELLS were noted rogues in the North so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See in Rymer's *Fœdera*, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

Part the First.

MERY it was in grene forèst
Amonge the levès grene,
Wheras men hunt east and west
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;
To ryse the dere out of theyr denne;
Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrey,
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough*,
The thyrd was William of Cloudestly,
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,
These yemen everychone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lyften, gentylmen,
That of myrthe loveth to here:
Two of them were singele men,
The third had a wedded fere.

Wylliam was the wedded man,
Muche more than was hys care:
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleil he wold fare;

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with hys chyldren thre.
By my trowth, sayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counsell of me:

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If the justice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Truiste not els, but that I am take,
Or else that I am slayne.

He toke his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carleil he is gon:
Theyre he knocked at his owne windowe
Shortlye and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,
And my chyldren thre?
Lyghtly let in thyn own husbände,
Wylliam of Cloudestly.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous fore,
Thys place hath ben besette for you
Thys halfe yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudestly,
I wold that in I were:
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plenty,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
And pleased hym with that she had,
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

* Clym of the Clough, means Clem. (Clement) of the valley: for so Clough signifies, in the North.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
 A lytle beyde the fyre,
 Whych Wyllyam had found of charytye
 More than seven yere.
 Up the rose, and forth she goes,
 Evel mote she spede therefoore;
 For she had not set no fote on ground
 In seven yere before.
 She went unto the justice-hall,
 As fast as she could hye:
 Thys night is come unto thys town
 Wyllyam of Cloudeffle.
 Thereof the justice was full fayne,
 And so was the shirife also:
 Thou shalt not trauaill hither, dame, for nought,
 Thy mede thou shalt have or thou go.
 They gave to her a ryght good gounne
 Of scarlate and of graine:
 She toke the gyft, and home she wente,
 And couched her doune agayne.
 They ryfed the towne of mery Carleile
 In all the haite they can;
 And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
 As fast as they might gone.
 There they besette that good yemàn
 About on every fyde:
 Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
 That theyther-ward they hyed.
 Alyce opened a back wyndow,
 And loked all aboute,
 She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
 Wyth a full great route.
 Alas! treason, cryed Alyce,
 Ever wo may thou be!
 Goe into my chamber, husband, she sayd,
 Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeffle.
 He toke hys sward and hys bucler,
 Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
 And wente into hys strongest chamber,
 Where he thought surest to be.
 Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
 Took a pollaxe in her hande:
 He shal be deade that here commeth in
 Thys dore, whyle I may stand.
 Cloudeffle bente a wel-good bowe,
 That was of trusty tre,
 He smot the justise on the brest,
 That hys arowe brest in thre.
 A curse on his harte, saide William,
 Thys day thy cote dyd on!
 If it had ben no better then myne,
 It had gone nere thy bone.
 Yeld the Cloudeffle, sayd the justise,
 Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
 A curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,
 That my husband councelleth so.
 Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
 Syth it wyll no better be,
 And brenne we therin William, he saide,
 Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place.
 The fyre flew up on hye:
 Alas! then cryed fayre Alice,
 I se we here shall dy.
 William openyd a backe wyndow,
 That was in hys chamber hie,
 And wyth shetes let downe his wyfe,
 And eke hys chyldren thre.
 Have here my treasure, sayde William,
 My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
 For Christes love do them no harme,
 But wreke you all on me.
 Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
 Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
 And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
 That hys bowstryng brent in two.
 The sparkles brent and fell upon
 Good Wyllyam of Cloudeffle:
 Than was he a wofull man, and sayde,
 Thys is a cowardes death to me.
 Lever had I, sayde Wyllyam,
 With my sworde in the route to renne,
 Then here among myne enemyes wode
 Thus cruelly to bren.
 He toke hys sward and hys buckler,
 And among them all he ran,
 Where the people were most in prece,
 He smot downe many a man.
 There myght no man abyde hys stroke,
 So ferly on them he ran:
 Then they threw wyndowes, and dores on him,
 And so toke that good yemàn.
 There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
 And in depe dongeon cast:
 Now Cloudeffle, sayd the hye justice,
 Thou shalt be hanged in hast.
 A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
 Now shal I for the make;
 And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte:
 No man shal come in therat.
 Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
 Nor yet shal Adam Bell,
 Though they came with a thousand mo,
 Nor all the devels in hell.
 Early in the mornynge the justice uprofe,
 To the gates first gan he gon,
 And commaundeth to be shut full close
 Lightile everychone.
 Then went he to the markett place,
 As fast as he coulede hye;
 A payre of new gallous there he set up
 Beyde the pyllorye.
 A lytle boy amonge them asked,
 "What meaneth that gallow-tre?"
 They sayde, to hange a good yeamàn,
 Called Wyllyam of Cloudeffle.
 That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
 And kept fayre Alyces swyne;
 Oft he had scene Cloudeffle in the wodde,
 And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;
There met he with these wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then sayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudeſſe is taken, and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we ſee thys daye!

He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwellyd in grene foreſte,
Under the ſhadowes grene,
And have kepte both hym and us in reſte,
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart ſone had he ſlayne:
Take that, chylde, he ſayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, ſayed theſe wightye yeomen,
Tary we no lenger here;
We ſhall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere.

To Caerleil wente theſe good yemen,
In a mery mornyng of maye.
Here is a FYT* of Cloudeſſye,
And another is for to ſaye.

Part the Second.

AND when they came to mery Carleil,
All in the mornyng tyde,
They founde the gates ſhut them untill
About on every ſyde.

Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
Theſe gates be ſhut ſo wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.

Then beſpake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng;
Let us ſaye we be meſſengers,
Streight come now from our king.

Adam ſaid, I have a letter written,
Now let us wyſely werke,
We wyl ſaye we have the kynges ſeals;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate
With ſtrokes great and ſtrong;
The porter herde ſuch noyſe therat,
And to the gate he throng.

Who is there now, ſayde the porter,
That maketh all thys dinne?

We betow meſſengers, ſayde Clym of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, ſayde Adam Bel,
To the juſtice we muſt it bryng;

Let us in our meſſage to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here commeth none in, ſayd the porter,
Be hym that dyed on a tre,

Tyll a falſe thefe be hanged up,
Called Wylliam of Cloudeſſe.

Then ſpake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And ſwore by Mary fre,
And if that we ſtande long without,
Lyk a thefe honge thou ſhalt be.

Lo! here we have the kynges ſeale:
What, Lurden, art thou wode?

The porter went it had ben ſo,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome be my lordes ſeale, he ſaide;
For that ye ſhall come in.

He opened the gate full ſhortlye;
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, ſayde Adam Bell,
Therof we are full faine;
But Chriſt he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we ſhall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, ſaid Clym of the Clough,
Ryght wel then ſhoulde we ſpede,
Then might we come out wel ynough
When we ſe tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counſell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And caſt hym in a depe dongeon,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, ſayd Adam Bel,
Se, brother, the keys are here,
The worſt porter to merry Carleile
The have had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brother,
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
And loked theyr ſtringes were round,
The markett place in mery Carleile
They beſet that ſtound.

And, as they loked them beſyde,
A paire of new galowes thei ſee,
And the juſtice with a queſt of ſquyers,
Had judged theyr ſore to de.

And Cloudeſſe hymſelfe lay in a carte,
Faſt bound both fote and hand;
And a ſtronger rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The juſtice called to him a ladde,
Cloudeſſes clothes ſhould he have,
To take the meaſure of that yemam,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have ſene as great mervaille, ſaid Cloudeſſe,
As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh thys grave for me
Hymſelfe may lye therin.

Thou ſpeakeſt proudli, ſaid the juſtice,
I ſhall the hange with my hande.
Full wel herd this his bretheren two,
There ſtyll as they dyd ſtande.

Then Cloudeſſe caſt his eyen aſyde,
And ſaw hys brethren twaine

At a corner of the market-place,
 Redy the justice for to stame.
 I se comfort, sayd Cloudeſſe,
 Yet hope I well to fare,
 If I might have my handes at wyll
 Ryght lytle wolde I care.
 Then bespake good Adam Bell
 To Clym of the Clough so free,
 Brother, se ye marke the justyce wel;
 Lo! yonder ye may him se:
 And at the sherife shote I wyll
 Strongly wyth arrowe kene;
 A better shote in mery Carleile
 Thys seven yere was not sene.
 They loosed their arrowes both at once,
 Of no man had the dread;
 The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
 That both theyr sides gan blede.
 All men voyded, that them stode nye,
 When the justice fell to the grounde,
 And the sherife fell hym by;
 Eyther had his deathes wounde.
 All the citezens fast gan flye,
 They durst no longer abyde:
 There lyghtly they loosed Cloudeſſe,
 Where he with ropes lay tyde.
 Wyllyam sterte to an officer of the towne,
 Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge.
 On eche syde he smote them downe,
 Hym thought he taryed to long.
 Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
 Thys daye let us lyve and de,
 If ever you have nede, as I have now,
 The same shall you finde by me.
 They shot so well in that tyde,
 Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,
 That they kept the stretes on every side;
 That batayle did long endure.
 The fought together as brethren tru,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde,
 Many a man to the ground they thrue,
 And many a herte made colde.
 But when their arrowes were all gon,
 Men preceid to them full fast,
 They drew their swordes then anone,
 And theyr bowes from them cast.
 They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
 Wyth swordes and bucklers round;
 By that it was myd of the day,
 They made mani a wound.
 There was many an out-horne in Carleil blowen,
 And the belles backward dyd ryng,
 Many a woman sayde, Alas!
 And many theyr handes dyd wryng.
 The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
 Wyth hym a ful great route:
 These yemen dred hym full sore,
 Of theyr lyves they stode in doute.
 The mayre came armed a full great pace,
 With a pollaxe in hys hande;

Many a strong man wyth him was,
 There in that stowre to stande.
 The mayre smot at Cloudeſſe with his bil,
 Hys bucler he braft in two,
 Full many a yeman with great evyll,
 Alas! they cryed for wo.
 Kepe we the gates fast, they bad,
 That these traytours therout not go.
 But al for nought was that the wrought,
 For so fast they downe were layde,
 Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
 Were gotten without, abraide.
 Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
 Myne office I here forsake,
 And yf you do by my counsell
 A new porter do ye make.
 He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
 And bad them well to thurvy,
 And all that letteth any good yeman
 To come and comfort his wyfe.
 Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
 And lyghtly, as lefe on lynde;
 The lough and be mery in theyre mode,
 Theyr foes were ferr behind.
 And when they came to Englyshe wode,
 Under the trusty tre,
 There they found bowes full good,
 And arrowes full great plentye.
 So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
 And Clym of the Clough so fre,
 I would we were in mery Carleile,
 Before that fayre meynè.
 They set them downe, and made good chere,
 And eate and dranke full well.
 A second fyt of the wightye yeomen,
 Another I wyll you tell.

Part the Third.

AS they sat in Englyshe wood,
 Under the green-wode tre,
 They thought they heard a woman wepe,
 But her they mought not se.
 Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce:
 That ever I sawe thys day!
 For nowe is my dere husband slayne:
 Alas! and well-a-way!
 Might I have spoke wyth his dere brethren,
 Or with eyther of them twayne,
 To shew to them what him befell,
 My heart were out of payne.
 Cloudeſſe walked a litle beside,
 Lookt under the green wood linde,
 He was ware of his wife, and children three,
 Full wo in harte and mynde.
 Welcome, wyfe, then sayd Wyllyam,
 Under this trusty tre:
 I wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,
 Thou shulde me never have sec.
 "Now well is me that ye be here,
 My harte is out of wo."
 Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
 And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,
 I-wis it is no bote:
 The meate, that we must sup withall,
 It runneth yet fast on fote.
 Then went they downe into a launde,
 These noble archares thre;
 Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
 The best that they cold fe.
 Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,
 Sayde Wylliam of Cloudestlye;
 By cause ye so bouldly stode by me
 When I was slayne full nye.
 Then went they to suppere
 Wyth suche meate as they had;
 And thanked God of ther fortune:
 They were both mery and glad.
 And when they had supped well,
 Certayne wythouten lease,
 Cloudestlye sayd, We wyll to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.
 Alyce shal be at our sojournying
 In a nunnery here besyde;
 My tow sonnes shal wyth her go,
 And there they shal abyde.
 Myne eldest son shal go wyth me;
 For hym have you no care:
 And he shall breng you worde agayn,
 How that we do fare.
 Thus be these yemen to London gone,
 As fast as they might he*,
 Tyll they came to the kynges pallace,
 Where they woulde nedes be.
 And whan they came to the kynges courte,
 Unto the pallace-gate,
 Of no man wold they aske no leave,
 But boldly went in therat.
 They preceed prestly into the hall,
 Of no man had they drede:
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,
 And wyth them gan to chyd.
 The usher sayde, Yemen, what would ye have?
 I pray you tell to me:
 You myght thus make offycers shent:
 Good syrs, of whence be ye?
 Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest
 Certayne withouten lease;
 And hether we be come to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.
 And whan they came before the kyng,
 As it was the lawe of the lande,
 The kneled downe without lettyng,
 And eche held up his hand.
 The sayde, Lord, we besече the here,
 That ye wyll graunt us grace;
 For we have slayne your fat falow-dere
 In many a sondry place.
 What be your nams, then said our king,
 Anone that you tell me?
 They sayd Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
 And Wylliam of Cloudestlye;

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
 That men have tolde of to me?
 Here to God I make an aowe,
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 Ye shal be dead withoute mercy,
 As I am kyng of this lande.
 He commandeth his officers every one,
 Fast on them to lay hande.
 There they toke these good yemen,
 And arested them all thre:
 So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
 Thys game lyketh not me.
 But, good lorde, we besече you now,
 That yee graunt us grace,
 Infomuche as freld to you we comen,
 As freld fro you to passe,
 With such weapons, as we have here,
 Tyll we be out of your place;
 And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
 We wyll aske you no grace.
 Ye speake proudly, sayd the kyng;
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,
 If any grace myght be.
 My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande,
 To be your wedded wyfe,
 The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
 Ye would graunt it me belyfe:
 And I never asked none tyll now;
 Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
 Now ask it, madam, sayd the kyng,
 And graunted it shall be.
 Then good my lord, I you besecha,
 These yemen-graunt ye me.
 Madame, ye myght have asked a boone
 That shuld have been worth them all thre.
 Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,
 Parkes and forestes plente.
 But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd;
 Nor none so lefe to me.
 Madame, sith it is your desyre,
 Your asking graunted shal be;
 But I had lever have given you
 Good market townes thre.
 The quene was a glad woman,
 And sayde, Lord, gramarcyè:
 I dare undertake for them,
 That true men they shal be.
 But good my lord, speke some mery word,
 That comfort they may fe.
 I graunt you grace, then sayd our kyng,
 Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.
 They had not setten but a whyle
 Certayne without lesyng,
 There came messengers out of the north
 With letters to our kyng.
 And whan they came before the kyng,
 They knelt downe on theyr kne;
 Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
 Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice? sayd the kyng,
 And my sheryfe also?
 Syr, they be slayne without leasynge,
 And many an officer mo.
 Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng;
 Anone thou tell to me?
 "Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
 And Wylliam of Cloudestle."
 Alas for rewth! then sayd our kyng:
 My hart is wonderous fore;
 I had lever than a thousande pounde,
 I had knowne of thys before;
 For I have graunted them grace,
 And that forthynketh me:
 But had I knowen ail thys before,
 They had been hanged all thre.
 The kyng he opened the letter anone,
 Himselfe he red it thro,
 And founde how these outlawes had slaine
 Thre hundred men and mo:
 Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
 And the mayre of Carleile towne;
 Of all the conitables and catchipolles
 Alyve were scant left one.
 The baylyes, and the bedyls both
 And the sergeaunte of the law,
 And forty fosters of the fe,
 These outlawes had yslaw:
 And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;
 Of all they chose the best;
 So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
 Walked not by easse nor west.
 When the kyng this letter had red,
 In harte he syghed fore:
 Take up the tables anone he bad,
 For I may eat no more.
 The kyng called hys best archars
 To the buttes wyth hym to go:
 I wyl see these felowes shote, he sayd,
 In the north have wrought this wo.
 The kynges bowmen busket them blyve,
 And the quenes archers also;
 So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen;
 With them they thought to go.
 There twyfe or thryfe they shote about,
 For to assay theyr hande;
 There was no shote those yemen shot,
 That any prycke* myght stand.
 Then spake Wylliam of Cloudestle;
 By him that for me dyed,
 I hold hym never no good archar,
 That shoteth at buttes so wyde.
 "At what a butte now wold ye shote,
 I pray thee tell to me?"
 At such a but, syr, he sayd,
 As men use in my countrè.
 Wylliam wente into a fyeld,
 With his two bretherene:
 There they set up two hasell rodde
 Full twenty score betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudestle,
 That yonder wande clevech in two.
 Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
 Nor none that can so do.
 I shall assaye, Sir, sayd Cloudestle,
 Or that I farther go.
 Cloudestly with a bearyng arowe
 Clave the wand in two.
 Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
 For sothe that ever I se.
 And yet for your love, sayd Wylliam,
 I wyll do more mastery.
 I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
 He is to me full deare;
 I wyll hym tye to a stake;
 All shall se, that be here;
 And lay an apple upon hys head,
 And go syxe score hym fro,
 And I my selfe with a broad aròw
 Shall cleve the apple in two.
 Now haste the, then sayd the king,
 By hym that dyed on a tre,
 But yf thou do not, as thou hest sayde,
 Hanged shalt thou be.
 And thou touche his head or gowne,
 In fyght that men may se,
 By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
 I shall hange you all thre.
 That I have promised, said William,
 That wyll I never forsake.
 And there even before the kyng
 In the earth he drove a stake:
 And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
 And bad hym stand styll thereat;
 And turned the childes face him fro,
 Because he should not sterte.
 An apple upon his head he set,
 And then his bowe he bent:
 Syxe score paces they were out mete,
 And thether Cloudestle went.
 There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
 Hys bowe was great and longe,
 He set that arrowe in his bowe,
 That was both styffe and stronge.
 He prayed the people that wer there
 That they all still wold stand,
 For he that shoteth for such a wager,
 Behoveth a stedfast hand.
 Muche people prayed for Cloudestle,
 That his lyfe saved myght be,
 And whan he made hym redy to shote,
 There was many weeping ee.
 But Cloudestle cleft the apple in twaine,
 His sonne he did not nee.
 Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
 That thou shold shote at me.
 I geve thee eightene pence a day,
 And my bowe shalt thou bere,
 And over all the north countrè
 I make the chyfe rydere.

And I thyrte pence a day, said the quene,
By God, and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so femely to fe.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne seller he shall be;
And when he cometh to mans estate;
Shal better avauced be.

And, Wyllyam, bring to me your wife,
Me longeth her fore to fe:
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To governe my nurserie.

The yemen thanketh them curteously.
To some byshop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes, that we have done,
To be affoyd at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they might he;
And after came and dwelled with the kyng,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen:
God fend them eternall blyffe.

And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heven they never mysse. Amen.

§ 103. *Song. Willow, Willow, Willow.*

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken his song of the Willow, in his *Othello*, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner.

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie:
"She was in love; and he she lov'd forsook her,
"And she prov'd mad. She had a song of *Willow*,
"An old thing 'twas, but it expres'd her fortune;
"And she dyed singing it."

A Poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore
O willow, willow, willow! [tree;
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the grene willow shall be my garland.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
Come willow, &c.

I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove:
O willow, &c.

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c,

O pittie me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
O willow, &c.

Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my
O willow, &c. [none.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his
O willow, &c. [face:

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his
O willow, &c. [mones:

The salt tears fell from him, which softned the
O willow, &c. [stones.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire; I to die for her love.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so
Sing willow, &c. [hard!

My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boast him in palace, or bowers;
O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and fote in an houre,
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I come
O willow, &c. [plaine:

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdain.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, &c.

He that 'plaines' of his false love, mine's falser
O willow, &c. [than she.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did
O willow, &c. [flee:

A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland!

Part the Second.

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdain,
O willow, willow, willow!

Against her too cruell, still still I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

O love too injuriotts, to wound my poor heart!
O willow, &c.

To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.

A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand:
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
O willow, &c.

So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:
O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view

O willow, &c.

Of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,

O willow, &c.

"Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most

O willow, &c. [sweet."

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,

O willow, &c.

And carelessly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, &c.

Cause once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her

O willow, &c. [name:

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,

O willow, &c.

It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grieve;

O willow, &c.

It now brings me anguish, then brought me re-

O willow, &c. [lief.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted: plaints end with

O willow, willow, willow! [my breath!

Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause

O willow, willow, willow! [of my death.

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlând.

§ 104. *Barbara Allen's Cruelty.*

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,

There was a faire maid dwellin,

Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!

Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of may,

When greene buds they were swellin,

Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,

For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,

To the town where shee was dwellin;

You must come my master deare,

Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,

And ore his hart is stealin:

Then haste away to comfort him,

O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,

And ore his harte is stealin,

Yet little better shall he bee

For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her strait,

With deadlye sorrow sighing;

O lovely maid, come pity mee,

Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,

What needs the tale you are tellin:

I cannot keep you from your death;

Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,

As deadlye pangs he fell in:

Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,

Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,

She heard the bell a knellin;

And every stroke did seem to saye,

Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turned her bodye round about,

And spied the corpse a coming:

Lave down, lave down the corps, she sayd,

That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,

Her cheeke with laughter swellin;

Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,

Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,

Her harte was struck with sorrowe,

O mother, mother, make my bed,

For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard harted creature him to slight,

Who loved me so dearye:

O that I had beene more kind to him,

When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,

Beg'd to be buried by him:

And sore repented of the daye

That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,

And shun the fault I fell in:

Henceforth take warning by the fall

Of cruel Barbara Allen.

§ 105. *The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following ballad is upon the same subject, as the Induction to Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer. "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke
nor

nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caus'd his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and perswade him that he was some great Duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well-tipted, and again fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so convey'd him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be perswaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. Pt. 2. sect. 2. Memb. 4. 2d. Ed. 1624. fol.

NOW as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court, [sport:
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome
But amongst all the rest, here is one, I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear
the true jest: [ground,
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.
The duke said to his men, William, Richard,
and Ben, [him then.
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon
convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt,
shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.
Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over
durt, [great hurt:
They did give him clean holland, this was no
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him, to sleep the drink out of his
crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.
Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of
state, [wait;
Till at last knights and squires they on him did
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise
declare,
He desir'd to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poortinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a
rich suit, [pute;
Which he straitways put on without longer dif-
With a star on his side, which the tinker off ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with
pride; [wife?
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.
From a convenient place the right duke, his good
grace,
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him; thought he,
this is great: [view,
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did
With commanders and squires in scarlet and
blew.
A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his
guests,
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lin'd with fine crimson
red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.
While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his
bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping
did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.
Then the duke did ordain, they should strip
him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it
they must, [him at first;
And they carry'd him strait where they found
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he
might; [flight.
But when he did waken his joys took their
For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden
dream; [where he fought
Till at length he was brought to the duke,
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at
nought; [blade,
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.
Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and
cloak, [joak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres
of ground, [ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries
Crying old brags to mend, for I'll be thy good
friend, [attend.
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess
Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my
sweet bride
Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must

Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command ?

Then I shall be a squire I well understand :
Well I thank your good grace, and your love
I embrace,

I was never before in so happy a case.

§ 106. *Song. Death's final Conquest.*

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses." Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I. but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 29. 1666. æt. 72. It is said to have been a favourite song with K. Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :

Death lays his icy hands on kings :

Scepter and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;

But their strong nerves at last must yield,

They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,

Then boast no more your mighty deeds,

Upon death's purple altar now

See where the victor victim bleeds :

All heads must come

To the cold tomb,

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

§ 107. *Song. The Character of a happy Life.*

This little moral poem was writ by Sir Henry Wotton, who died Provost of Eaton, in 1639. æt. 72.

HOW happy is he born or taught,

That serveth not anothers will ;

Whose armour is his honest thought,

And simple truth his highest skill.

Whose passions not his masters are ;

Whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;

Not ty'd unto the world with care

Of princes ear, or vulgar breath :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;

Whose conscience is his strong retreat,

Whose state can neither flatterers feed,

Nor ruine make oppressors great :

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,

Or vice : who never understood

How deepest wounds are given with praise ;

Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who God doth late and early pray

More of his grace than gifts to lend ;

And entertains the harmless day

With a well-chosen book or friend !

This man is freed from servile bands

Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;

Lord of himself, though not of lands ;

And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 108. *Song. Gilderoy,*

—was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century; if we may credit the histories and story-books of highway-men, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,

Had roses tull his shoone,

His stockings were of silken soy,

Wi' garters hanging doun :

It was, I weene, a comelie sight,

To see fæ trim a boy ;

He was my jo and hearts delight,

My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! like twa charming een he had,

A breath as sweet as rose,

He never ware a Highland plaid,

But costlly silken clothes ;

He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,

Nane eir tull him was coy,

Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,

For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,

Baith in one toun together,

We scant were seven years befor'

We gan to luvè each other ;

Our dadies and our mammies thay

Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,

To think upon the bridal day

Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvè of mine,

Gude faith, I freely bought

A wedding sark of holland fine,

Wi' silken flowers wrought :

And he gied me a wedding ring,

Which I receiv'd wi' joy,

Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,

Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,

Till we were baith sixteen,

And aft we past the langsome time

Among the leaves fæ green ;

Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,

And sweetly kifs and toy,

Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair

My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content,

Wi' me to lead his life,

But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,

To stir in feates of strife !

And

And he in many a venturous deed,
 His courage bauld wad try,
 And now this gars mine heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy.
 And when of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat mine ee,
 I gave tull him a parting luik,
 " My benison gang wi' thee!
 God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
 For gane is all my joy;
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
 My handsome Gilderoy!"
 My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in every toun,
 And bauldly bare away the gear,
 Of many a lawland loun;
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
 He was sae brave a boy,
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.
 Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
 To hang a man for gear,
 To 'reave of life for ox or as,
 For sheep, or horse, or mare:
 Had not their laws been made sae strick,
 I neir had lost my joy,
 Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
 For my dear Gilderoy.
 Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
 He mought hae banisht been,
 Ah! what fair cruelty is this,
 To hang like handsome men:
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy;
 Nae lady had sae white a hand,
 As thee, my Gilderoy.
 Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
 They bound him mickle strong,
 Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung:
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was sae trim a boy;
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.
 Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away,
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
 I washt his comelye clay;
 And siker in a grave sae deep,
 I laid the dear-lued boy,
 And now for evir maun I weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

§ 109. *Song. Bryan and Pereene, a West-Indian Ballad, founded on a real fact, that happenen in the island of St. Christopher's.*

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd,
 Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
 And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 His heart long held in thrall,
 And whoso his impatience blames,
 I wot ne'er lov'd at all,

A long long year, one month and day,
 He dwelt on English land,
 Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
 Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
 Right blythsome roll'd his een,
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
 He scant had twenty een.

But who the countless charms can draw,
 That grac'd his mistress true;
 Such charms the old world seldom saw,
 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
 Like tendrils of the vine;
 Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
 Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
 She cast her weeds away,
 And to the palmy shore she hied,
 All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
 She there impatient stood;
 The crew with wonder saw the lad
 Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
 Which he at parting gave;
 Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
 And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
 Rejoicing crowd the strand;
 For now her lover swam in call,
 And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
 To clasp her lovely swain;
 When, ah! a shark bit through his waste:
 His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
 Streaming with purple gore,
 And soon it found a living grave,
 And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring:
 She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
 And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb
 Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,
 So may your lovers scape his doom,
 Her hapless fate scape you!

§ 110. *Song. Gentle River, Gentle River, translated from the Spanisb.*

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors, than most other nations; they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them

them in their language Romances. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are specimens.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.
All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.
Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.
There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died:
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.
Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their squadrons flow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.
Close behind a Renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Dost thou from the battle fly?
Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.
Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.
May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine.
Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.
Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.
With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.
Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.
Furious press the hostile Squadron,
Furious he repels their rage:
Loss of blood at length infeeble:
Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

§ III. *Alcanzor and Zayda, a Moorish Tale, imitated from the Spanish.*

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.
In yon place lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies;
He a young and noble Moor.
Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.
Hope and fear alternate teize him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.
Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.
Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies:
But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.
Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla* keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?
Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?
An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?
If 'tis true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows:
Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.
Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury,
Storms of passion shake the house.
Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

Tale,

Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.
Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?
Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.
Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.
I no longer may resist them;
All, to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.
Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.
Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
When thou wear'st it think on me.
Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.
—To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cried, O Zaida,
Do not, do not break my heart.
Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish! —
My curst rival too shall fall.
Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.
'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.
Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go: farewel for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

§ 112. *King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.*

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.
With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Bassett he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.
And he had ridden ore dale and downe —
By eight of clocke in the day,

When he was ware of a bold tanner,
Come ryding along the waye.
A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.
Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood spraye;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.
God speede, God speede thee, said our king!
Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.
“ The readiest waye to Drayton Bassett
I praye thee to shewe to mee.”
“ To Drayton Bassett woldst thou goe,
Fro the place where thou dost stand?
The next payer of gallows thou comest unto;
Turne in upon thy right hand.”
That is an unready waye, sayd our king,
Thou doest but jest, I see:
Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.
Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:
I hold thee out of thy witt:
All day have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
And I am fasting yett.
“ Go with me downe to Drayton Bassett,
No daynties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best;
And I will paye thy fare.”
Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine.
God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
And send them well to priefe.
The tanner wolde faine have bene away,
For he weende he had bene a thiefe.
What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,
Of thee I am in greate feare,
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
Might besee me a lord to weare.
I never stole them, quoth our king,
I tell you, sir, by the roode.
“ Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midds of thy goode.”
What tydings heare you, sayd the kynge,
As you ryde farre and neare?
“ I hear no tydings, sir, by the masse,
But that cove-hides are deare.”
“ Cove-hides! cow-hides! what things are
I marvell what they bee?” [those?
What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
I carry one under mee.
What craftsman art thou, said the king,
I praye thee tell me trowe.
“ I am a barker”, sir, by trade;
Nowe tell me what art thou?
I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
Thy cunnings for to learne.

U u

Marrye

Marrye heaven forsend, the tanner replyde,
That thou my prentise were :
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winn
By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,
If thou wilt not seeme strange :
Though my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change.

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,
I will have some boot of thee."

That were against reason, sayd the king,
I sweare, so mote I thee :
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see.

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare :
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss ;
Aye skipping here and there."

What boote wilt thou have ? our king reply'd ;
Now tell me in this stound.

"Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white moneye,
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."

I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,
Thou hadst not had one pennie.

But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cove-hide.

I will not have it, say'd the kynge,
I sweare, so mote I thee ;
Thy foule cow-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cove-hide,
That of the cow was hilt ;
And threwe it upon the king's saddle,
That was soe fayrelye gilt.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
'Tis time that I were gone :
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife,
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The kinge he tooke him up by the legge ;
The tanner a f* * lett fall.

Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,
Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the kinges saddle,
And his foote in the stirrup was ;
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brasse.

But when his steede saw the cows-taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cove-horne ;
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast :
At length the tanner came tumbling downe ;
His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance he sayd,
With mee he shall not byde,

"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cove-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,
I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Nowe tell me in this stounde ?

"Noe pence nor half pence, sir, by my faye.
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse ;
And twentye I have of thine :
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The kinge set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blew both loud and shrille :
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas ! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I sawe this daye !
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cove-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I sweare, so mote I thee :
But they are the lords of the north countrey,
Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the ground :
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounce.

A collar, a collar, here, sayd the king,
A collar he loud did crye :
Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
He had not beene so nighe.

A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,
I trowe it will breede sorrowe :
After a collar comes a halter,
And I shall be hangd to-morrowe.

"Awaye with thy feare, thou jolly tanner,
For the sport thou hast shewn to me,
I wote noe halter thou shalt weare,
But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside ;
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yere,
To maintaine thy good cove-hide."

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour thou hast me showne ;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

§ 113. *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament. A Scottish Song.*

The subject of this pathetic ballad is, A lady of quality of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOSWELL, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself.

BALOW, my babe, ly still and sleipe !
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe :
If thoust be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy maining makes my heart ful sad.

Balow,

Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me fair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luv,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, moit cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,
And whan thou wakest, sweetly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
But yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fateris hart and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luvng to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luv with him maun stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
And nevie change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous fair.

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me whan cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgett man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us than they care not how.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

§ 114. *Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the song, DING DONG, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains.

MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewell!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid. Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay. Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
By youths, that do excell;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell. Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
By art and nature's skill,
Of fundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will*: Ding, &c.

And fundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly black and yellow
With her to grave shall go. Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen,
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green. Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art †,
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart. Ding, &c.

And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden,
"That e'er gave shepheard care." Ding, &c.

In fable will I morune;
Blacke shall be all my weede,
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

§ 115. *The Old and Young Courtier.*

The subject of this excellent old song is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons, in the reigns of her successors.

AN old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had
a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountifull rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their
wages, [footmen, nor pages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats
and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know
him by his looks,

* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried. † This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the
hooks, [old cooks;
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns,
and bows, [many shrewde blows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had born
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's
trunk hose, [nose;
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmase was
come, [and drum,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe
With good cheer enough to furnish every old
room, [man dumb;
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel
of hounds, [grounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own
Who, like a wife man, kept himself within his
own bounds, [good pounds;
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he af-
sign'd, [tiffull mind,
Charging him in his will to keep the old boun-
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neigh-
bours be kind: [was inclin'd;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to
his land, [command,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his
And takes up a thousand pound upon his fa-
ther's land, [go nor stand;
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice,
and spare, [keeping, or care,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-
Who buys gaudy-color'd fans to play with wan-
ton air, [women's hair;
And seven or eight different dressings of other
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old
one stood, [no good,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns
neither coal nor wood, [victuals e'er stood;
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, shuft full of pamphlets and
plays, [prays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in
four or five days, [shaws and toys;
And a new French cook, to devise fine kick-
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing
on, [be gone,
On a new journey to London straight we all must
And leave none to keep house, but our new por-
ter John, [back with a stone;
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is
compleat, [carry up the meat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is
very neat, [not eat;
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his fa-
ther's old gold, [fold;
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are
And this is the course most of our new gallants
hold, [grown so cold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

§ 116. *Loyalty confined.*

This excellent old song is preserved in David
Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in
"the cause of Charles I." He speaks of it
as the composition of a worthy personage,
who suffered deeply in those times, and was
still living with no other reward than the con-
science of having suffered. The author's
name he has not mentioned, but, if tradition
may be credited, this song was written by Sir
R. L'ESTRANGE.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are
calm;

Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

I, whilst I wish to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus;
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there;

These

These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart;
When kings want ease subjects must bear apart.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

§ 117. *To Althea from Prison.*

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster; to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenæ*, Vol. II. p. 223; where may be seen at large

the affecting story of this elegant writer; who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

WHEN love with unconfin'd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertie.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes, that tippie in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confin'd I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes, that curl the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

§ 118. *The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner:*

Was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun the weep, lang maun she, maun
 she weep, [sorrow;
 Lang maun she weep with dule and
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
 For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
 Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I hae slain the comliest swain
 That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.
 Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow,
 reid? [row?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sor-
 And why yon melancholious weids
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?
 What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful
 flude?
 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
 O 'tis he, the comely swain I slew
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.
 Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in
 tears,
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.
 Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
 And weep around in wae'ful wife
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.
 Curse ye, curse ye, his uselefs, uselefs shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.
 Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luv?
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
 Too rashly bauld a stronger arm [Yarrow.
 Thou mett'it, and fell'it on the Braes of
 Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green
 grows the grafs,
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.
 Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
 Tweed,
 As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple frae its rock as mellow.
 Fair was thy luv, fair fair indeed thy luv,
 In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
 Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
 Than me he never luv'd thee better.
 Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and luv me on the banks of
 Tweed, [row.
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yar-
 C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
 How can I busk a winsome marrow?
 How luv him upon the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my luv on the Braes of Yarrow?
 O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
 Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
 For there was basely slain my luv,
 My luv, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
 Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-
 white steed;

Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;

But ere the dewfall of the night

He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that wae'ful wae'ful day;

I sang, my voice the woods returning:

But lang ere night the spear was flown,

That slew my luv, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,

But with his cruel rage pursue me?

My luv's blood is on thy spear,

How canst thou, barbarous man, then
 woove me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud

With cruel, and ungentle scoffin',

May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes

My luv nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,

And strive with threatening words to move

My luv's blood is on thy spear, [me:

How canst thou ever bid me luv thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luv,

With bridal sheets my body cover,

Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,

Let in the expected husbände lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaugh-

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon [ter:

Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,

O lay his cold head on my pillow;

Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,

And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,

O could my warmth to life restore thee!

Yet lye all night between my breists,

No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,

Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,

And lye all night between my breists,

No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,

Return and dry thy uselefs sorrowe.

Thy luv heeds nought of thy sighs,

He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

§ 119. Child Waters.

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers, as
 a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince
 Arthur in the *Fairie Queen*: and the son of a
 king is in the same poem called "*Child*
Tristram." And it ought to be observed
 that the word *child* or *child* is still used in
 North Britain to denominate a man, com-
 monly with some contemptuous character
 affixed

affixed to him, but sometimes to denote Man in general.

CHILDE Waters in his stable stoode
And stroakt his milke-white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters;
Sayes, Christ you save, and see:
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele sturre at my side:
My gowne of greene it is too straighte;
Before, it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare:
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that childe your heyre.

Shee sayes, I had rather have one kisse,
Child Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by north and southe.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrowe, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must goe with mee.

Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me go with thee:
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene
An inch above your knee.

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his syde;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
Why doe you ryde so fast?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My bodye itt will braft.

Hee sayth, seeft thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme?—

I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see* me swimme.

But when shee came to the water syde,
She sayled to the chinne:
Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,
For I must learne to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was
Shee then came to his knee:
Hee sayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellen,
Loe yonder what I see.

Seeft thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the yate:
Of twenty-foure faire ladyes there
The fairest is my mate.

Seeft thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red golde shines the towre:
There are twenty four fayre ladyes there,
The fayrest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red golde shines the yate:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red golde shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the ball:
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the chesse;
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sifter,
These were the wordes sayd shee:
You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
His girdle stands soe hye:
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That wears soe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He sayd, Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete;

The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,
Hyre in mine arms to sleepe,
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For filing* of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete:

The fayrest ladye that thee colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

I praye you nowe, good Childe Waters,
Let mee lye at your feete:

For there is noe place about this house,
Where I may 'faye† a sleepe.

He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
Down at his beds feet laye:

This done the night drove on apace,
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye;

And give him nowe the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellèn
And gave his steede corne and haye:
And soe thee did the good black oates,
To carry him the better awaye.

She leane her back to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane:

Shee leane her back to the manger side,
And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woefull woe,

Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable goe.

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone:

Or else some woman labours with childe,
Shee is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke;

And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,

That he mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,
How shee made her monand‡.

She sayd, Lullabye, mine own deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, deare:

I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mothere layd on a biere:

Peace nowe, hee sayd, good faire Ellèn,
Bee of good cheere, I praye;

And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
Shall bee upon one daye.

§ 120. *The King and Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. In the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller,

we have K. Henry and the Soldier; K. James I. and the Tinker; K. William III. and the Forrester, &c. Of the latter sort, are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c.—This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it.

Part the Firſt.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting

To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripp—
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire: [ing:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd

For the game, in the same, with good regard.
All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlye,

With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,

Till the dark evening forc'd all to turne home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,

With a rude miller he mett at the last:
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;
Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king merrily,

Passing thy judgment upon me so brieſe?
Good faith, sayd the miller, I meane not to flatter thee;

I guesſe thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest I presentlye cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, say—
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke. [ing thus;
Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse;

All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe;
I have gold to discharge all that I call
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.

Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
Nay, soſt, quoth the miller, thou may'ſt be a sprite.

Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house;
Where they were seething of puddings and souſe: [king;

The miller first enter'd in, after him went the
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.

Now, quoth hee, let me see here what you are.
Quoth our king, look your fill, and do not spare.

I like

* Defiling.

† Essay, attempt.

‡ Moaning, bemoaning.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;

With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,

Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no run-way, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,

With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say;
I have no passport, nor never was servitor,

But a poor courtier, rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree:

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;

To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quoth the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome here;

And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:
Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown heipen sheetes likewise,
quoth shee. [done,

Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,

Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?

I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?

Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:
If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king, suddenlye, to laugh most heartilye, [eyes.

Till the teares trickled fast downe from his
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,

With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,

And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.

I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye

For my good welcome in everye degree:
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.

A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye.
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste:

Here's dainty lightfoote! In faith, sayd the king,
I never before eate so daintye a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,
For we doe eate of it everye day,

In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this?

We never pay pennye for itt, by my say:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:

Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:

But, prythee, say nothing whereever thou goe;
We wold not, for two pence, the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promist secrefye;

The king shall never know more on't for mee.
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,

And to their bedds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd him out,

As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;

Which made the millers heart wofully bleede:
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:

The miller downe did fall, crying before them all, [head:

Doubting the king would have cut off his
But he his kind courtesye for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

WHEN as our royall king home from Nottingham,

And with his nobles at Westminster lay;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,

In this late progres along on the way;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determined

Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirmed knight,

With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire [quire.

To talke with the jolly knight, and the young
When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness, [hearts;

They were right joyfull and glad in their
A pursuivant there was sent straight on the business, [parts.

The which had often-times been in those
When he came to the place, where they did

His message orderlye then 'gan he tell. [dwell,
God

God save your worshipping, then said the messenger,
And grant your ladye her owne hearts desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and
happines;

That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. Georges day;
Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.

I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe
afraid. [least.

I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshipping full well.
Hold here are three farthings, to quite thy gen-
tleness,

For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.
Let me see, here thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his mastership in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,
And, making many legges, tooke their reward;
And his leave taking with great humilitie,

To the kings court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller
say,

Here come expences and charges indeed;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all
we have;

For of new garments we have great need:
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things
more.

Tushe, sir John, quoth his wife, why should
you frett, or frown?

You shall ne'er be at no charges for mee;
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gowne,

With everye thing else as fine as may bee;
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillows and pannells as we shall provide.

In this most statelie sort, rode they unto the court,
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all;
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his
cap,

And so they jetted downe to the kings hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that
tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their
coming, [traine;

Meeting this gallant knight with his brave
Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay
lady:

Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And so is the squire of courage foe free.

Quoth Dicke, A botson you! do you know me?
Quoth our king gentlie, how should I forget
thee?

That wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot.

Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot.
Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth
the knight,

Speake cleanly to our king, or else go sh*t*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court-dames, and maids, like to the
queen of spades,

The miller's wife did foe orderly stand,
A milk-maids courtseye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelie majestie,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;

When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:

Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartily for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:

But then, said our king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.

Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;
In faith, I take it now very unkind:

I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and
wine heartily. [din'd:

Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have
You feed us with watling dishes foe small;

Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye
thing,

Could a man get but one here for to eate.
With that Dick straight arose, and pluck'd one
from his hose,

Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—

'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly
spent;

And then the ladies prepared to dance:
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,

Unto their places the king did advance:
Here with the ladies such sport they did make,

The nobles with laughing did make their sides
ake.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give
them,

Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
Among these ladies free, tell me which liketh
thee? [head:

Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-fer;

And gave him out of hand three hundred pound
yearlye;

Take heed now you steale no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let's here have your view;

And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

§ 121. *The Witches' Song.*

—From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon James I. at their head: and these had so ransacked all writers ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsoftened.

1 Witch.

I Have beene all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 Witch.

I have beene gathering wolves haire,
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;
The spurging of a deadmans eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 Witch.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 Witch.

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull
From charnell houses that were full;
From private grots, and publike pits;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 Witch.

Under a cradle I did creepe
By day; and, when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 Witch.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 Witch.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had thrunk his veines:
I bit off a finew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 Witch.

The scritch-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The blood of the frogge, and the bone in his
I have been getting; and made of his skin[backe],
A purfet, to keepe fir Cranion in.

9 Witch.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane;
And twice by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 Witch.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 Witch.

I went to the toad, breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wing: what would you have more?

Dame.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilikes blood, and the vipers skin,
And now our orgies let's begin.

§ 122. *The Fairies Farewell.*

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. CORBET (afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c.) In his *Poëtica Stromata* it is called, "A proper new Ballad, intituled, *The Fairies Farewell*, or *God-a-mercy Will*, to be sung or whistled to the tune of *The Meadow brow*, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of *Fortune*."

Farewell rewards and Fairies!

Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth,
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their labour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays,
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queene Mariés dayes
On many a grassy playne.

But

But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath been.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And who so kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true:

To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle;
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

§ 123. *Unfading Beauty.*

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by THOMAS CAREW, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the "privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to "his majesty (Charles I.) Lond. 1640." This elegant, and almost-forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza, which not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires:
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * *

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

§ 1. *Prologue to the Woman Hater.*

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

GENTLEMEN, inductions are out of date, and a prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak and a bay garland; therefore you shall have it in plain prose, thus: If there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-penny gallery-men, you shall have no baudry in it: or if there be any lurking amongst you in corners, with table-books, who have some hope to find fit matter to feed his—malice on, let them clasp them up, and slink away, or slay and be converted. For he that made this play means to please auditors so, as he may be an auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dearthness of his cares: I dare not call it comedy or tragedy; 'tis perfectly neither: a play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it would please you, is not written in my part: for tho' you should

like it to-day, perhaps yourselves know not how you should digest it to-morrow: some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: a duke there is, and the scene lies in Italy, as two things lightly we never miss. But you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn trade of jesting at lords, and courtiers, and citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them: such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, that he did never think, but that a lord, lord born, might be a wise man, and a courtier an honest man.

§ 2. *Prologue to the Mistakes, a play written by Joseph Harris, comedian, 1690.* DRYDEN. *Enter Mr. Bright.*

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontispiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without

without your periwig. I left our young poet
snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and
cursing somebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. Bowen.

Hold your prating to the audience: here is
honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mel-
low, from the Rose-Tavern. He swears he is
inspired with claret, and will come on, and
that extempore too, either with a prologue of
his own, or something like one: O here he comes
to his trial, at all adventures: for my part I wish
him a good deliverance.

[Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.]

Enter Mr. Williams.

Save ye, Sirs, save ye! I'm in a hopeful
way. *[the play:]*
I should speak something, in rhyme, now; for
But the deuce take me, if I know what to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell
To the last drop of claret in my belly. *[ye,*
So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no grant-
ing: *[are wanting.]*
And, if my verses feet stumble—you see my own
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as
long as Cork*.

But for this play—(which till I have done, we
show not) *[not.]*

What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.

He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets,
His squibbs are only levell'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
Ye are blown up; if not, then he's blown up
himself. *[fluster'd madness:]*

By this time I'm something recover'd of my
And now, a word or two, in sober sadness.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—just half a crown.
You'll say, I play the pimp, on my friend's
score;

But since 'tis for a friend your gibes give o'er:
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this, you cry? an actor write?—we know
But Shakespeare was an actor, and a poet. *[it:]*
Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd,
While Shakespeare's greater genius still pre-
vail'd?

Have not some writing actors, in this age,
Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
Let your kind presence grace our homely
cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our bus'ness here:
So much for that—and the devil take small
beer.

§ 3. *Prologue to the Unfortunate Lovers. Spoken at Black-Friars.* DAVENANT.

WERE you but half so humble to confess,
As you are wise to know your happiness;
Our author would not grieve to see you sit
Ruling, with such unquestion'd power, his wit:
What would I give, that I could still preserve
My loyalty to him, and yet deserve
Your kind opinion, by revealing now *[brow,*
The cause of that great storm which clouds his
And his close murmurs, which since meant to
I cannot think or mannerly or true? *[you,*
Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let
My melancholy tragic Monsieur fret;
Let him the several harmless weapons use
Of that all-daring trifle, call'd his Muse;
Yet I'll inform you, what this very day,
Twice before witness, I have heard him say,
Which is, that you are grown excessive proud;
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd
Your silly ancestors in twenty year,
Y' expect should in two hours be given you here:
For they, he swears, to th' theatre would come,
Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;
There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,
And graciously did vail their high-crown'd hats
To every half-dress'd player, as he still
Through th' hangings peep'd to see how th'
house did fill.

Good easy judging souls, with what delight
They would expect a jig, or target fight;
A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought.
Laught at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
And cry 'A passing good one, I protest!'
Such dull and humble-witted people were
Even your fore-fathers, whom we govern'd here;
And such had you been too, he swears, had not
The poets taught you how t' unweave a plot,
And trace the winding scenes, taught you to
admit *[wit.]*

What was true sense, not what did sound like
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves to
fight, *[write.]*
Made strong and mischievous from what they
You have been lately highly feasted here,
With two great wits†, that grac'd our theatre.
But, if to feed you often with delight,
Will more corrupt, than mend, your appetite;
He vows to use you, which he much abhors,
As others did your homely ancestors.

§ 4. *Prologue to Nero.* LEE.

GOOD plays, and perfect sense, as scarce are
grown
As civil women, in this d—d lewd town.
Plain sense is despicable as plain clothes,
As English hats, bone-lace, or woollen hose.
Tis your brisk fool that is your man of note;
Yonder he goes, in the embroider'd coat:

* The siege of the city of Cork.

† Beaumont and Fletcher.

Such wenching eyes, and hands so prone to ruffle;
The genteel flog, the trip, and modish shuffle;
Salt soul and flame, as gay as any prince;
Thus tags and filks make up your men of sense.
I'm told that some are present here, to-day
Whoe'er they see, resolve to damn this play, }
So much wou'd interest with ill-natured way.
But ladies, you, we hope, will prove more civil,
And charm these wits that damn beyond the
devil;

Then let each critic here all hell inherit,
You have attractions that can lay a spirit.
A bloody fatal play you'll see to-night,
I vow to God, 't has put me in a fright.
The meanest waiter huffs, looks big, and struts,
Gives breast a blow, then hand on hilt he puts;
'Tis a fine age, a tearing thundering age,
Pray heav'n this thund'ring does not crack the
This play I like not now—— [stage:
And yet for aught I know, it may be good,
But still I hate this fighting, wounds, and blood.
Why, what the devil have I to do with honour?
Let heroes court her; I cry, Pox upon her!
All tragedies, i' gad, to me sound oddly,
I can no more be serious, than you godly.

§ 5. *Prologue to the Emperor of the Moon.*
Spoken by Mr. Jevern. Mrs. BEHN.

LONG, and at vast expence, th' industrious
stage

Has strove to please a dull ungrateful age:
With heroes and with gods we first began,
And thunder'd to you in heroic strain:
Some dying love-sick queen each night you
enjoy'd,

And with magnificence at last were cloy'd:
Our drums and trumpets frighted all the women;
Our fighting scar'd the beaux, and billet-doux
So spark, in an intrigue of quality, [men.
Grows weary of his splendid drudgery;
Hates the fatigue, and cries, A pox upon her!
What a damn'd buffle's here, with love and
honour!

In humble comedy we next appear, [here;
No fop, or cuckold, but, slap-dash, we had him
We shew'd ye all, but you, malicious grown,
Friends' vices to expose, and hide your own,
Cry, Damn it——this is such or such a one!
Yet, nettled, Plague, what does the scribbler
mean,

With his damn'd characters, and plot obscene?
No woman without vizard in the nation
Can see it twice, and keep her reputation——
That's certain, forgetting——
That he himself, in every gross lampoon,
Her lewder secrets spread about the town;
Whilst their feign'd niceness is but cautious fear,
Their own intrigues should be unravel'd here.

Our next recourse was dwindling down to
farce, [scarce?

Then, Zounds!—What stuff is here? Is wit so
Well, gentlemen, since none of those has sped,
Gad, we have bought a share in the speaking
So there you'll save a slice, [head.
You love good husbandry in all but vice.

[The head rises upon a twisted post, on a bench
from under the stage. After Jevern speaks
to its mouth.

Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

Stentor. Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

[After this it sings Sawny, laughs, cries God bless
the king, in order.

Stentor answers.

Speak louder, Jevern, if you'd have me repeat;
Plague of this rogue, he will betray the cheat.

[He speaks louder, it answers indirectly.

—Hum——There 'tis again,

Pox of your echo with a northern strain.

Well—This will be but a nine days wonder too;

There's nothing lasting but the puppet-show.

What lady's heart so hard, but it would move,

To hear Philander and Irene's love?

Those sisters too, the scandalous wits do say,

Two nameless keeping beaux have made so gay;

But those amours are perfect sympathy,

Their gallants being as mere machines as they.

Oh! how the city wife, with her nown ninny,

Is charm'd with, Come into my coach——Miss

Jenny! [Adzigs,

But overturning——Fribble cries——

The juggling rogue has murder'd all his kids.

The men of war cry, Pox on't! this is dull;

We're for rough sports,—dog Hector, and the

Thus each, in his degree, diversion finds, [bull.

Your sports are suited to your mighty minds;

Whilst so much judgment in your choice you
show,

The puppets have more sense than some of you.

§ 6. *Prologue to Alcibiades.* OTWAY.

NEVER did rhymers greater hazard run,

'Mongst us by your severity undone:

Though we, alas! to oblige ye have done most,

And bought ye pleasures at our own sad cost,

Yet all our best endeavours have been lost. }

So oft a statesman lab'ring to be good,

His honesty's for treason understood:

Whilst some false, flattering minion of the court,

Shall play the traitor, and be honour'd for't.

To you, known judges of what's sense and wit,

Our author swears he gladly will submit: }

But there's a sort of things infect the pit,

That will be witty spite of nature too,

And to be thought so, haunt and pester you.

Hither sometimes those would-be-wits repair,

In quest of you; where if you don't appear,

Crys one—Pugh! D---n me what do we do }

here?

Straight up he starts, his garniture then puts

In order, so he cocks, and out he struts,

To th' coffee-house, where he about him looks:

Spies friend; cries, Jack—I've been to-night at

th' Duke's:

The silly rogues are all undone, my dear,

I gad! not one of sense that I saw there.

Thus to himself he'd reputation gather

Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither,

Wit has indeed a stranger been, of late,

'Mongst its pretenders nought so strange as that.

Both

Both houses too, too long a fast have known,
That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.
Thus though this trifler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventur'd on the common score:
Since nonsense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that his may pass amongst the crowd.

§ 7. *Prologue, spoken by Lord Buckhurst, at Westminster-school, at a Representation of Mr. Dryden's CLEOMENES, the Spartan Hero, at Christmas, 1695.* PRIOR.

PISH! Lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,

Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown.
Poor rogues that smart like fencers for their bread,

And if they are not wounded are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends:
Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our halls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
For those are Westminster and Sparta's laws. }
Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
To young desert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

§ 8. *Prologue for Delia's Play.* PRIOR.

LADIES, to you with pleasure we submit*
This early offspring of a virgin-wit.
From your good-nature nought our authoress
fears,
Sure you'll indulge, if not the muse, her years;
Freely the praise she may deserve bestow,
Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow;
Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, what'er they are, be blind.
Let critics follow rules; she boldly writes
What Nature dictates, and what Love indites.
By no dull forms her queen and ladies move,
But court their heroes, and agnize their love.
Poor maid! she'd have (what e'en no wife
wou'd crave)
A husband love his spouse beyond the grave:

* This prologue was for a tragedy written by Mrs. Manley (author of the *Atalantis*) when she was but eighteen years of age, in which Mr. Betterton and Mrs. Barry played the hero and heroine.

And from a second marriage to deter,
Shews you what horrid things step-mothers are.
Howe'er, to constancy the prize she gives,
And tho' the sister dies the brother lives.
Blest with success, at last he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his mistress and a crown.
Learn, ladies, then from Lidaraxa's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.
Learn too, if heav'n and fate should adverse
prove,
(For fate and heav'n don't always smile on
Learn with Zelinda to be still the same, [love]
Nor quit your first for any second flame,
Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to heaven.

§ 9. *Prologue to Lady Jane Gray.* ROWE.

TO-NIGHT the noblest subject swells our scene,

A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
And tho' the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the
tender heart. }

To you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suffering virtue flow;
Your grief the muses' labour shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
Oh! could our author's pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint;
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought con-
fess'd,

No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful land,
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain,
William's great hand was doom'd to break
that chain, }

And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the hero's urn;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which, or his own, or following reigns bestow:
Tho' his hard fate a father's name deny'd,
To you a father, he that loss supply'd.
Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace,
From this great stock while still new glories
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home; [come,
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save, }
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

§ 10. *Prologue to Love makes a Man.*

CIBBER.

SINCE plays are but a kind of public feasts,
Where tickets only make the welcome guests;

Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare
Your tastes in prologue, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each course, tho' this may
tease you,

[you,
'Tis five to one but one o' th' five may please
First, for the critics, we've your darling chear,
Faults without number, more than sense can
bear.

You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your displeasure I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown but where your neighbours
laugh.

Now you that never know what spleen or
hate is,

Who for an act or two are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with
nunquam satis;

For your smart tastes we've tofs'd you up a fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mix'd he
carries,

He seems a ragout, piping hot from Paris.
But for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaste were form'd
for---love.

An artless passion, fraught with hopes and
fears,

And nearest happy when it most despairs.
For masks, we've scandal; and for beaus,
French airs.

To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Pen-
kethman.

Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know
your fare;

But pray, in charity, the founder spare,
Left you destroy at once the poet and the
player.

§ 11. *Prologue to the Old Batchelor.*

CONGREVE.

HOW this vile world is chang'd! In former
days,

Prologues were serious speeches before plays;
Grave, solemn things (as graces are to feasts)
Where poets begg'd a blessing from their guests.
But now no more like suppliants we come;
A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.
Arm'd with keen satire, and with pointed wit,
We threaten you, who do for judges sit,
To save our plays; or else we'll damn your
pit.

But, for your comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young author, and his first-born play:
So, standing only on his good behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your favour.

Not but the man has malice, would he shew it;
But, on my conscience, he's a bashful poet;
You think that strange—no matter, he'll
outgrow it.

Well, I'm his advocate—by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall please you)

He prays—O bless me! what shall I do now?
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettiest prologue as he wrote it;
Well, the deuce take me if I han't forgot it.
O Lord! for Heaven's sake excuse the play;
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.
For my sake then—but I'm in such confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your resolution.

[Runs off.

§ 12. *Prologue on the proposed Union of the two Houses.*

FARQUHAR.

NOW all the world's ta'en up with state
affairs,

Some wishing peace, some calling out for wars,
'Tis likewise fit we should inform the age,
What are the present politics o' th' stage:
Two different states, ambitious both, and bold,
All free-born souls, the New House and the
old,

Have long contended, and made stout essays,
Which should be monarch absolute in plays.
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,
Where many ranting heroes lost their life;
Yet such their enmity, that e'en the slain
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.
Whilst from the gallery, box, the pit and all,
The audience look'd, and shook its awful
head,

Wond'ring to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale to see us look so red.
For force of numbers, and poetic spell,
We've rais'd the ancient heroes too from hell.
To lead our troops; and on this bloody field,
You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey
yield.

Vast sums of treasure too we did advance,
To draw some mercenary troops from France;
Light-footed rogues, who when they got their
pay,

Took to their heels—*Allons*—and ran away.
Here you have seen great Philip's conqu'ring
son,

[run;
Who in twelve years did the whole world o'er-
Here has he fought, and found a harder job,
To beat one play-house, than subdue the globe:
All this from emulation for the bays,
You lik'd the contest, and bestow'd your praise:
But now (as busy heads love something new)
They would propose an union—Oh, *mort dieu*!

If it be so, let Cæsar hide his head,
And fight no more for glory, but for bread.
Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
Because no worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge small from greater
things,

[brings,
The present times may shew what union
You feel the danger of united kings.
If we grow one, then slav'ry must ensue,
To poets, players, and, my friends, to you.
For to one house confin'd, you then must praise
Both cur'd actors, and confounded plays.

Then

Then leave us as we are, and next advance,
Bravely to break the tie 'twixt Spain and France.

§ 13. *Prologue to Love and a Bottle.*

FARQUHAR.

[*Servant attending with a bottle of wine.*]

AS stubborn atheists, who disdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying day;
So in their pangs most authors, rack'd with fears,
Implore your mercy in our suppliant pray'rs.
But our new author has no cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd.
Love and a Bottle are his peaceful arms;
Ladies and gallants, have not those some
charms?

For love, all mankind to the fair must sue:
And, Sirs, the bottle he presents to you.
Health to the play I toast, [*Drinks*] e'en let it
pass,

Sure none fit here that will refuse their glafs!
O there's a damning soldier—let me think—
He looks as he were sworn—to what? To
drink. [*Drinks.*]

Come on then; foot to foot be boldly set,
And our young author's new commission wet.
He and his bottle here attend their doom,
From you the poet's Helicon must come;
If he has any foes, to make amends, [*friends.*]
He gives his service [*Drinks*] sure you now are
No critic here will he provoke to fight,
The day he theirs, he only begs his night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all abuse,
Then name the health you love, let none refuse.

§ 14. *Prologue to the Constant Couple.*

FARQUHAR.

POETS will think nothing so checks their
fury,
As wits, cits, beaus, and women, for their jury.
Our spark's half dead to think what medley's
come, [*doom.*]

With blended judgments, to pronounce his
'Tis all false fear; for in a mingled pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully
writ, [*wit.*]

His neighbour i' th' great wig may take for
Some authors court the few, the wise if any;
Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like ends to church and
play,

Not to observe what priests or poets say,
No, no! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite
another way.

The ladies safe may smile, for here's no slander,
No smut, no lewd-tongu'd beau, no *double en-*
tendre.

'Tis true, he has a spark just come from
France, [*sense;*]
But then, so far from beau—why, he talks
Like coin oft carry'd out, but—seldom
brought from thence.

There's yet a gang to whom our spark sub-
mits, [*wits,*]
Your elbow-shaking fool, that lives by's
That's only witty tho', just as he lives, by
fits;

Who, lion-like, through bailiffs scours
away,

Hunts, in the face of dinner, all the day,
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er
the play.

And now the modish 'prentice he implores,
Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of
doors, [*whores:*]

Employs it on a brace of—honourable
While their good bulky mother pleas'd, sits by,
Bawd-regent of the bubble gallery.

Next to our mounted friends we humbly
move, [*above,*]

Who all your side-box tricks are much
And never fail to pay us with your love.

Ah, friends! poor Dorset Garden-house is
gone;

Our merry meetings there are all undone:
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
That strong dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our
heads, [*told him,*]

Snaps rope like thread; but when his fortune's
He'll hear, perhaps, of rope will one day hold
him:

At least, I hope, that our good-natur'd town
Will find a way to pull his prices down. [*play:*]

Well, that's all! Now, gentlemen, for the
On second thoughts, I've but two words to say;
Such as it is, for your delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find,

§ 15. *Prologue to the Inconstant.* FARQUHAR.

LIKE hungry guests a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks.

The founders you: the table is the place:

The carvers we: the prologue is the grace:

Each act a course; each scene a different dish:

Tho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and
rough; [*proof.*]

Kind marks and beaus, I hope you're pepper-
Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.

Your furly scenes, where rant and bloodshed
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin: [*join,*]
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.

Bawdy's fat venison, which, tho' stale, can please:
Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your damn'd
French cheese.

Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon;
Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round,
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred
pound.

An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
Farce is the halty-pudding of the stage;
For when you're treated with indifferent-cheer,
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.

X x

A pastoral's

A pastoral's whipt cream; stage whims, mere
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh. [trash;
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant
bear:

Wild fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.
Yet since each mind betrays a diff'rent taste,
And every dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This favour crav'd, up let the music strike:
You're welcome all—Now fall to where you
like.

§ 16. *Prologue to the Twin-Rivals.*

FARQUHAR.

[An alarum sounded.]

WITH drums and trumpets in this warring
age,

A martial prologue should alarm the stage.
New plays—ere acted, a full audience here,
Seem towns invested, when a siege they fear.
Prologues are like a fore-lorn hope sent out,
Before the play, to skirmish and to scout:
Our dreadful foes, the critics, when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back
they fly.

The siege is laid—there gallant chiefs
abound, [troops around,
Here—foes intrench'd: there—glittering
And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder
rising ground.

In the first act, brisk fallies (miss or hit)
With volleys of small shot, or snip-snap wit,
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.
The next—the fire continues, but at length,
Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's
strength.

The third—feints, mines, and countermines
abound,

Your critic engineers safe under-ground,
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.

The fourth—brings on most action, and 'tis
sharp,

Fresh foes crowd on, at your remissness carp,
And desp'rate, tho' unskill'd, insult our
countercarp.

Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.
So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the
siege,

Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:
Twas *Viva Spagna!* *Viva France!* before;
Now, *Quartier!* *Monfieur!* *Quartier!* *Ab! Senor!*
But what your resolution can withstand?
You master all, and awe the sea and land.

In war—your valour makes the strong submit;
Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.
What play, what fort, what beauty can endure
All fierce assaults, and always be secure!

Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to
write,

Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight.

If we must yield—yet ere the day be fixt,
Let us hold out the third—and, if we may, the
sixth.

§ 17. *Prologue to the Basset-Table. Spoken
by Mr. Pinkethman.* CENTLIVRE.

IN all the faces that to plays resort,
Whether of country, city, mob, or court,
I've always found, that none such hopes inspire,
As you—dear brethren of the upper tier.

Poets in prologues may both preach and
rail,
Yet all their wisdom nothing will avail;
Who writes not up to you, 'tis ten to one
will fail.

Your thundering plaudit 'tis that deals out fame;
You make plays run, though of themselves
but lame. [ing,

How often have we known your noise command—
Impose on your inferior masters understanding;
Therefore, dear brethren, (since I'm one of
you) blue,

Whether adorn'd in grey, green, brown, or
This day stand all by me, as I will fall by
you.

And now let—
The poor pit see how Pinky's voice commands,
Silence—now rattle all your sticks, and clap
your grimy hands.

I greet your love—and let the vainest author
shew,

Half this command on cleaner hands below,
Nay, more to prove your interest, let this
play live by you.

So may you share good claret with your masters,
Still free in your amours from their disasters;
Free from poor house-keeping, where peck is
under locks, [box:

Free from cold kitchens, and no Christmas—
So may no long debates i' th' House of Com-
mons, [summons;

Make you in the lobby starve, when hunger
But may your plenteous vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky hit, and make you gentlemen;
And thus prefer'd, ne'er fear the world's re-
proaches, [your coaches.

But shake your elbows with my lord, and keep

§ 18. *Prologue to Love's Contrivance.*

CENTLIVRE,

POETS like mushrooms rise and fall of late,
Or as th' uncertain favourites of state;

Invention's rack'd to please both eye and ear,
But no scene takes without the moving player:
Daily we see plays, pamphlets, libels, rhimes,
Become the falling-sickness of the times;

So feverish is the humour of the town,
It surfeits of a play ere three days run.

At Locket's, Brown's, and at Pontack's inquire,
What modish kick-shaws the nice beaux desire,
What fam'd ragouts, what new-invented salad,
Has best pretensions to regale the palate.

If

If we present you with a medley here,
A hodge-podge dish serv'd up in china ware,
We hope 'twill please, 'cause like your bills
of fare.

To please you all we should attempt in vain;
In diff'rent persons diff'rent humours reign.
The foldier's for the rattling scenes of war,
The peaceful beau hates shedding blood so near.
Courtiers in com'dy place their chief delight,
'Cause love's the proper bus'ness of the night.
The clown for pastoral his half crown be-
stows,

But t'other house by sad experience knows
This polish'd town produces few of those.
The merchant is for traffic ev'ry where,
And values not the best, but cheapest ware.
Since various humours are pleas'd various ways,
A critic's but a fool to judge of plays.
Fool did I say? 'Tis difficult to know
Who 'tis that's so indeed, or is not so:
If that be then a point so hard to gain,
Wit's sure a most profound unfathom'd main.
He that sits judge, the trident ought to sway,
To know who's greatest fool or wit, to-day,
The audience, or the author of the play.

§ 19. *Prologue to the Busy Body.* CENTLIVRE.

THOUGH modern prophets were expos'd
of late,

The author could not prophesy his fate:
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy days,
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation;
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wond'rous things that will prove
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair, [true:
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes, this year;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall
cease. [throne,

The Grand Monarque may with his son a
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face;
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town;
Where, wanting operas, ballet, and a play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time
away.

Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-street sempstresses—roast of Temple
sparks, [clerks,

That runs spruce neckcloths for attorney's
At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters, when they think they are not
known.

Shou'd I denounce our author's fate, to-day
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the play;
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you
laugh,

'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff. [write,
Since war and places claim the bards that
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat, to-night;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but women-haters damn this play.

§ 20. *Prologue to the Man's Bewitch'd.*

CENTLIVRE.

OUR female author trembling stands within,
Her fear arises from another's sin;
One of her sex has so abus'd the town,
That on her score she dreads your angry frown:
Though I dare say, poor soul, she never writ
Lampoon, or satire, on the box or pit;
A harmless hum'rous play is her extent of wit.
Though Bickerstaff's vast genius may engage,
And lash the vice and follies of the age;
Why should the tender Delia tax the nation,
Stickle and make a noise for reformation,
Who always gave a loose, herself, to inclina-
tion?

Scandal and satire's thrown aside to-day,
And humour the sole business of our play.
Beaus may dress on, to catch the ladies' hearts,
And good assurance pass for mighty parts:
The cits may bring their spouses without fear,
We shew no wife that's poaching for an heir,
Nor teach the use of a fine gauze handkerchief,
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty wonders,
And jilts set up—for twenty thousand pounders.
Our author, even though she knows full well,
Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell,
What colonels, lately, have found out the knack,
To muster madam, still, by Ned, or Jack.
To keep their pleasures up, a frugal way,
They give her—subaltern's subsistence for her
In short, whate'er your darling vices are, [pay.
They pass untouch'd in this night's bill of fare.
But if all this can't your good-nature wake,
Though here and there a scene should fail to
Yet spare her for the Busy Body's sake. [take,

§ 21. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the
Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath, 1756,
and spoken by Miss Morriſon in the Character
of a Lady of Fashion.*

She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that charity has got no ears.
I first attack'd a colonel of the guards—
Sir, charity—consider its rewards:
With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,
And covers—Oh!—a multitude of sins.
Hefwore the world was welcome to his thoughts:
'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;
And with that sin his conscience ne'er was twit-
The only one he never had committed. [ted,
Next to my knight I plead. He shook his head;
Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was
dead.

In these Bath charities a tax he'd found,
More heavy than four shillings in the pound.
What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,
A man was stripp'd—unless he'd look quite shabby.

Then such a train, and such expence to fit!
My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
He'd steal himself, perhaps, into the pit.

Old Lady Slipshod, at her morning cards,
Vows that all works of *genus* she regards;
Raffles for Chinese gods, card-houses, shells,
Nor grudges to the music, or the bells,
But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *opitels*.

I hope your lordship—then my lord replies—

No doubt, the governors are—very wise;
But, for the play, he—wonder'd at their choice.

In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
But, faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and chaste.

Then swears, he to the charity is hearty,
But can't, in honour, break his evening party.

When to the gouty alderman I sued,
The nasty fellow ('gad) was downright rude.
Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox!
The mayor should set such housewives in the stocks.

Give you a guinea! z—ds! replied the beast,
'Twou'd buy a ticket for a turtle-feast. [ye—
Think what a guinea-a-head might set before
Sir, mullet—turbot—and a grand John Dorey.
I'll never give a groat, as I'm a finner,
Unless they gather't in a dish—at dinner.

I trust, by art and more polite address,
You fairer advocates met more success;
And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
When beauty pleaded for such *gen'ral good*.

§ 22. *Occasional Prologue, spoken at Covent-Garden Theatre by Mr. Barry.*

WHEN vice or folly over-runs a state,
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:
When rulers useful subjects cease to prize,
And damn for arts that caus'd themselves to rise:
When jealousies and fears possess the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own:
Can it be strange, that men for flight prepare,
And strive to raise a colony elsewhere?
This custom has prevail'd in ev'ry age,
And has been sometimes practis'd on the stage:
For—*entre nous*—these managers of merit,
Whofearless arm—and take the field with spirit,
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty mien,

And Herod*—have out-Herod-ed—within.

[Pointing to the Green-room.

Of they can torture twenty thousand ways!
Make bouncing Bajazet † retreat from Bays ‡!
The ladies § too, with ev'ry pow'r to charm,
Whole face and fire an anchorite might warm,
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.

By selfish arts expell'd our ancient seat,
In search of candour, and in search of *meat*,
We from your favour hope for this retreat.

If Shakespeare's passion, or if Jonson's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That task be ours; but if you damn their scenes,
And heroes must give way to harlequins,
We, too, can have recourse to 'mime and dance,
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance:
And, should the town grow weary of the mute,
Why—we'll produce—a child upon the flute¶.
But, be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat!
Long they have feasted—permit us now to eat.

§ 23. *Prologue to Gil Blas. Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a Critic, with a Cat-call in his Hand.*

ARE you all ready? here's your music! here!!
Author, sneak off, we'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow stop't me in a hellish fright—
Pray, Sir, says he, must I be damn'd, to-night?
Damn'd! surely, friend—Don't hope for our compliance, [ance.
Zounds, Sir—a second play's downright defile—
Though once, poor rogue, we pity'd your con-
Here's the true recipe—for repetition. [dition,
Well, Sir, says he, e'en as you please; so then,
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But, hark ye, poet!—won't you though, says I,
'Pon honour?—Then we'll damn you, let me die.
Shan't we, my bucks? Let's take him at his word,

Damn him, or, by my soul, he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I suppose—but, mind ye,
Tell him—you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit, now-a-days,
Come to give sober judgments of new plays?
It argues some good-nature to be quiet—
Good-nature!—Ay—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to us, [jokes,
Don't mind me though—for all my fun and
The bard may find us bloods good-natur'd folks,
No crabbed critics---foes to rising merit---
Write but with fire, and we'll applaud with
Our author aims at no dishonest ends, [spirit.
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram
So if you like it, save it; if not, damn it. [it,

§ 24. *Prologue to Cato. Alled in 1753, by the Scholars of the free Grammar School at Derby, for the Benefit of the Orphan of the late Usher. Written by one of the Scholars, aged 16.*

NO Garrick here majestic treads the stage,
No Quin your whole attention to engage;
No practis'd actor, here, the scene employs;
But a raw parcel of unskilful boys.

* Mr. Quin. † Both Quin and Barry. ‡ Mr. Garrick. § Mrs. Cibber, &c. ¶ A child, said to be but four years of age, had been introduced on her stage of Drury-Lane-theatre, to play a tune on that instrument.

|| Blowing his cat-call.

—Shall we disfigur'd in a school-boy see
Cato's great soul in base epitome?
Can critics bear such slavery as this?
Wou'd not e'en Cato join the critic's hiss?
What shall we say, then? What excuses make?
Our credit and success lie both at stake.

As when some peasant, who, to treat his
lord, [board,
Brings out his little stock, and decks his
With what his ill-stor'd cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill-plac'd rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast prepares;
So we, with tremor mix'd with vast delight,
View the bright audience which appears to-
night,

And, conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.

But would the ladies in our cause appear,
One look would silence ev'ry critic here.
If you but smile, 'twill cheer our tim'rous hearts,
And give us courage to perform our parts.

To you, ye fair ones, then, we made address,
And beg protection for this night's success.
Look gently on our faults, and, where we fail,
Let pity to our tender youth prevail.
Our cause is in your hands, and Cato, who
Disdain'd great Cæsar's yoke, submits to you.

§ 25. *Prologue to All in the Wrong. Written
and spoken by Mr. Foote.*

TO-NIGHT, be it known to box, gall'ries,
and pit,
Will be open'd the original warehouse for wit;
The new manufacture, Foote and Co. under-
takers,

Play, opera, pantomime, farce—by the makers.
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to
owe [Rowe:

To Shakespeare and Southerne, to Otway and
Tho' our judgment may err, yet our justice is
shewn; [own:

For we promise to mangle no works but our
And moreover, on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't
make you cry. [loving souls,

For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-
Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers and
bowls;

Resolv'd that in buskins no heroes should stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the tragedy walk.
No blood, no blank verse—in short, we're un-
done,

Unless you're contented with frolic and fun.
If, tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be one female inclin'd to sit still;
If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party should not chuse to catch cold at Vaux-
hall: [thick,

If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be
The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson
sick; [in June,

If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'ful
Or the tumblers belame, or the bells out of tune;

We hope you will call at our warehouse in
Drury:

We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure ye,
Domestic and foreign, indeed all kinds of wares,
English cloths, Irish linens, and French *pet-en-
fairs*.

If, for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be
made; [in debt,

If, from dealings too large, we plunge deeply in
And a *whereas* comes out in the Muses' Gazette,
We'll on you, our assigns, for certificates call;
Tho' insolvents, we're honest, and give up our all.

§ 26. *Mr. Foote's Address to the Public, after a
Prosecution against him for a Libel. FOOTE.*

HUSH! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the crowd?

With art laconic, noting all that's said,
Malice at heart, indictments in his head;
Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar!

Is there none such?—Not one?—then, *entre
nous*,

I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true;
The application must be made by you. }

At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts*;

Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books;
Amorous, tho' old; tho' dull, lov'd repartee;
And penn'd a paragraph most daintily:
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth*, or *ed*;

In *bath*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale. [lighted,
With wits and lords this man was much de-
And once (it has been said) was near being

One Aristophanes (a wicked wit, [knighted.
Who never heeded grace in what he writ)

Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had, from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.
Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
All felt the satire, for all knew the man.

Then Peter—*Petros* was his classic name,
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.

The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
"The case you put I fully understand;

"The thing is plain from *Coccos's* reports,
"For rules of poetry a'n't rules of courts:

"A libel this—I'll make the mummer know
A Grecian constable took up the poet, [it."—

Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:

The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free: }

Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

§ 27. *Mr. Foote in the Character of Dr. Squintum.*

FOOTE.

NEAR the mad mansions of Moorfields
I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons and all,
Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.
With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a story now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befel,
I knew the mother and her daughter well:
Poor, it is true, they were, but never wanted;
For whatso'er they ask'd was always granted.
One fatal day the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and faintly cry'd.

Child. Mother, you cry! —

Mother. — Oh, child! I've got no bread.

Child. What matters that? Why, Providence
a'n't dead?

With reason good this child the truth might say;
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better suse a table ne'er was put on.

Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;
But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.

And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays! [days?

Let's go see Foote! Oh, Foote's a precious limb!

Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him!

For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove;

Think you to meet with side-boxes above,

Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may
sit?

No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,

And crowd the house for Satan's benefit —

Oh! what, you snivel? — Well, do so no
more —

Drop, to atone, your money at the door,

And — if I please — I'll give it to the poor.

§ 28. *Prologue to the Taylors.* FOOTE.

THIS night we add some heroes to our store,
Who never were as heroes seen before;

No blustering Romans, Trojans, Greeks, shall
rage, [stage;

No knights, arm'd *cap-a-pié*, shall crowd our
Nor shall our Henries, Edwards, take the field,

Opposing sword to sword, and shield to shield:

With other instruments our troop appears;

Needles to thimbles shall, and shears to shears;

With parchment gorgets, and in buckram
arm'd,

Cold-blooded taylors are to heroes warm'd,

And, slip-shod, slide to war. — No lions' glare,

No eye-balls, flashing fire, shall make you stare;

Each outside shall belie the stuff within:

A Roman spirit in each taylor's skin —

A taylor-legg'd Pompey, Cassius, shall you see,

And the ninth part of Brutus strut in me!

What though no swords we draw, no daggers

Yet can our warriors a quietus make [shake,

With a bare bodkin. — Now, be dumb, ye railers,

And never, but in honour, call out *taylors*!

But these are heroes tragic, you will cry;

Oh, very tragic! and I'll tell you why —

Should female artists with the male combine,
And mantua-makers with the taylors join;
Should all, too proud to work, their trades give
Nor to be sooth'd again by sixpence more, [o'er,
What horrors would ensue! — First you, ye
beaus,

At once lose all existence with your cloaths!
And you, ye fair, where would be your defence?

This is no golden age of innocence!

Such drunken bacchanals the Graces meet,

And no police to guard the naked street:

Beauty is weak, and passion bold and strong —

Oh, then — but modesty restrains my tongue.

May this night's bard a skilful taylor be,

And like a well-made coat his tragedy.

Though close, yet easy; decent, but not dull;

Short, but not scanty; without buckram, full.

§ 29. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris.* Spoken by
Mr. Shuter at one of his Benefits. FOOTE.

IN former times there liv'd one Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his
bottle.

To Alexander Magnus he was tutor, —

(An't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)

But let that rest — a new tale I'll advance,

A tale? — no, truth! mun — I'm just come from
France.

From Paris I came; why I went there, no matter;
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the
water:

'Twas to win a largewager that hurry'd me over;

But I wish'd to be off when I came down to Dover.

To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,

But the sight of such water at once fill'd my belly;

They who chuse it for physic may drink of the

But only to think on't is physic for me. [sea,

When I first went on board, Lord! I heard
such a racket, [through the packet;

Such babbling and squabbling, fore and aft,

The passengers bawling, the sailors yo-ho-ing,

The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blowing;

Some sick and some swearing, some singing,

some shrieking, [booms creaking;

Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and

Stop the ship! — but the tars, never minding our

cases, [grinn'd in our faces.

Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowsers, and

We made Calais soon, and were soon set on

shore, [trod before.

And I trod on French ground, where I ne'er

The scene was quite chang'd, 'twas no more

yo, yo-ho, [no!

With damme Jack, yes, boy — or damme Tom,

'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all com-

plaisance; [to France:

With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd

Ab, Monseer Angloy! — they cry'd — *be on ven nu,*

Tres umble servant, Sir, we glad to see you.

I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,

They flock'd round my carcase like flies in the

shambles:

To be crowded among them at first I was loth,

For fear they should seize me, and soule me for
broth.

At

At last, tho' they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre*,
(Lord, had you then seen but my strut and my
stare!) [sword;

Wee, wee, I cry'd, *wee* then---and put on a
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was baulk'd so before in my life:
I should see wonders there, I was told by *Mon-*
seer; [queer;

So I did, I saw things there were wonderful
Queer streets and queer houses, with people
much queerer,

Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.

I soon had enough of their *pallor-vou'ee*; [me.
It's a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense to
All folks there are drest'd in a toyshop like show,
Ahodge-podging habit, twixt fiddler and beau;
Such hats, and such heads too, such coats and
such skirts--- [shirts.

They told me some ruffles---but I found the
Then, as to their dinners, their soups, and
their stewings, [brewings;

One ounce of meat serves for ten gallons of
For a slice of roast beef how my mind was agog!
But for beef they produc'd me a fricasee'd frog:
Out of window I tols'd it, it wa'n't fit to eat,
Then down stairs I jump'd, and ran into the
street. [mine

'Twas not their palaver could make me deter-
To stay where I found it was taste to eat vermin.
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand
Monarque clever; [land for ever!
I'm for beef, and King George, and Old Eng-

§ 30. Prologue to the Author. FOOTE.

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore---
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On every side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once the gallery, box, and pit, }
Requires, at least---no common share of wit. }

Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake, or modish wife;
Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the
spleen;

The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries---" 'Twill please the gall'ries well
enough."

Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since fops will frown, where humble traders
smile.

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of his day.
Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,

The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their
But as the sluggish animal was weak, [ware;
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back
would break:

Up gets the boy, the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass:
Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout. [out,
" This the respect to reverend age you show,
" And this the duty you to parents owe?
" He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;
" Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride."

As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth, resign'd his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
" Sure never was brute beast so void of nature!
" Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
" To your own baby can you be unkind?
" Here---Suke, Bill, Betty---put the child be-
hind."---

Old Dapple next the clowns' compassion claim'd:
" 'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't a-
sham'd:

" Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast!
" They might as well have carry'd him, at
" least."---

The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount, and bear the ass---then, what a
noise!--

Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent fire, these words provoke:---
" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
" Vain his attempts, who strives to please them
" all."

§ 31. Prologue, spoken by Mr. Yates, on opening a new Theatre, built for him by the Inhabitants of Birmingham. FOOTE.

FROM fiddling, fretting, Monsieur and Signor,
And all the dangers of th' Italian shore;
From squeaking monarchs, and chromatic
queens,

And Metastasio's mix'd and mangled scenes,
Where Fashion, and not Feeling, bears the sway,
Whilst Sense and Nature coyly keep away,
I come.--All hail the consecrated earth*,
Whose bounteous bosom gave our Shakespeare
Gave that great master of the scenic art, [birth!
To feed the fancy, and correct the heart;
To check th' unruly passions' wild career,
And draw from Pity's eye the tender tear;
Of Folly's sons t' explore the ample train,
The sot, the fop, the vicious and the vain;
Hypocrisy to drag from her disguise,
And Affectation hunt through all her lies:
Such was your bard. Who then can doom the
The worthless fav'rite of an idle age; [stage,
Or judge, that pleasure, with instruction join'd,
Can soil the manners, or corrupt the mind?

* Shakespeare was born in Warwickshire.

Far other thoughts your generous breasts inspire,
Touch'd with a spark of true Promethean fire:
Sure that the Arts with Commerce came to earth,

That the same parents gave those sisters birth,
Cold creeping Prejudice you dar'd despise,
And bade this Temple to the Muses rise.
Oh, that my tongue could utter all I feel!
Or that my powers were equal to my zeal!
Plac'd by your favour, not by right divine,
Th' unworthy high-priest of the sacred nine,
No tainted incense should pollute their shrine,
Nor aught be offer'd to the public view,
But what was worthy them—and worthy you.

§ 32. *Prologue to the Contract. Written and intended to have been spoken by Mr. Foote.*

THE Contract is it call'd?—I cannot say
I much admire the title of his play:
Contracts, they tell me, have been fraught with evil,
Since Faustus sign'd his contract with—the Devil.
Yet, spite of Satan, all men wish to make 'em,
Tho' nineteen out of twenty love to break 'em.
Butchers and meal-men, brewers, agents, factors,
Pimps, poets, placemen, managers, and act-ors,
Bawds, bankrupts, bookfellers, are all contractors;
All lie, and swear, and cheat, t' increase their store,

Then die, and go—where Faustus went before.
While thus o'er all we see th' infection spread,
No wonder it should taint the marriage-bed:
Each wife forgets, each husband breaks his vow;
For what are contracts? what is wedlock now?
Garrick, who long was marry'd—to the town,
At length, a fashionable husband grown,
Forfakes his spouse, base man! for, truth to tell,
She lov'd her own dear Davy wond'rous well;
Tho' now he flights her, breaks from her by force,

And nought will serve him but a Full divorce.
But be the fault in women or in men,
Thanks to our laws! they all may—wed again:
Her faithless fav'rite gone, the lady's free
To chuse another, and may smile—on me;
To the Lame Lover may resign her charms,
And, tho' a cripple, take me to her arms.
I'll promise to be constant, kind, polite,
And pay my duty—every other night:
My dear lov'd rib I never will abandon,
But stand by her, whilst I've one leg to stand on!
I'll make a solemn contract, play or pay,
And hope we shall not part this many a day.

Our brother scribbler too, I greatly fear,
Has made a foolish kind of contract here;
He promises, and ten to one you're bit,
To furnish fable, sentiment, and wit:
I've seen his piece; the man appeal'd to me,
And I, as Chanc'lor, issued my decree;
'T has pass'd the seals, they're going to rehearse it—

But you're the House of Peers—and may re-

§ 33. *Scrub's Trip to the Jubilee. Spoken by Mr. Weston.* COLMAN.

FROM Stratford arriv'd---piping hot---
gentlefolks, [jokes,
From the rarest of shows, and most wonderful
Your simple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to de-
clare, [fair:
'Twas fuller, by far, than our Litchfield great
Such crowds of fine ladies, serenading and
singing,
Such firing of loud patereroes, and ringing—
To tell it in London must seem all a fable;
And yet I will tell it---as well as I'm able.
First, something, in lingo of schools, call'd an
ode;

All critics, they told me, allow'd very good:
One said---you may take it for truth, I assure ye,
'Twas made by the little great man of old
Drury, [hear)

By my brother Martin (for whose sake, d'ye
This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shake-
speare*:

But, honestly speaking, I take more delight in
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets, and
fighting. [fine train,

The procession, 'twas said, would have been a
But could not move forward---Oh, la!--for the
rain.

Such tragical comical folks, and so fine---
What pity it was that the sun did not shine!
Since ladies and baronets, aldermen, 'squires,
All went to this Jubilee full of desires,
In crowds, as they go for to see a new play;
And when it was done---why, they all came
away!

Don't let me forget---a main part of the show,
Was long-tail'd fine comets, by fam'd Angelo.
Some turtle I got, which they call *pasbapee*;
But honest roast beef's the best turtle for me.
I hate all ragouts, and, like a bold Briton,
Prefer good plumb-pudding to aught I e'er bit
I drank too (and now I a poet may be) [on.
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry-tree.
To bed I must go---for which, like a ninny,
I paid, like my betters, no less than a guinea,
For rolling---not sleeping---in linen so damp,
As struck my great toe, ever since, with the
cramp.

Thus fleec'd---in my pocket I felt a great
smarting, [parting,
Yet griev'd not when I and the splinters were
'Twas worth ten times more to hear sweet
brother Martin.

He spoke, till poor Scrub was just fit, with one eye
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry:
Which makes me now tell you, without any
brag, [wag.

He's a second to none but the Warwickshire
The Jubilee over, I came to this place,
To tell you my story, and sue for your grace:
You never refus'd it---yet never before,
With granting such kindness, bound gratitude
I love, but to own, with a diligent spirit, [more.
Your favours have ever out-run my slight merit.

* This alludes to Mr. Weston's design of playing Richard.

§ 34. *Prologue to Bon Ton.* COLMAN.

FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sovereign sway,

And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each,
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech. [tie,
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high!

The coachman's cauliflower, built tiers on tiers!
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.

What is Bon Ton?—"Oh, damme!" cries a buck,

Half drunk---"ask me, my dear, and you're in

"Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the watch,

"Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar

"Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your swing!

"Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton's the

"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"

Says Madam Fussock, warm from Spitalfields.

"Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,

"And riding in a one-horse chair o' Sunday!

"Tis drinking tea on summer afternoons,

"At Bagnigge-wells, with china and gilt spoons!

"Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and pat-

"To dance *covvtilions*, all in silks and satins!"

"Vulgar!"—cries Miss—"Observe, in higher life,

"The feather'd spinster, and thrice feather'd

"The club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant trade,

"Of rout, *festivo*, ball, and masquerade!

"Tis plays and puppet-shews---'tis something new;

"Tis losing thousands every night at *lu*!

"Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason;

"Tis stiff French stays, and fruit---when out of season!

"A rose, when half a guinea is the price;

"A set of bays, scarce bigger than six mice:

"To visit friends---you never wish to see;

"Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree:

"Old dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd, and curl'd---

"This is Bon Ton, and this we call the

"True," says my lord, "and thou, my only son,

"Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon

"Who toils for learning at a public school,

"And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.

"French, French, my boy, 's the thing! *jafex*! prate, chatter!

"Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter!

"Walk like a Frenchman; for, on English pegs,

"Moves native awkwardness with two left legs.

"Of courtly friendship form a treacherous league,

"Seduce men's daughters, with their wives

"In fightly semicircles round your nails,

"Keep your teeth clean---and grin, if small-talk fails;

"But never laugh, whatever jest prevails;

"Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,

"That vulgar way the vulgar shew their mirth.

"Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,

"Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.

"Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;

"The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"

Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through,

In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtu*,

And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view.

To-night our Bayes, with bold, but careless tints,

Hits off a sketch or two, like Darly's prints.

Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts strike 'em,

'Twill be Bon Ton to see 'em, and to like 'em.

§ 35. *Prologue to the Capuchin.* Spoken by Mr. Foote. COLMAN.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in every scene

Discover meanings that I never mean;

Whatever character I bring to view,

I am the father of the child, 'tis true,

But every babe his christening owes to you.

"The comic poet's eye, with humorous air,

"Glancing from Watling-street to Grosvenor-

"He bodies forth a light ideal train, [square,

"And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain:

"Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,

"And gives to airy nothing place and name."

A limner once, in want of work, went down,

To try his fortune in a country town:

The waggon, loaded with his goods, convey'd

To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade,

Originals and copies---ready made.

To the new painter all the country came,

Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, 'quire, and dame,

The humble curate, and the curate's wife,

All ask a likeness---taken from the life.

Behold the canvas on the easel stand! [hand:

A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd his

But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,

Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.

The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient store

Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before,

God, dame, or hero, of the days of yore.

The Cæsars, with a little alteration,

Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation:

To represent the rector and the dean,

He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:

The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces

From Charles the Second's beauties, and the

Graces.

Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,

His works adorn'd each room, and spread his

fame.

The countrymen of taste admire and stare,

"My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!"

"Miss

" Miss Dimple's languish too! ---extremely like!"
 " And in the style and manner of Vandyke!"
 " Oh, this new limner's pictures always strike!"
 " Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big, or little,
 " The very man, or woman, to a tittle!"
 Foote and this limner in some points agree,
 And thus, good Sirs, you often deal by me.
 When, by the royal licence and protection,
 I shew my small academy's collection,
 The connoisseur takes out his glass to pry
 Into each picture with a curious eye;
 Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,
 And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.
 But still the copy's so exact, you say;
 Alas, the same thing happens every day!
 How many a modish well-dress'd fop you meet,
 Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-street;
 In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-alley,
 'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!
 As honest Crispin understands his trade,
 On the true human scale his lasts are made,
 The measure of each sex and age to hit,
 And every shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.
 My warehouse thus, for nature's walks, supplies
 Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of every size.
 Sit still, and try them, Sirs; I long to please ye---
 How well they fit! I hope you find them easy:
 If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it;
 But if well made---I wish you health to wear it.

§ 36. *Prologue, spoken by Mr. Palmer, on the opening of the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market, May 15, 1777.* COLMAN.

PRIDE, by a thousand arts, vain honours claims,
 And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
 Theatric dealers thus would fain seem great,
 And every playhouse grows a mighty state.
 To fancied heighs howe'er mock-monarchs soar,
 A manager's a trader---nothing more---
 You (whom they court) their customers---and then, [men.
 We players---poor devils!--are the journey-
 While two great warehouses, for winter use,
 Eight months huge bales of merchandise produce,
 Out with the swallow comes our summer Bayes,
 To shew his taffata and lutestring plays;
 A choice assortment of slight goods prepares,
 The smallest haberdasher of small wares.
 In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector---
 A mighty schemer---like our new director---
 Once form'd a plan---and 'twas a deep one,
 Sirs!---
 To draw the sun-beams out of cucumbers.
 So whilst less vent'rous managers retire,
 Our salamander thinks to live in fire.
 A playhouse Quidnunc---and no Quidnunc's wiser---
 Reading our play-bills in the Advertiser,

Cries, " Hey! what's here? In th' Hay-market
 " a play,
 " To sweat the public in the midst of May?
 " Give me fresh air!"---then goes, and pouts
 " alone,
 In country-lodgings---by the two-mile stone:
 There sits, and chews the cud of his disgust,
 Broil'd in the sun, and blinded by the dust.
 " Dearee," says Mrs. Inkle, " let us go
 " To th' Hay-market, to-night, and see the show."
 " Pha, woman!" cries old Inkle, " you're a fool:
 " We'll walk to Hornsey, and enjoy the cool."
 So said, to finish the domestic strife,
 Forth waddle the fat spouse, and fatter wife:
 And as they tug up Highgate-hill together,
 He cries---" Delightful walking!---charming weather!"

Now, with the napkin underneath the chin,
 Unbutton'd cits their turtle-feasts begin,
 And plunge, full knuckle-deep, thro' thick and thin:
 Throw down fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, custard,
 And make a salmagundy of their belly. [jelly,
 " More Chian-pepper! punch, another rum-mer!"
 " So cool and pleasant--eating in the summer!"
 To ancient geographers 'twas not known,
 Mortals could live beneath the torrid zone:
 But we, though toiling underneath the line,
 Must make our hay now while the weather's fine.
 Your good old hay-maker, long here employ'd,
 The sunshine of your smiles who still enjoy'd;
 The fields which long he mow'd will not forsake,
 Nor quite forego the scythe, the fork, and rake,
 But take the field, ev'n in the hottest day,
 And kindly help us to get in our hay.

§ 37. *Prologue to the Spanish Barber.* COLMAN.

ONCE more from Ludgate-hill behold Paul Prig!
 The same spruce air, you see, same coat, same wig!
 A mercer smart and dapper all allow,
 As ever at shop-door shot off a bow.
 This summer---for I love a little prance---
 This summer, gentle-folks, I've been to France,
 To mark the fashions---and to learn to dance.
 I, and dear Mrs. Prig, the first of Graces!
 At Calais, in the diligence took places;
 Travell'd through Boulogne, Amiens, and Chantilly,
 All in a line---as straight as Piccadilly!
 To Paris come, their dresses made me stare---
 Their fav'rite colour is the French Queen's hair!
 They're all so fine, so shabby, and so gay,
 They look like chimney-sweepers on May-day!
 Silks of all colours in the rainbow there;
 A Joseph's coat appears the common wear.

Of some I brought home patterns; one, to-night,
 We mean to shew---'tis true, it is but slight;
 But then, for summer wear, you know that's right.
 A little weaver, whom I long have known,
 Has work'd it up, and begs to have it shewn--- [own.]
 But, pray observe, my friends, 'tis not his
 I brought it over---nay, if it miscarries,
 He'll cry---" 'tis none of mine---it came from Paris."
 But should you like it, he'll soon let you know,
 'Twas spun and manufactur'd in Soho.
 ---'t had a great run abroad, which always yields
 Work for our Grub-street, and our Spital-fields.
 France charms our ladies, naked bards and beaus,
 [cloaths:]
 Who smuggle thence their learning and their
 Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on springs;
 Têtes built like towers, and rumps like ostrich
 wings.
 If this piece please, each summer I'll go over,
 And fetch new patterns by the straits of Dover.

§ 38. *Prologue to the Princess of Parma.*

CUMBERLAND.

ERE dark November, with his dripping
 wings,
 Shuts out the cheerful face of men and things,
 You all can tell how soon the d-eary scene
 Affects your wives and daughters with the spleen.
 Madam begins---" My dear, these odious rains
 " Will bring on all my old rheumatic pains;
 " In fifty places it came in last night---
 " This vile old crazy mansion's such a fright!"
 What's to be done---" In very truth, my love,
 " I think 'twere better for us to remove."
 This said, if as it chance that gentle spouse
 Bears but a second int'rest in the house,
 The bill is past---no sooner said than done---
 Up springs the hen-bird, and the covey's gone:
 Then hey for London! there the game begins;
 Bouquets, and diamond stars, and golden pins,
 A thousand freakish wants, a thousand sighs,
 A thousand poutings, and ten thousand lies;
 Trim, and new-rigg'd, and launch'd for pleasure's gale,
 Out madam comes, her goslings at her tail;
 Away they scamper, to present their faces,
 At Johnson's citadel, for side-box places.
 He to their joint and supplicating moan,
 Presents a face of brass, a heart of stone;
 Or, monarch-like, while their address is stating,
 Sends them a "*veto*" by his lord in waiting.
 Returning thence, the disappointed fleet
 Anchors in Tavistock's fantastic street;
 There under Folly's colours gaily rides,
 Where Humour points, or veering passion guides.
 In vain the steward racks, and tenants rave,
 Money she wants, and money she will have.

Meanwhile terrific hangs the unpaid bill,
 Long as from Portman-square to Ludgate-hill:
 The 'quire, exhausted, in desponding plight,
 Creeps to his chambers to avoid the light,
 Or at the Mount with some old snarler chimes,
 In damning wives, and railing at the times.
 Such is the scene!---If then we fetch you down
 Amusements which endear the the smoky town,
 And through the peasants poor but useful hands,
 We circulate the produce of your lands;
 In this voluptuous dissipated age,
 Sure there's some merit in our rural stage*.
 Happy the call, nor wholly vain the play,
 Which weds you to your acres but a day.

§ 39. *Prologue to Taste. Spoken in the Character of an Auctioneer.* GARRICK.

BEFORE this court, I Peter Puff, appear,
 A Briton born, and bred an auctioneer;
 Who, for myself, and eke a hundred others,
 My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
 With much humility and fear implore ye,
 To lay our present desp'rate case before ye---
 'Tis said, this night, a certain wag intends
 To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
 If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
 Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
 Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the
 Before you buy, be sure to understand; [land,
 Oh, think on us, what various ills will flow,
 When great ones only purchase what they know!
 Why laugh at *taste*? It is a harmless fashion,
 And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
 The fair-ones hearts will ne'er incline to man,
 While thus they rage for---china and japan.
 The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
 Are ever decent, delicate, and pure; [hold,
 The smallest hair their looser thoughts might
 Just warm when single, and when married---cold;
 Their blood, at sight of beauty, gently flows;
 Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
 Noam'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
 'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
 'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
 All artists are encourag'd---but our own.
 Be not deceiv'd; I here declare on oath,
 I never yet sold goods of foreign growth:
 Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome;
 My best antiquities are made at home.
 I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
 True Britons all---and living in the Strand.
 I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium;
 They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.
 But hush---
 Should it be known that English are employ'd,
 Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
 No matter what our countrymen deserve,
 They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns
 starve---
 If we should fall---to you it will be owing;
 Farewel to arts---they're going, going, going!
 The fatal hammer's in your hand, Oh, town!--
 Then set us up---and knock the poet down.

* This prologue was spoken at the private theatre of Mr. Hanbury of Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire.

§ 40. *Prologue to Virginia. Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick.*

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of time,

'Tis penning bows, and making legs, in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door, with simp'ring grin,
When we should shew the company within.—
So thinks our bard, who, stiff in classic knowledge,

Preserves too much the buckram of the col-

"Lord, Sir," said I, "an audience must be
"woo'd,

"And, lady-like, with flattery pursu'd;

"They nauseate fellows that are blunt and
"rude.

"Authors should learn to dance, as well as
"write—"

"Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what

"Grown gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn
"by night.

"Your modern prologues, and such whims as
"these,

"The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to So—

"I read no Greek, Sir—when I was at school,

"Terence had prologues—Terence was no
"fool."

"He had; but why?" reply'd the bard, in
"rage:

"Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage;

"But we have none, in this enlighten'd age!

"Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,

"Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.

"Here, take my play, I meant it for instruc-
"tion;

"If rhimes are wanting for its introduction,

"E'en let that nonsense be your own pro-
"duction."

Off went the poet—it is now expedient,
I speak as manager, and your obedient—
I, as your cat'rer, would provide you dishes,
Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.
Say but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at
home,

We too can send for niceties from Rome:

To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor
money,

Discard surloins, and get you macaroni.
Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign,
Shakespeare and beef must have their turn again.

If novelties can please, to-night we've two—

Tho' English both, yet spare 'em as they're new.

To one, at least, your usual favour show—

A female asks it—can a man say no?—

Should you indulge our *novice, yet unseen,
And crown her, with your hands, a tragic
queen;

Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,

To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;

Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,

Which curbs a genius in its road to fame;

With one wish more her whole ambition ends—

She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

§ 41. *Occasional Prologue to the Mask of Britannia. Spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Sailor, juddled, and talking to himself.*

GARRICK.

Enters, singing, "How pleasant a sailor's life
passes!"

WELL! if thou art, my boy, a little mel-
low,

A sailor, half-seas-o'er—'s a pretty fellow.

What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?

[*To the pit.*

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

[*He stagger: forward, then stops.*

But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel—

Steady! my boy—she must not shew her keel.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?

Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?

Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue?

Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand, I do!

A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:

There's nothing better, faith—save flip and

I must away—I must—

[*fighting.*

What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,

Or lower our flag to slavery and soup? [et,

What! shall these *Parly-woos* make such a rack—

And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?

Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's

butt?—

Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.

I'll to 'em, faith—avaunt—before I go—

Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?

[*Pulls out a play-bill.*

From this same paper we shall understand

What work's to-night—I read your printed

hand.

First let's refresh a bit—for, faith, I need it—

I'll take one sugar-plumb—[*takes some to-*

bacco.]—and then I'll read it.

[*He reads the play-bill of Zara,*

which was acted that evening.

"At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane—

"Will be preien-ta-ted a tragedy, called

Sarah—"

I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our Sall may see

Her namesake's tragedy: and as for me,

I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

"To which will be added—a new masque—"

Zounds! why a masque? We sailors hate gri-

maces:

Above board all; we scorn to hide our faces.

But what is here, so very large and plain?

"*Bri-tan-nia*."—Oh, Britannia!—good

again—

Huzza, boys!—By the Royal George, I swear,

Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall straight be there.

All free-born souls must take *Bri-tan-nia*'s

part,

[*and heart!*

And give her three round cheers, with hand

[*Going off, he stops.*

I wish you, landmen, tho', would leave your

tricks,

Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:

And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing;
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

§ 42. *Prologue to the Apprentice. Spoken by Mr. Murphy, Author of the Piece, dressed in black.*
GARRICK.

BEHOLD a wonder for theatric story!

The culprit of this night appears before ye:
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,
"With all his imperfections on his head!"

Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse; [mind,
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd
And wake its feelings---for the dead---behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that rock of rocks---the critic's heart.
No acted fears by vanity betray;

I am, indeed---what others only play.

Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;
Tho' many are its faults, at least, 'tis new.
No smuggled, pilfer'd scenes from France we
show,

'Tis English---English, Sirs---from top to toe.
Tho' coarse my colours, and my hand unskill'd,
From real life my little cloth is fill'd.

My hero is a youth, by fate design'd [mind,
For culling simples---but whose stage-struck
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind. }
A place there is, where such young Quixotes
meet; [treat!

'Tis call'd the spouting-club---a glorious
Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping
street.

There Brutus starts and stares by midnight
taper,

Who all the day enacts---a woollen-drapeer.
There Hamlet's ghost stalks forth, with
doubled fist: [O, list!

Cries out, with hollow voice, "List, list,
And frightens Denmark's prince---a young
tobacconist.

The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Rises---a haberdasher to the sight!

Not young attorneys have this rage withstood,
But change their pens for truncheons, ink
for blood; [try's good.

And (strange reverse!)---die for their coun-
Through all the town this folly you may trace;
Myself am witness---'tis a common case.

I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong
ye--- [among ye.

Look round---you'll find some spouting youths
To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,

To bring them back to reason---and their shop;
To raise an harmless laugh was all my aim;
And, if I shun contempt---I seek not fame.

Indulge this firstling, let me but begin,
Nor nip me---in the buddings of my sin:

Some hopes I cherish, in your smiles I read 'em;
Whate'er my faults, your candour can exceed 'em.

§ 43. *Occasional Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, September 5, 1750.*

AS heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall;
So (with the mighty to compare the small)
Thro' int'rest, whim, or, if you please, thro' fate,
We feel commotions in our mimic state:
The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;
A year's alliance is, with us---an age!
And where's the wonder? All surprise must
cease,

When we reflect, how int'rest, or caprice,
Makes real kings break articles of peace.

Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare;
"Cry, havoc! and let slip the dogs of war."

To shake our souls, the * papers of the day,
Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array;

A pow'r, might strike the boldest with dismay:
Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,

Arm'd *cap-a-pié* in self-sufficient merit.
Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,

Fire up, like Britons, when the battle's nam'd:
Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,

From † Hamlet's mother, to the † cobbler's wife,
Some few there are, whom paltry passions guide,

Desert each day, and fly from side to side:
Others, like Swifs, love fighting as their trade;

For, beat, or beating---they must all be paid.
Sacred to Shakespeare was this spot design'd,

To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind.
But if an empty house, the actor's curse,

Shews us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force;
Unwilling, we must change the nobler scene,

And, in our turn, present you Harlequin:
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,

Shew gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk.
For tho' we actors, one and all, agree,

Boldly to struggle for our---vanity;
If want comes on, importance must retreat:

Our first, great, ruling passion, is---to eat.
To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;

The conflict glorious! for we'll fight for you:
And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,

At least, we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

§ 44. *Prologue to Barbarossa. Spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Country Boy.*
GARRICK.

MEASTER! measter!-----
Is not my measter here among you, pray?

Nay, speak---my measter wrote this fine new
play-----

The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
They want the plo-log---I know nought o' the
matter:

He must be there among you---look about---
A weezen pale-fac'd man---do find him out.

Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to theame;
Call Mifter---hold---I must not tell his neame.

* In which papers was this paragraph: "We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mrs. Woffington, are engaged at Covent-Garden theatre for the ensuing season."---On the part of Drury-Lane: cheate it was notified, "That two celebrated actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there; also Miss Bellamy, and a new actress, Signior Faufan, the comic dancer, and his wife, and a gentleman to sing, who has not been on any stage."

† Mrs. Pritchard.

† Mrs. Clive.

La! what a crowd is here! what noise and poth-
Fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' t'other. [er!]

[Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.
I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er saw church so full, in all my days!—
Your servant, Sirs—What do you laugh for, eh
You donna take me sure for one o' the play?
You should not flout an honest country lad---
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.

[Laughing.
I donna like your London tricks, not I; [why:
And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you
And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I where whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation.
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't?—he eat a great sea-toad!
It came from *Indies*---'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch*, and *capapee*: [but I,
La! how I star'd!---I thought---who knows,

For want of monst'ers, may be made a pye?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country fare again.
I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord, [word.
And there they promis'd!---but ne'er kept their
While 'mong the great this geaming work the
trade is, [ladies.

They mind no more poor servants---than their
A lady next, who lik't a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith---but, troth, I thought her
mad.

She turn'd the world top-down, as I may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I was so theam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays---
Fine folks shew all for nothing, now-a-days!

Now I'm the poet's man---I find with wits,
There's nothing sartain---nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender---what of that?
There are but three on's---measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say, which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece;
But should you find that all our swans are geefe!
'Efeck, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

§ 45. *Prologue to the Fairies. Written and
spoken by Mr. Garrick.*

Enter—interrupting the band of music.

A Moment stop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While here, as usual, I my duty pay.

[To the audience.

Don't frown, my friends [to the band] you
soon shall melt again;

But, if not there is felt each dying strain,
Poor I shall speak, and you will scrape in vain.

To see me now, you think the strangest thing!
For, like friend Benedick, I cannot ling:
Yet, in this prologue, cry but you *corragio*!
I'll speak you both a jig, and an *adagio*.

A Persian king, as Persian tales relate,
Oft went disguis'd, to hear the people prate;
So, curious I, sometimes steal forth, *incog*,
To hear what critics croak of me—King *Log*.
Three nights ago, I heard a *tête-à-tête*,
Which fix'd, at once, our English op'ra's fate:
One was a youth born here, but flush from Rome,
The other born abroad, but here his home;
And first the *English foreigner* began,
Who thus address'd the *foreign Englishman*:

“ An English op'ra! 'tis not to be borne;
“ I both my country and their music scorn.
“ Oh, damn their Ally Croak^{at}'s, and their
“ Early-horn!

“ *Signor si—bat sons—voss recitativo*:
“ *Il tutto, è bestiale e cativo*.”

This said, I made my *exit* full of terrors:
And now act pardon, for the following errors.

Excuse us first, for foolishly supposing
Your countryman could please you in composing;
An op'ra too!—play'd by an English band,
Wrote in a language which you understand—
I dare not say who wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften matters—Signor Shakespearelli:
This awkward drama—(I confess th' offence)
Is guilty too of poetry and sense:

And then the price we take—you'll all abuse it,
So low, so unlike op'ras—but excuse it,
We'll mend that fault, whenever you shall
chuse it.

Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest,
Which turns the whole performance to a jest,
Our fingers all are well, and all will do their
best.

But why would this rash fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an op'ra?—'Tis the strangest plan!

Struck with the wonders of his master's art,
Whose sacred dramas shake and melt the heart,
Whose heaven-born strains the coldest breast
inspire,

Whose chorus-thunder sets the soul on fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs,
When Samson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your stamp of infamy or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He says, those faults, those errors, are his own;
If through the clouds appear some glimm'ring
rays, [blaze!

They're sparks he caught from his great master's

§ 46. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale; and, Ca-
therine and Petruchio. Written and spoken by
Mr. Garrick.*

TO various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:

This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be:

The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, gem'men, kindly welcome,
ladies.

To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakespeare's
Head.

From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine;
In which no tricks, to strengthen, or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—
Hence for the choicest spirits flows Cham-
pagne; [vein,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enrap-
tur'd brain!

Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions, for the fair and young:
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,

[To the upper gallery.

There's good old English stingo, mild and stale,
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff is a butt of sack;
And if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam,
No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give his
sack at home.

As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching, fall asleep;
Who, in the storms of passion, hum, and haw!—
For such our master will no liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read, [Head.
They take Tom Durfy's for the Shakespeare's

A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that—when
wine is pure? [Lord."

"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, my
Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—imense!—
upon my word! [believe me."
"Sir William, what say you?"—"The best,
"In this—eh, Jack?—the devil can't deceive
me."

Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out, with lifted hands—'tis great! divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike
him; [nothing like him!

This Shakespeare! Shakespeare!—Oh, there's
In this night's various and enchanted cup,
Some little Perry's mix'd, for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to *sixteen years, lay by, forsaken:
Left then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

§ 47. Prologue to the School for Lovers. Written
and spoken by Mr. Garrick.

SUCCESS makes people vain—The maxim's
true---

We all confess it, and not over new.

The veriest clown, who stumps along the
streets,

And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve-months hence, bedaub'd with li-
very lace,

Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.
Not so our bard—tho' twice your kind applause
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause;
He owns, with gratitude, the obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.
Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from
shore to shore,

And, nobly, by transgressing, charm ye more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler muse to rules:
He shifts no scene—But here I stop him short—
"Not change your scenes!" said I—"I'm
sorry for't:

"My constant friends above, around, below,
"Have English tastes, and love both change
and show: [be star,

"Without such aid, ev'n Shakespeare would
"Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
"What eager transport stares from ev'ry eye,
"When pullicies rattle, and our genii fly!

"When tin cascades, like falling waters,
gleam, [stream!

"Or through the canvas bursts the real
"While thirty Islington laments, in vain,
"Half her New-river roll'd to Drury-lane.

"Lord, Sir!" said I, "for gallery, boxes,
pit,

"I'll back my Harlequin against your wit."
Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head—"What will the critics
say?"

"As usual, Sir—abuse you all they can!"
"And what the ladies?"—"He's a charm-
ing man!"

"A charming piece!—one scarce knows what
it means; [sweet scenes!"

"But that's no matter—when there's such
Still he persists—and let him—entre nous—
I know your tastes, and will indulge 'em too.
Change you shall have; so set your hearts at
ease:

Write as he will, we'll act it—as you please.

§ 48. Prologue, spoken by Mr. Lowe, on the
opening the new Theatre on Richmond-Green,
1765. GARRICK.

THE ship now launch'd, with necessaries
stor'd, [on board,
Rigg'd, mann'd, well-built, and a rich freight
All ready, tight and trim, from head to poop,
And, by commission, made a royal sloop;
May Heav'n, from tempests, rocks, and pri-
vateers, [three cheers!

Preserve the Richmond!—Give her, boys,
Three buzzas behind.

* The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakespeare, comprehends sixteen years.

Queen Mab, our Shakespear says, and I believe him,

In sleep haunts each vain mortal, to deceive him:
As in her hazel-nut she lightly trips,
By turns, o'er eyes, ears, fingers, nose, and lips,
Each quicken'd sense such sweet enchantment

seizes, [pleases.
We hear, see, smell, taste, touch—whate'er she
Look round this house, and various proofs
you'll see, [me.

Strong glaring proofs that Mab has been with
She caught me napping, knew where I was
And tickled every fibre of my brain: [vain,
Deep in my musing (deep as I was able)
Methought I saw her driving tow'ards my table;
She whisk'd her chariot o'er my books and
shelves,

And at my standish stopp'd her tiny elves.

"What are you scribbling there?—Quick, let
"me see— [me!"

"Poh!—leave this nonsense, and along with
I, grinning, bow'd—"Bright star of Lilliput!

"Shall I not crowd you in your hazel-nut?"
She smil'd; and, shewing me a large-siz'd
hamper, [scamper."

"Get into this, my friend, and then we'll
I for this frolic wanting quick digestion,
Sent to my tongue, post-haste, another ques-
tion; [ask it;

But, crack! she went, before that I could
She in her stage—I, Falstaff, in the basket:
She wav'd her wand, then burst in fits of
laughter,

To see me rolling, bounding, tumbling after:
And I laugh'd too—Could you of laughing
To see a minnow towing of a whale? [fail,

At last we rested on a hill hard by,
With a sweet vale, to feast the glutton eye—

"I'll shew you more," she said, "to charm
"and move us,"

And to the gardens, quick as thought, she
drove us: [they are,

Then, pointing to the shade—"There, there
"Of this most happy isle, the happiest pair!"

Oh! may those virtuous raptures never cease,
Nor public cares disturb their private peace!

She sigh'd—and, like the lightning, was she seen
To drive her chariot o'er this fav'rite green;
Straight to this spot—where she infus'd such
things, [kings.

Might turn the heads of twenty play-house
But fear dispersing all my golden dream,

And I just entering on this fairy-scheme;

With wild surprise, I cast my eyes about,
Delusion ends—and now I wake to doubt:

Oh, may the dream be realiz'd by you! [true.
Your smiles or frowns can make this false or

§ 49. *Prologue to Much ado about Nothing,*
acted by Command of their Majesties, 1765.
Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick.

WITH doubt, joy, apprehension, almost
dumb,

To face this awful court, once more I come:

Left Benedick should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself am here.

I'm told (what flattery to my heart!) that you
Have wish'd to see me; nay, have press'd it too:
Alas! 'twill prove another *Much ado*.

I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
No lessons got, no exercises made,

On bloody Monday takes his fearful stand,
And often eyes the birchen—scepter'd hand.

'Tis twice twelve years, since first the stage I trod,
Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critic's rod;

A very ninepin I, my stage-life through,
Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.

In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?

To prove it is, permit me to repeat,

What late I heard, in passing through the
A youth of parts, with ladies by his side, [street:
Thus cock'd his glass, and thro' it shot my pride:

"'Tis he, by Jove! grown quite a clumsy
"fellow;

"He's fit for nothing—but a Punchinello!"

"Oh, yes, for comic scenes, Sir John—no
"further: [murder!"

"He's much too fat—for battles, rapes, and
Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.

The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
Fights o'er, in prattle, all his former wars;

Tho' past the service, may the young ones teach,
To march---present---to fire---and mount the

breach. [grieve,
Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll

For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve:
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells

his chest: [best."
" 'Tis for my king, and, zounds! I'll do my

§ 50. *Prologue to False Delicacy. Spoken by*
Mr. King. GARRICK.

I'M vex'd---quite vex'd---and you'll be vex'd
---that's worse---

To deal with stubborn scribblers---there's the
curse. [good people,

Write moral plays---the blockhead!---why,
You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!

For our fine piece, to let you into facts,
Is quite a sermon---only preach'd in acts.

You'll scarce believe me, till the proof appears;
But even I, Tom Fool, must shed some tears:

Do, ladies, look upon me---nay, no simp'ring;
Think you this face was ever made for

whimp'ring?

Can I a cambrick handkerchief display,
Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away? }

Why this is comical, perhaps you'll say.

Resolving this strange awkward bard to pump,
I ask'd him what he meant?---He, somewhat

plump,

New purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting,

"I must keep up the dignity of writing!"

"You may, but if you do, Sir, I must tell ye,

"You'll not keep up that dignity of belly."

Still he preach'd on---"Bards of a former age,

"Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage;

"Spread

" Spread out their wit, with fascinating art,
 " And catch'd the fancy, to corrupt the heart :
 " But, happy change ! in these more moral days,
 " You cannot sport with virtue, ev'n in plays ;
 " On virtue's side his pen the poet draws,
 " And boldly asks a hearing for his cause."
 Thus did he prance and swell---The man may

prate,
 And feed these whimsies in his addle pate,
 That you'll protect his Muse because she's good :
 A virgin, and so chaste !---Oh lud ! Oh lud !
 No Muse the critic beadle's lash escapes,
 Though virtuous, if a dowdy and a trapes :
 If his come forth a decent likely las,
 You'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pass :
 Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pre-
 tentences, [senses ;
 In three hours time you'll bring him to his
 And well you may, when in your pow'r you
 get him ; [him.
 In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat
 Among the Turks, indeed, he'd run no danger ;
 They sacred hold a madman and a stranger.

§ 51. *Prologue to the School for Rakes ; spoken
 by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

THE scribbling gentry, ever frank and free,
 To sweep the stage with prologues, fix on

me.
 A female representative I come,
 And with a prologue, which I call a broom,
 To sweep the critic cobwebs from the room. }
 Critics, like spiders, into corners creep,
 And at new plays their bloody revels keep ;
 With some small venom close in ambush lie,
 Ready to seize the poor dramatic fly :

The weak and heedless soon become their }
 prey ;
 But the strong blue-bottle will force its way,
 Clean well its wings, and hum another day.
 Unknown to nature's laws, we've here one evil ;
 For flies, turn'd spiders, play the very devil !
 Fearing some danger, I will lay before ye
 A short, true, recent, tragi-comic story.

As late I saunter'd in the Park for air,
 As free from thought as any coxcomb there,
 Two sparks came up ; one whisper'd in my ear,
 He was a critic ; then ask'd me, with a sneer---
 Thus standing, staring---with a swaggering }
 swing,

" You've writ a farce?"---" Yes, Sir, a }
 " foolish thing." [acting, King.
 " Damn'd foolish---You'd better mind your
 " 'Tis ten to one---I speak it for your sake,
 " That this same farce will prove---your Wit's
 " last Stake."

" I scribble for amusement, boast no pow'rs."
 " Right, for your own amusement---not for
 " ours." [talking,

Thus he went on ; and, with his pleasant
 I lost the appetite I got with walking. [treat,
 He laugh'd---I bow'd---but, ere I could re-
 His lifting friend did thus the dose repeat :

" Pray, Sir---this School for Rakes---the
 " woman's play--- [turday ;
 " When do you give it us?"---" Next Sa-
 " I hope you'll both be kind to her, at least."
 " A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast!---
 " Then they're so ugly, all these female wits---
 " I'll damn her play---to throw her into fits.
 " Had I my will, those flattern fluttish dames---
 " They all should see the bottom of the
 " Thames."

If you are here, good Sirs, to breed a riot,
 [Looking about the house.

Don't shew your spite ; for if you are not quiet,
 'Tis ten to one---I speak it for your sake,
 This School for Rakes we'll prove---your
 Wits last Stake. [nic will,
 As you [To the pit] save me from their tyrann-
 You will not let them use a woman ill.
 Protect her and her brat---The truly brave
 Women and children will for ever save.

§ 52. *Prologue to Doctor Laet in his Chariot ;
 spoken by Mr. Foote.* GARRICK.

YOUR servant, kind masters, from bottom
 to top, [hop ;
 Be assur'd, while I breath, or can stand---I mean,
 Be you pleas'd to smile, or be pleas'd to grum-
 ble, [humble.
 Be whatever you please, I am still your most
 As to laugh is a right only given to man,
 To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.
 Fair ladies, don't frown ; I meant woman too :
 What's common to man, must be common to
 you.

You all have a right your sweet muscles to curl,
 From the old smirking prude, to the tit'ring
 young girl ;

And ever, with pleasure, my brains I could spin,
 To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
 In this present summer, as well as the past,
 To your favour again we present Dr. Laet,
 Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers re-
 counted, [mounted.

From trudging on foot, to his chariot is
 Amongst the old Britons when war was begun,
 Charioteers would slay ten, while the foot could
 slay one. [sent,

So when doctors on wheels with dispatches are
 Mortality bills rise a thousand per cent.
 But think not to physic that quackery's confin'd ;
 All the world is a stage, and the quacks are
 mankind :

There's trade, law, and state quacks ; nay,
 would we but search,
 We should find---Heaven bless us!---some
 quacks in the church ! [race

The stiff-band and stiff-bob of the Methodist
 Give the balsam of life, and the tincture of
 grace ; [good is done 'em,

And their poor wretched patients think much
 Tho' blisters and caustics are ever upon 'em.
 As for laws and the state, if quackery's a curse,
 Which will make the good bad, and the bad
 will make worse,

Y y

We

We should point out the quack from the regular brother ; [t'other!

They are wiser than I who can tell one from Can the stage, with its bills, puffs, and patients, stand trial?

Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre-royal? Some dramatical drugs, that are puff'd on the town,

Cause many wry faces, and scarce will go down. Nay, an audience sometimes will in quackery delight, [night.

And sweat down an author some pounds in one To return to our quack---should he, help'd by the weather,

Raise laughter and kind perspiration together; Should his nostrums of hip and of vapours but cure ye,

His chariot he well can deserve, I assure ye:

'Tis easy to set up a chariot in town,

And easier still is that chariot laid down.

He petitions, by me, both as doctor and lover, That you'll not stop his wheels, or his chariot tip over. [would be,

Fix him well, I beseech you; the worst on't Should you overturn him, you may overthrow me.

§ 53. *Prologue to the Clandestine Marriage.*
GARRICK.

POETS and painters, who from nature draw Their best and richest stores, have made this law;

That each should neighbourly assist his brother, And steal with decency from one another.

To-night, your matchless Hogarth gives the thought,

Which from his canvas to the stage is brought;

And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,

As he who pictur'd morals and mankind?

But not the same their characters and scenes;

Both labour for one end, by different means;

Each, as it suits him, takes a separate road,

Their one great object, marriage à-la-mode;

Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,

And change rich blood for more substantial gold!

And honour'd trade from int'rest turns aside,

To hazard happiness for titled pride.

The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye;

While England lives, his fame can never die:

But he, who struts his hour upon the stage,

Can scarce extend his fame for half an age;

Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save;

The art and artist share one common grave.

Oh, let me drop one tributary tear

On poor Jack Falstaff's grave, and Juliet's bier!

You to their worth must testimony give;

'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live;

Still as the scenes of life will shift away,

The strong impressions of their art decay.

Your children cannot feel what you have known;

They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their own.

The greatest glory of our happy few,

Is to be felt, and be approv'd, by you.

§ 54. *Prologue upon Prologues; spoken by Mr. King.*
GARRICK.

And, 'egad, it will do for any other play as well as this.
BAYES.

AN old trite proverb let me quote—

As is your cloth, so cut your coat.

To suit our author, and his farce,

Short let me be, for wit is scarce;

Nor would I shew it, had I any;

The reasons why are strong and many.

Should I have wit, the piece have none,

A flash in pan with empty gun,

The piece is sure to be undone.

A tavern with a gaudy sign,

Whose bush is better than the wine,

May cheat you once—Will that device,

Neat as imported, cheat you twice?

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations:

Poets, be dull in dedications!

Dulness in these to wit prefer—

But there, indeed, you seldom err.

In prologues, prefaces, be flat!

A silver button spoils your hat.

A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,

Did not the blockheads lace the cape.

A case in point to this before ye;

Allow me, pray, to tell a story.

To turn the penny, once, a wit

Upon a curious fancy hit:

Hung out a board, on which he boasted,

Dinner for three pence, boil'd and roasted!

The hungry read, and in they trip,

With eager eye, and smacking lip—

“Here! bring this boil'd and roasted, pray---”

Enter potatoes, dress'd each way.

All star'd and rose, the house forsook,

And damn'd the dinner---kick'd the cook.

My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly!

There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus I reason,

Wit in a prologue's out of season.

Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,

Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's scratching.

And here my simile's so fit,

For prologues are but ghosts of wit;

Which mean to shew their art and skill,

And scratch you to their author's will.

In short, for reasons great and small,

'Tis better to have none at all.

Prologues and ghosts!--a paltry trade---

So let 'em both at once be laid!

Say but the word---give your commands,

We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands:

Confine these culprits! [holding up his hands]
bind 'em tight:

Nor girls can scratch, nor fools can write.

§ 55. *Prologue to the Jubilee; spoken in the Character of a Waiter.*
GARRICK.

FROM London, your honours, to Stratford

I'm come: [Tom;

I'm a waiter, your honours; you know bustling

* Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber both died a little before.

Who,

Who, proud of your orders, and bowing before
Till supper is ready, I'll tell you a story. [ye,

'Twixt Hownflow and Colnbrooke, two
houses of fame, [by name;

Well known on that road, the Two Magpyes
The one of long standing, the other a new one;
This boasts it's the old one, and that it's the
true one.

Sure we, the old Magpye, as well as the younger,
May boast that our liquor is clearer and stronger;
Of bragging and puffing you make but a jest;
You taste of us both, and will stick to the best.
A race we have had, for your pastime and
laughter; [after.

Young Mag started first, with old Mag hopping
'Tis said the old house hath possess'd a receipt,
To make a choice mixture of four, strong, and
sweet;

A Jubilee punch, which, right skilfully made,
Insur'd the old Magpye a good running trade:
But think you we mean to monopolize?—No,
no!

We are like brother Ashley, pro publico bono.
Each Magpye, your honours, will peck at his
brother, [each other.

And their natures were always to crib from
Young landlords and old ones are taught by
their calling

To laugh at engrossing---but practise forestall-
ing: [but grant 'em,

Our landlords are game cocks, and fair play
I'll warrant you pastime from each little bantam.
Let's return to the punch---I hope, from my soul,
That now the old Magpye may sell you a bowl:
We have all forts and sizes, a quick trade to
drive,

As one shilling, two shilling, three shilling, five:
In this town of Stratford you'll have each in-
gredient, [dient.

Beside a kind welcome from me, your obe-
I'll now squeeze my fruit, put sugar and rum in,
And be back in a moment [Bell rings] A com-
ing, a coming, a coming!

§ 56. Prologue to Polly Honeycombe.

GARRICK.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or
France,

Came a dread forcerefs, her name Romance.

O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells she cast,

And Common Sense in magic chain bound fast.

In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,

And in heroics ran each billet-doux:

High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,

Each fair a maid distress'd, each swain a knight.

Then might Statira Oroondates see,

At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-a-pie.

She too, on milk-white palfrey, launce in hand,

A dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.

This fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,

A trusty Spanish blade, Toledo true:

Her talismans and magic wand he broke;

Knights, genii, castles, vanish'd into smoke.

But now, the dear delight of later years,
The younger sister of Romance appears:
Lefs solemn is her air, her drift the fame,
And Novel her enchanting, charming name.
Romance might strike our grave forefathers'
pomp,

But Novel for our buck, and lively romp!
Cassandra's folios now no longer read,
See two neat pocket volumes in their stead!
And then, so sentimental is the style,
So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,
The total sum of ev'ry dear---dear---chapter.

'Tis not alone the small-talk and the smart,
'Tis Novel most beguiles the female heart.

Miss reads---she melts---she sighs---love steals
upon her--- [Hon ur!

And then---Alas, poor girl!--good night, poor

' * Thus of our Polly having lightly spoke,

' Now for our author---but without a joke.

' Tho' wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd
before,

' Have laid this bantling at a certain door,
' Where, lying store of faults, they'd fain heap
more,

' I now declare it, as a serious truth,

' 'Tis the first folly of a simple youth.

' Caught and deluded by our harlot plays---

' Then crush not in the shell this infant Bayes!

' Exert your favour to a young beginner;

' Nor use the stripling like a batter'd finner.'

§ 57. Prologue to the Christmas Tale.

GARRICK.

*Music plays, and enter several persons with dis-
ferent kinds of dishes.*

Enter Mr. Palmer in the character of Christmas.

GO on---prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that Mirth, with all her crew, at-
tends.

To the Audience.

Behold a personage well known to fame,
Once lov'd and honour'd---Christmas is my
My officers of state my taste display; [name!

Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way;

Holly and ivy round me honours spread,

And my retinue shew---I'm not ill fed;

Minc'd pies, by way of belt, my breast divide,

And a large carving-knife adorns my side;

'Tis no fop's weapon, 'twill be often drawn;

This turban for my head---is collar'd brawn.

Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are
cherry; [merry;

Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always

With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,

Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummer, and ale,

I English hearts rejoic'd, in days of yore;

For new strange modes, imported by the score,

You will not sure turn Christmas out of door!

Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire, [desire)

(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you

Old Father Christmas, now in all his glory,

Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story;

* These lines were added by Mr. Garrick, on its being reported that he was the author of the piece; and however humorous and poetical, contain as strict matter of fact as the dullest prose.

Clear well your thoughts from politics and spleen,

Hear my tale out, see all that's to be seen.

Take care, my children, that you well behave—

You, Sir, in blue red cape, not quite so grave;

That critic there in black—so stern and thin,

Before you frown, pray let the tale begin—

You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you;

Why, Madam, at this time, so cross appear }
you? [near you.]

Excuse me, pray—I did not see your husband

Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you [do:]

Should hear my tale—you've something else to

Nor will our beaux old English fare encourage;

No foreign taste could e'er digest plumb-porridge.

I have no fauce to quicken lifeless sinners;

My food is meant for honest hearty grinders*.

For you, your spirits with good stomachs bring;

O! make the neighb'ring roof with rapture }
ring!

Open your mouths, pray, swallow every thing!

Critics, beware how you our pranks despise;

Hear ~~was~~ my tale, or you shan't touch my }
pies;

The proverb change—Be merry, but not wise. }

§ 58. *Occasional Prologue, upon Mr. Lacy's first Appearance in the Character of Alexander.*

GARRICK.

IN Macedon when Alexander reign'd,

And victory after victory was gain'd,

The Greek Gazettes (for they had papers there)

Publish'd a thousand fibs—as they do here.

From them one Curtius wrote of Philip's son,

How he did things—which never could be done!

Unlike his copy, who will soon appear,

His mighty soul ne'er knew the smallest fear;

Tho' laurel-crown'd, our pale young monarch }
comes [drums;

Trembling amidst his triumphs, shouts, and

Would give up all his victories, false or true,

To gain one greater conquest—that of you.

"Lord!" cries a buxom widow, loud and }
strong, [wrong."

"He's quite a boy! To play that part is }

"Madam, he's six feet high, and cannot be }
too young."

"He looks so modest, hardly speaks a word:

"Can he with proper spirit draw his sword?

"A face so smooth, where neither rage nor pride

"Fits not the hero."—*Fronti nulla fides*—[is,

In English thus: Trust not to looks, they'll }
cheat us. [us?

Bounc'd not Sir Swagger lately, as he'd beat

And was not he, with all his frowns and airs,

By one, who seem'd all meekness, kick'd down

Miss B—, all delicacy, nerve, and fear, [stairs?

Elop'd last week with a horse grenadier!

And our advent'rer, though so mild and civil,

If you once rouse him, plays the very devil!

"Indeed!" cries Madam, "Sir, I'm much your }
debtor; [tel."

"I should be glad to know the young man bet—

Twice our young hero, who for glory tow'rs }
In fields less dang'rous tried his unknown }
pow'rs; [mand,

Like a young swimmer, whom his fears com-

In shallow streams first ventur'd from the land;

Till, bolder grown, the rougher wave he stems,

Plunges from giddy heights into the Thames.

E'en now he starts to hear the torrent roar,

While his pale fates stand frighted on the shore!

Soon will he leap the precipice—Your nod

Sinks him, or lifts him to a demi-god.

§ 59. *Prologue to the Maid of the Oaks; spoken by Mr. King, in the Character of Fame.*

GARRICK.

UNLIKE to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues, }
ears—

See modern Fame, arm'd cap-a-pie, appears, }

In ledgers, chronicles, gazettes, and gazet- }
teers!

My soaring wings are fine election speeches,

And puffs of candidates supply my breeches.

My cap is satire, criticism, wit—

Is there a head that wants it in the pit?—

[Offering it.

No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;

I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.

Pipe, song, and pastoral, for five months past,

Puff'd well by me, have been the general taste.

Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crowds;

Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds;

St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,

Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck—

And Drury Misses here, "in tawdry pride,

"Are there Pastoras by the fountain side."

To frowly bow'rs they reel through midnight }
damps, [lamps.

With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking

Both far and near did this new whimsy run;

One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington.

And now, as for the public bound to cater,

Our manager must have his fête champêtre.

How is the weather?—Pretty clear and bright.

[Looking about.

A storm's the devil on champêtre night!

Lest it should fall to spoil the author's scenes,

I'll catch this gleam, to tell you what he means:

He means a show as brilliant as Cox's,

Laugh for the pit, and, may be, at the boxes;

Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,

The merry-making of a wedding day.

Whose is the piece?—'Tis all surmise, sugges-

tion— [question.

Is't his, or hers, or yours, Sir? That's the

The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,

Lest it a puling infant at the door; [cloaks,

'Twa: laid on flow'rs, and wrapp'd in fancied

And on the breast was written—*Maid o' th' Oaks.*

The actors crowded round—the girls caref's'd }

it— [and blef's'd it;

Lord! the sweet pretty babe!—they prais'd }

The master peep'd, smil'd, took it in, and }

dress'd it.

* To the upper gallery.

Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse
Of being smother'd by a parish nurse:
As you're kind, rear it---if you're curious,
praise it---
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

§ 60. *Prologue to the Spleen, or Islington Spa;*
spoken by Mr. King. GARRICK.

THO' prologues now as blackberries are
plenty, [ty;
And, like them, maukish too---nineteen in twen-
Yet you will have them when their date is o'er,
And prologue! prologue! still your honours roar;
Till some such dismal phiz as mine comes on---
Ladies and gentlemen, indeed there's none;
The prologue, author, speaker---all are dead
and gone.

These reasons have some weight, and stop the rout;
You clap---I smile---and thus go cringing out:
While living, call me; for your pleasure use me---
Should I tip off---I hope you'll then excuse me.
So much for Prologues---and now enter Farce:
Shall I a scene I lately heard, rehearse?

The place, the park; the *dramatis personæ*,
Two female wits, with each a macaroni:
"Pr'ythee, Lord Flimsy, what's this thing at
Drury--- [Ma'am, I'll assure you."

"This Spleen?"---"'Tis low, damn'd low,
"C'est vrai, my Lor?---We now feel no such
evil,

"Never are haunted with a vapourish devil.
"In pleasure's round we whirl it from the brain:
"You rattle it away with, Seven's the main!
"In upper life we have no spleen or gall;
"And as for other life---it is no life at all."
What can I say in our poor bard's behalf?
He hopes that lower life may make you laugh.
May not a trader, who shall business drop,
Quitting at once his old-accustom'd shop,
In fancy through a course of pleasures run,
Retiring to his seat at Islington;
And, of false dreams of happiness brim-full,
Be at his villa miserably dull?
Would not he Islington's fine air forego,
Could he again be choak'd in Butcher-row?
In shewing cloth renew his former pleasure,
Surpass'd by none---but that of clipping measure?
The master of this shop,* too, seeks repose,
Sells off his stock in trade, his verse and prose,
His daggers, buskins, thunder, lightning, and
old cloaths.

Will he in rural shades find ease and quiet?
Oh no! he'll sigh for Drury, and seek peace in
riot.

Nature of yore prevail'd thro' human kind;
To low and middle life she's now confin'd:
'Twas there the choicest dramatists have fought
her, [caught her.
'Twas there Moliere, there Jonson, Shakespeare
Then let our gleaming bard with safety come,
To pick up straws dropt from their harvest-home.

§ 61. *Prologue introduced in the Prelude of*
New Brooms; spoken by Mr. King, at the
opening of Drury Lane Theatre, 1776.

GARRICK.

SCRIBBLERS are sportsmen; and, as sports-
men are, [fair;
Some hit, some miss, some poach, and some beat
This wounds a straggling bird; that often tries
But never kills, he shoots and shuts both eyes;
Like our train'd-bands, the mark he never hits;
He scorns to see the murder he commits:
Some will whole covies take, nineteen in twen-
ty; [plenty.

And then you smack your lips---for game is
In short, by you their merits must be tried;
And woe to them who are not qualified!

Another simile we mean to broach---
A new one too!---the stage is a stage-coach---
A stage-coach!---why?---I'll tell you, if you
ask it--- [basket &c.

† Here some take places, and some mount the
Our cattle too, that draw the stage along,
Are of all sorts and sizes---weak and strong;
Brown, grey, black, bay, brisk, tame, blind,
lame, fat, lean, old, and young!

If, as we're jogging on, we sometimes stop,
Some scold within, and some asleep will drop,
While sailors and their doxies sing and roar
o' top.

The coachman manager will sometimes please
ye--- [ye,
But should he stuff the coach too full, and squeeze
You then begin to swear---"Zounds! shut the
door; [more---

"We're cramm'd already---here's no room for
"You're so damn'd fat!---A little farther, Sir---
"Your elbow's in my stomach---I can't stir!"
Hoit! hoit! the coachman then drives on apace,
And, smack! with other stages runs a race.
Thro' thick and thin we dash, now up, now down,
Now raise a dust, now rattling thro' the town;
Now first, now last, now jolted, crack! we fall---
Laugh'd, pelted, hooted at, and damn'd by all.
Your late old coachman, tho' oft splash'd by dirt,
And out in many a storm, retires unhurt;
Enjoys your kind reward for all his pains,
And now to other hands resigns the reins.
But the new partners of the old machine,
Hoping you'll find it snug, and tight, and clean,
Vow that with much civility they'll treat you,
Will drive you well, and pleasantly will seat you.
The road is not all turnpike---and, what worse is,
They can't insure your watches, or your purses;
But they'll insure you, that their best endea-
vour

Shall not be wanting to obtain your favour:
Which gain'd---Gee up! the old stage will
run for ever!

§ 62. *Prologue to the School for Scandal.*

GARRICK.

A School for Scandal!---Tell me, I beseech
you, [you?
Needs there a school this modish art to teach

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's retiring from the stage.

† Boxes.

‡ Gallery.

No need of lessons now---the knowing think---
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
Distress our fair-ones, let them read the papers;
Their pow'ful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.

"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood (who
loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when
threshing.

Strong tea and scandal--blest me, how refreshing!

"Give me the papers, Liss---how bold and
free! (*sips*)

"Last night Lord L. (*sips*) was caught with
Lady D. [*latile! (sips)*]

"For aching heads, what charming *sal vo-*

"If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,

"We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw, the
curtain.---

"Fine satire, poz! in public all abuse it;

"But, by ourselves, (*sips*) our praise we can't
refuse it.

"Now, Liss, read you---there, at that dash
and star---" [*ware,*

"Yes, Ma'am---A certain Lord had bett be-

"Who lives not twenty miles from Grose-
nor-square;

"For should he Lady W. find willing---

"Wormwood is bitter,"---"Oh! that's me---
the villain!

"Throw it behind the fire, and never more

"Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the
dart;

To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.

Is our young bard so young, to think that he

Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?

Knows he the world so little, and its trade?---

Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.

So strong, so swift, the monster there's no
gagging; [*wagging.*

Cut Scandal's head off---still the tongue is

Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,

Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;

To shew his gratitude, he draws his pen,

And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;

From his fell gripe the frightened fair to save---

Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the
brave.

For your applause, all perils he would through,

He'll fight---that's write---a cavaliero true,

Till ev'ry drop of blood---that's ink---is
spilt for you.

§ 63. *Prologue to the Fathers.* GARRICK.

WHEN from the world departs a son of fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious

Yet, not content, the public call for art, [*name;*

To rescue from the tomb his mortal part;

Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,

To spread his mimic form throughout the land;

A form, perhaps, which living was neglected,
And, when it could not feel respect, respected.
This night, no bust or picture claims your praise,
Our claim's superior--we his spirit raise; [*play;*
From Time's dark store-house bring a long-lost
And drag it from oblivion into day.

But who the author? Need I name the wit,
Whom Nature prompted as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought
story,

Where characters live, act, and stand before ye.

Suppose these characters, various as they are, }

The knave, the fool, the worthy, wife, and fair, }

For and against the author pleading at your bar. }

First pleads Tom Jones---grateful his heart and

warm; [*from harm;*

"Brave, gen'rous Britons! shield this play

"My best friend wrote it; should it not succeed,

"Tho' with my Sophy blest---my heart will

"bleed."

Then from his face he wipes the manly tear.

"Courage, my master!" Partridge cries,

"don't fear:

"Should Envy's serpents hiss, or Malice frown,

"Tho' I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em

"down."

Next, sweet Sophia comes---she cannot speak---

Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;

In ev'ry look her sentiments you read,

And more than eloquence her blushes plead.

Now Bliss bows---with smiles his false heart

gilding--- [*Fielding *."*

"He was my foe---I beg you'll damn this

"Right!" Thwackum roars, "no mercy, Sirs,

"I pray; [*play."*

"Scourge the dead author, thro' his orphan

"What words!" cries Parson Adams, "Fie,

"fie! disown 'em;

"Good Lord!---*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*:

"If such are Christian teachers, who'll revere

"'em? [*hear 'em."*

"If thus they preach, the devil alone should

Now Slipshod enters---"Tho' this *scriv'ning*

"vagrant

"Slated my virtue, which was ever *flagrant*,

"Yet, like black *Thello*, I'd bear scorns and

"Slip into poverty to th' very hips, [*whips,*

"*T'exult* this play---may it *decrease* in favour,

"And be its fame *immoraliz'd* for ever!"

'Squire Western, reeling, with October mellow,

"Tallyo, boys!---Yoax!---Critics, hunt the

"fellow! [*breeding:*

"Damn 'em! these wits are *varmint* not worth

"What good e'er came of writing and of

"reading?"

Next comes, brim-full of spite and politics,

His sister Western---and thus deeply speaks:

"Wits are arm'd powers; like France attack

"the foe; [*blow!"*

"Negociate till they sleep---then strike the

Allworthy last pleads to your noblest passions:

"Ye gen'rous leaders of the taste and fashions,

* The late Henry Fielding, Esq. author of the play.

"Departed

" Departed Genius left his orphan play
 " To your kind care---what the dead wills,
 " obey.
 " Oh then respect the father's fond bequest,
 " And make his widow smile, his spirit rest!

§ 64. *Epilogue to A Woman Kill'd with Kindness.*

AN honest crew, disposed to be merry,
 Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:
 The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry)
 And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
 Taste it, quoth one: he did; Oh, fie!
 (quoth he) [the lee.
 This wine was good; now 't runs too near
 Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due,
 And said unto the rest, it drank too flat;
 The third said, it was old; the fourth, too new;
 Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
 Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one hour
 The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet,
 and four.

Unto this wine we do allude our play; [grave:
 Which some will judge too trivial, some too
 You, as our guests, we entertain this day,
 And bid you welcome to the best we have.
 Excuse us, then; good wine may be dis-
 grac'd, [taste.
 When every several mouth hath sundry

§ 65. *Epilogue to Tyrannick Love; spoken by Nell Gwynn, when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers.* DRYDEN.

To the Bearer.

HOLD! are you mad, you damn'd confound-
 ed dog?

I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
 I am the ghost of your departed Nelly.
 Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil:
 I'm what I was, a little harmless devil;
 For, after death, we sprites have just such na-
 tures [tures:
 We had, for all the world, when human crea-
 And therefore I, that was an actress here,
 Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
 Gallants, look to't; you say there are no
 sprites;
 But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
 And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
 When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
 To tell you true, I walk, because I die
 Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
 Oh poet, damn'd dull poet! who could prove
 So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!
 Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
 Of Easter-term, in tart and cheese-cake time!
 I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
 T' excuse his godly, out-of-fashion play;

A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
 You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
 But farewell, gentlemen; make haste to me;
 I'm sure ere long to have your company.
 As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
 I'll trust no poet, but will write my own.

Here Nelly lies, who, tho' she liv'd a flattern*,
 Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine†.

§ 66. *Epilogue to Aurengzebe.* DRYDEN.

A Pretty task! and so I told the fool,
 Who needs would undertake to please by rule:
 He thought that if his characters were good,
 The scenes entire, and freed from noise and
 blood,
 The action great, yet circumscrib'd by time,
 The words not forc'd, but sliding into rhyme,
 The passions rais'd and calm'd by just degrees,
 As tides are swell'd, and then retire to seas;
 He thought in hinting these his bus'ness done,
 Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.
 But, after all, a poet must confess,
 His art's like physic, but a happy guess.
 Your pleasure on your fancy must depend;
 The lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her friend.
 No song! no dance! no show! he fears you'll
 You love all naked beauties, but a play. [say,
 He much mistakes your methods to delight,
 And, like the French, abhors our target }
 fight; [right.
 But those damn'd dogs can never be i' th'
 True English hate your Monieurs' paltry arts;
 For you are all silkweavers† in your hearts.
 Bold Britons, at a brave bear-garden fray,
 Are rous'd; and clatt'ring sticks cry, Play,
 play, play!
 Mean time, your fribbling foreigner will stare,
 And mutter to himself, *Ab, gens barbare!*
 And, 'gad, 'tis well he mutters, well for him;
 Our butchers else would tear him limb from
 limb. [be
 'Tis true, the time may come, your sons may
 Infected with this French civility:
 But this in after-ages will be done;
 Our poet writes an hundred years too soon.
 This age comes on too slow, or he too fast;
 And early springs are subject to a blast.
 Who would excel, when few can make a test
 Betwixt indiff'rent writing and the best?
 For favours cheap and common who would
 strive,
 Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give?
 Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,
 Who can discern the tinsel from the gold:
 To these he writes; and, if by them allow'd
 'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd;
 For he more fears (like a presuming man)
 Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs who
 can.

* Her real character. † The character she represented in the play.

‡ Alluding to the ri-
 valry of the Spital-fields manufactures with those of France.

§ 67. *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise; spoken by Mrs. Cook.* DRYDEN.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has cost;

And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant, nor great, nor small;

Our poets, like frank gamesters*, threw at all.
They took no single aim—

But, like bold boys, true to their prince, and hearty, [ty.

Huzzaed, and fir'd broadsides at the whole par-
Duels are crimes; but when the cause is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.

For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my heart were in?

Se defendendo never was a sin.

'Tis a fine world, my masters—right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their
They must do all they can---- [tongue.

But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,
And fight like boys with one hand tied be-
hind: [drous wife,

Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere won-
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to rise.

When fortune favours, none but fools will
dally:

Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipp'd you th' inviting wink, stand shall I,
shall I?

A Trimmer cried (that heard me tell this story)
Fie, Mistress Cook! faith, you're too rank a
Tory!

Wish not Wigs hang'd, but pity their hard cases;
You women love to see men make wry faces.

Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the devil his due.

Lenitives, says he, best suit with our condition:
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.

I love no blood---Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.

We Trimmers are for holding all things even---
Yes, just like him that hung 'twixt hell and

heaven.

Have we not had men's lives enough already?---

Yes, sure; but you're for holding all things
steady. [brother,

Now, since the weight hangs all on one side,
You Trimmers should, to poize it, hang on t'o-
ther. [ing,

Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steer-
Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-her-
ring:

Not Whigs nor Tories they, nor this nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;

A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

§ 68. *Epilogue to King Arthur, an Opera; spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, in the character of Emmeline.* DRYDEN.

I'VE had to-day a dozen billet-doux, [beaux;
From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow-street

Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple
more;

A Covent-Garden porter brought me four.
I have not yet read all; but, without feigning,
We maids can make shrewd guesses at your
meaning.

What if, to shew your styles, I read them here?
Methinks I hear one cry, "Oh Lord, forbear!"

"No, Madam, no; by Heav'n, that's too se-
Well then, be safe— [vere."

But swear henceforward to renounce all writ-
ing,

And take this solemn oath of my inditing,
"As you love ease, and hate campaigns and
fighting."

Yet, faith, 'tis just to make some few examples;
What if I shew'd you one or two for samples?

Here's one desires my ladyship to meet
[Pulls out one.

At the kind couch above, in Bridges-street.
Oh sharpening knave! that would have you know

For a poor sneaking treat of chocolate. [what,
Now, in the name of luck, I'll break this open,

[Pulls out another.

Because I dreamt last night I had a token;
The superscription is exceeding pretty,

"To the desire of all the town and city."
Now, gallants, you must know, this precious fop

Is foreman of a haberdasher's shop;
One who devoutly cheats, demure in carriage,

And courts me to the holy bands of marriage:
But with a civil innuendo too,

My overplus of love shall be for you. [Reads.

"Madam, I swear, your looks are so divine,
When I set up, your face shall be my sign.

"Tho' times are hard, to shew how I adore you,
Here's my whole heart, and half a guinea for
you. [honey;

"But have a care of beaux; they're false, my
And, which is worse, have not one rag of
money."

See how maliciously the rogue would wrong ye;
But I know better things of some among ye.

My wisest way will be to keep the stage,
And trust to the good-nature of the age;

And he that likes the music and the play,
Shall be my favourite gallant to-day.

§ 69. *Epilogue to the Cutter of Coleman-street; spoken by the Person who acted Cutter.* COWLEY.

METHINKS a vision bids me silence break,
[Without his peruke.

And some words to this congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet

At the Fifth Monarch's court in Coleman-street,
But yet I wonder much, not to espy a

Brother in all this court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! where are we? What may this place

For I begin my vision now to see [be?
That this is a mere theatre---Well then,

If't be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again.
[Puts on his peruke.

* This play was written jointly by Dryden and Lee.

Not Cutter the pretended cavalier;
 For to confess ingenuously here,
 To you who always of that party were,
 I never was of any; up and down
 I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this town.
 But now my follies and my faults are ended,
 My fortune and my mind are both amended;
 And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
 Our author says he'll mend---that is, he'll write
 no more.

§ 70. *Epilogue to the first Part of The Rover,
 or The Banish'd Cavaliers.* Mrs. BEHN.

THE banish'd cavaliers! a roving blade!

A popish carnival! a masquerade!

The devil's in't if this will please the nation,

In these our blessed times of reformation,

When conventicling is so much in fashion.

And yet-----

That mutinous tribe less factions do beget,

Than your continual differing in wit.

Your judgment (as your passion)'s a disease;

Nor Muse nor Mifs your appetite can please;

You're grown as nice as queasy consciences,

Whose each convulsion, when the spirit moves,

Damns every thing that maggot disapproves.

With canting rule you would the stage refine,

And to dull method all our sense confine.

With th' insolence of commonwealths you rule,

Where each gay fop, and politic brave fool,

On monarch Wit impose without controul.

As for the last, who seldom sees a play,

Unless it be the old Black-Friars way,

Shaking his empty noddle o'er Bamboo,

He cries---Good faith, these plays will never do.

Ah, Sir! in my young days, what lofty wit,

What high-strain'd scenes of fighting there were

writ!

These are slight airy toys. But tell me, pray,

What has the House of Commons done to-day?

Then shews his politicks, to let you see,

Of state affairs he'll judge as notably

As he can do of wit and poetry.

The younger sparks, who hither do resort,

Cry-----

Pox o' your gentle things! give us more sport;

Damne! I'm sure 'twill never please the court.

Such fops are never pleas'd, unless the play

Be stuff'd with fools, as brisk and dull as they:

Such might the half-crown spare, and in a glass

At home behold a more accomplish'd ass;

Where they may set their cravats, wigs, and faces,

And practise all their buffoon'ry grimaces---

See how this huff becomes--this damne stare,

Which they at home may act, because they dare;

But must with prudent caution do elsewhere.

Oh, that our Nokes, or Tony Lee, could show

A fop but half so much to th' life as you!

Tho' once as true a Whig as most of you,
 Could cant and lye, preach, and dissemble too:
 So far you drew me in; but faith I'll be
 Reveng'd on you, for thus debauching me:
 Some of your pious cheats I'll open lay,
 That lead your ignoramus flock astray;
 For since I cannot fight, I will not fail
 To exercise my talent, that's to rail.
 Ye race of hypocrites, whose cloak of zeal
 Covers the knave that cants for commonweal,
 All laws, the church, and state to ruin brings,
 And impudently sets a rule on kings;
 Ruin, destroy, all's good that you decree,
 By your infallible presbytery;
 Prosperous at first, in ills you grew so vain,
 You thought to play the old game o'er again;
 And thus the cheat was put upon the nation,
 First with long parliaments, next reformation,
 And now you hop'd to make a new invasion;
 And when you can't prevail by open force,
 To cunning tickling tricks you have recourse,
 And raise sedition forth without remorse.
 "Confound these cursed Tories," then they cry,

[In a preaching tone.]

"Those fools, those loyal pimps to monarchy,

"Those that exclude the saints, yet ope the door

"To introduce the Babylonian Whore!

"By sacred Oliver, the nation's mad!

"Beloved, 'twas not so when he was head:

"But then, as I have said it oft before ye,

"A Cavalier was but a type of Tory.

"The curs then durst not bark, but all the breed

"Is much increas'd since that good man is dead:

"Yet then they rail'd against the good old cause,

"Rail'd foolishly for loyalty and laws;

"But when the saints had put them to a stand,

"We left them loyalty, and took their land;

"Yea, and the pious work of reformation

"Rewarded was with plunder, sequestration."

Thus cant the faithful; nay, they're so uncivil,

To pray us harmless players to the devil.

When this is all th' exception they can make,

They damn us for our glorious master's sake,

But why 'gainst us do you unjustly arm?

Our small religion sure can do no harm:

Or if it do, since that's the only thing,

We will reform, when you are true to th' king.

§ 72. *Epilogue to the Lancashire Witches; spoken
 by Mrs. Barry and Teague.*

SHADWELL.

Mrs. Barry. A Skillful mistress uses wondrous
 art,

To keep a peevish crazy lover's heart.

His awkward limbs, forgetful of delights,

Must be urg'd on by tricks and painful nights;

Which the poor creature is content to bear,

Fine mantuas and new petticoats to wear.

And, Sirs, your sickly appetites to raise,

The starving players try a thousand ways:

You had a Spanish Friar of intrigue,

And now we have presented you a Teague,

Which with much cost from Ireland we have got;

If he be dull, e'en hang him for the plot.

Teague.

Teague. Now have a care ; for, by my shoul's
shoulvaation,
Dish vill offend a party in de nation.

Mrs. Barry. They that are angry must be
very beasts;
For all religions laugh at foolish priests.

Teague. By Creesh, I swear, de poet has
undone me;
Some simple Troy will make heat upon me.

Mrs. Barry. Good Protestants, I hope you
will not see

A martyr made of our poor Tony Lee.
Our popes and friars on one side offend,
And yet, alas! the city's not our friend:
The city neither like us nor our wit;
They say their wives learn ogling in the pit:
They're from the boxes taught to make ad-
vances,

To answer stolen sighs and naughty glances.
We virtuous ladies soine new ways must seek;
For all conspire our playing trade to break.
If the bold poet freely shews his vein,
In every place the snarling fops complain.
Of your grofs follies if you will not hear,
With inoffensive nonsense you must bear.
You, like the husband, never shall receive
Half the delight the sportful wife can give.
A poet dares not whip this foolish age;
You cannot bear the physic of the stage.

§ 73. *Epilogue to the Cruel Gift; spoken by*
Mrs. Oldfield. ROWE.

WELL,---'twas a narrow 'scape my lover
made—

That cup and message---I was sore afraid!
Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in---and hop'd for something
good, [blood*]

There was---Oh gad! a nasty heart and
If the old man had shew'd himself a father,
His bowl should have inclos'd a cordial rather;
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'eau de barbadé---or comfortable Nants!†
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And to be witty, cried, he'd send the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover,
Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a lover.

Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To miss the heart, does seldom disappoint her.
Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and state;
When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?

Shame on the canting crew of soul-insurers,
That Tyburn-tribe of speech-making non-
jurors;

Who, in new-fangled terms old truths explain-
ing, [ing.

Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-mean-

Oh! would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain forefathers
What surer pattern can you hope to find, [bore;
Than that dear pledge † your monarch left be-
hind?

See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
And read plain dealing written in his face.

§ 74. *Epilogue to the Rival Fools; spoken by*
Mr. Pinkethman and Mr. Bullock. CIBBER,

[*Pinkethman taking Bullock by the sleeve.*

HOLD, hold, Sir Bullock! You must stay,
dear rogue,

And tack a rhyme or two to th' epilogue.

Bul. Pho! pox! not I; beside, your jests
are more in vogue.

If I don't think you're best alone, then rack me.

Pin. Ay, but you know---I'm better---with
an ass to back me. [brother,

Bul. O! Sir, for that, you'll find indeed, dear
That's but one ass's backing of another:
Now, tho' the jest is stale, of ass bestriden,
It may be new to see the rider ridden.

[*Trips up his heels, and bestrides him.*

Pin. Oddheart! the dog will murder me---

Bul. ---No, no;

I'm only backing of my friend, or so:

Now, pray, Sirs, tell me, did you ever see a face

[*Shewing it to the audience.*

In every circumstance more like an ass?

And is't not just that I should now keep down

The ass that has so often rid the town;

But that thou may'st hereafter grow so wise---

Hey-dey! What now? [Pin. struggling.

Pin. ---I'll tell you when I rise.

[*Throws Bull. over his head, and mounts on him.*

Bul. Odds-me! the beast has thrown me---

Pin. ---Down, rogue, down:

Thus rightful monarchs re-ascend their throne.

So have I seen, and with as little rout,

Britons and French march into towns and out;

And thus, by sudden turns of good and ill-luck,

Victorious Pinky stride the conquer'd Bullock.

But now, to let you see the conqueror's virtue,

Tho', slave, I have you down---I scorn to hurt

you. [do,

Bul. Well, well, I yield: yet all this mighty

But proves that I'm an ass as well as you.

Pin. Thus the sole glory we in victors see,

Is first to make men slaves, then set 'em free.

Get out, you puppy---

Bul. ---Well, now let's agree, [Rises.

* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, one of Boccace's novels;
wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

† i.e. Citron-water and good brandy.

‡ The Prince of Wales, then present.

And, as you first propos'd, befriend the play.

Pin. That's true---grant, gallants, but your smiles to-day,

And your petitioners shall ever pray:

Bul. That every lover to these scenes inclin'd May the same favour from his mistress find.

Pin. May all the married dames preserve their spouses

From drink, late hours, and ill-reputed houses.

Bul. The beaux still make subscriptions for the fair,

And each presented ticket cure despair.

Pin. Each fair nymph's love, that's now abroad in wars,

Come laden home with his---and her arrears.

Bul. May all the gamesters make their bubbles pay,

And daily 'noint 'em for their itch of play.

Pin. Each Miss that pays her only half-crown duly,

Be tenfold reimburs'd it by a cully:

Bul. And may those cullies, whom their charms so urge on,

Ne'er find occasion after for a surgeon.

Pin. So may these wishes wait on all that say, }
In hearty claps they will support the play, }
And cram the house upon the author's day. }

§ 75. *Epilogue to the Provoked Wife; spoken by Lady Brute and Belinda.* VANBRUGH.

L. B. NO epilogue!

Belinda. I swear I know of none.

L. B. Lord! how shall we excuse it to the town? [our own.]

Bel. Why, we must e'en say something of

L. B. Our own! Ay, that must needs be precious stuff.

Epl. I'll lay my life, they'll like it well enough. Come, faith, begin---

L. B. Excuse me, after you.

Bel. Nay, pardon me for that, I know my cue.

L. B. Oh! for the world I would not have pre-

Bel. O Lord! [cedence.]

L. B. I swear---

Bel. O fie!

L. B. I'm all obedience,

First then, know all, before our doom is
The third day is for us--- [fix'd,

Bel. Nay, and the sixth.

L. B. We speak not from the poet now, nor is it
His cause---(I want a rhyme)---

Bel. That we solicit.

L. B. Then sure you can't have hearts to be se-
And damn us--- [vere,

Bel. Damn us! Let 'em if they dare.

L. B. Why, if they should, what punishment remains?

Bel. Eternal exile from behind our scenes.

L. B. But if they're kind, that sentence we'll
We can be grateful--- [recal.]

Bel. And have wherewithal.

L. B. But at grand treaties hope not to be trusted,
Before preliminaries are adjust'd.

Bel. You know the time, and we appoint the
place; [the peace.]

Where, if you please, we'll meet and sign

§ 76. *Epilogue to Sir Harry Wildair.*

FARQUHAR.

VENTRE bleu! vere is dis dam poet, vere?

Garçon! me vil cut off all his two ear:

Je suis enragé---now he is not here.

He has affront de French! Le vilaine bete!

De French! your best friend---you suffice dat?

Parbleu! Messieurs a serait fort ingrate!

Vat have you English dat you can call your
own?

Vat have you of grand pleasure in dis town,

Vidout it come from France, dat vil go down?

Picquit, basset; your vin, your drefs, your dance;

'Tis all, you see, tout a-la-mode de France.

De beau dere buy a hondre of knick-knack;

He carry out wit, but seldom bring it back:

But den he bring a snuff-box hinge, so small

De joint, you can no see de vark at all;

Cost him five pistoles, dat is sheap enough;

In tree year it fall save half an ounce of snuff.

De coquet, she have her ~~raude~~ dere,---[lovere.]

Her gown, her complexion, deux yeux, her

De French it is dat teach de lady wear

De short muff, wit her vite elbow bare;

De beaux de large muff, wit his sleeve down
dere*.

Ve teach your vifes to ope their husbands purses,

To put de furbelo round dere coach, and dere
horses.

Garçon! ve teach you every ting de varle;

For vy den your damn poet dare to snarle?

Begar, me vil be revenge upon his play,

Tree tousan refugee (parbleu c'est vrai)

Sall all come here, and damn him upon his
tird day.

§ 77. *Epilogue to the Beau's Duel.*

CENTLIVRE.

YOU see, gallants, 't has been our poet's care,

To shew what beaux in their perfection are;

By nature cowards, foolish, usefess tools,

Made men by taylors, and by women, fools:

A fickle, false, a finging, dancing crew,

Nay now we hear they've smiling masters too;

Just now a Frenchman, in the dressing-room,

From teaching of a beau to smile was come,

He shew'd five guineas---Wasn't he rarely paid?

Thus all the world by smiles are once betray'd;

The statesman smiles on them he would undo,

The courtier's smiles are very seldom true,

The lover's smiles too many do believe,

And women smile on them they would deceive;

When tradesmen smile, they safely cheat with

And smiling lawyers never fail of fees.---[ease;

The doctor's look the patient's pain beguiles,

The sick man lives if the physician smiles:

* Pointing to his fingers,

Thus smiles with interest hand in hand do go,
He surest strikes, that smiling gives the blow;
Poets, with us this proverb do defy,
We live by smiles, for if you frown we die.
To please you then shall be our chief endeavour,
And all we ask is but your smiles for ever.

[Going.]

Hold---I forgot---the author bid me say,
She humbly begs protection for her play:
'Tis yours---the dedicates it to you all,
And you're too generous, sure, to let it fall;
She hopes the ladies will her cause maintain,
Since virtue here has been her only aim.
The beaux, she thinks, won't fail to do her right,
Since here they're taught with safety how to fight.

She's sure of favour from the men of war,
A soldier is her darling character:
To fear their murmurs then would be absurd,
They only mutiny when not prefer'd.
But yet, I see, she does your fury dread,
And, like a prisoner, stands with fear half dead,
While you, her judges, do her sentence give;
If you're not pleas'd, she says, she cannot live.
Let my petition then for once prevail;
And let your gen'rous hands her pardon seal.

§ 78. *Epilogue to The Man's bewitch'd; spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.* CENTLIVRE.

[A Porter delivers a letter, just as she is going to speak.]

WHAT'S this? a billet-doux! from hands unknown?

'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town:
But since the poor man's passion's so agog,
I'll read it out, by way of epilogue.

Madam,

[Reads.]

Permit a wretch to let you know,
That he's no more in statu quo;
My ruin from this night commences,
Unless your smiles refund my senses;
For, with one thrust of Cupid's dart,
You've whipp'd your slave quite thro' the heart:

Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye
O'er boxes, pit, and gallery,
In pity of my pains and doubt,
And try if you can't find me out.

Poor soul! he seems indeed in dismal plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure! from th' upper flight;

[can write:]

No, no---that's plain---for---none of them
Nor can I think it from the middle fell;
For I'm afraid as few of them can spell;
Beside, their haggling passions never gain
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury

Lane:

[rovers,

And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and
Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.
The backs o' th' boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With souls whose passion's to themselves confin'd.

In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all you sparks,
The wretch distinguish'd by these bloody marks.

But since the town has heard your kind commands, Sir,

The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.
First then, beware you prove no spark in red,
With empty purse and regimental head;
That thinks no woman can refuse t' engage in't,
While love's advanc'd with offer'd bills on agent;
That swears he'll settle from his joys commencing,

[enign.]

And make the babe, the day he's born, an
Nor could I bear a titled beau, that steals
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals:
That modish sends next morn to her apartment
A civil how d'ye---far, alas! from th' heart meant:

Then powder'd for th' ensuing day's delights,
Bows thro' his crowd of duns, and drives to White's.

Nor could I like the wretch that all night plays,
And only takes his rest on winning days;
Then sets up, from a lucky hit, his rattler;
Then's trac'd from his original---in the Tatler.
To tell you all that are my fix'd aversion,
Would tire the tongue of malice or aspersion.
But if I find 'mongst all one generous heart,
That deaf to stories takes the stage's part;
That thinks that purse deserves to keep the plays,
Whose fortune's bound for the support of operas;

That thinks our constitution here is justly fixt,
And now no more with lawyers brawls perplex't:
He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.

§ 79. *Epilogue to Shakespeare's first Part of King Henry IV.; spoken by Mr. J. Y. in the Character of Falstaff. Acted by young Gentlemen at Mr. Newcome's School at Hackney.*

[Push'd in upon the stage by Prince Henry.]

A Plague upon all cowards, still, I say—
Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
And be the master-fool, beyond the play—
Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
By miracle of wit I sav'd my life;
And now stand foolishly expos'd again
To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.
Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser—

Thou art not fram'd for an epiloguizer.
There's Hal, now, or his nimble shadow, Poins,
Straight in the back, and lissome in the loins,
Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress' skin,
And shining as the glass she dresses in; [lye—
Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog, and
Which honest Jack could never do---not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
And make (ha! ha! ha!) a saucy epilogue enough;

But I am old, and stiff---nay, bashful grown,
For Shakespeare's humour is not now my own.
I feel myself a counterfeiting ass;
And if for sterling wit I give you brags,
It is his royal image makes it pass.

Fancy

Fancy now works; and here I stand and stew
In mine own greasy fears, which set to view
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you.
Wights, who with no out-facings will be
Nor into risibility be bamm'd; [stramm'd,
Will, tho' she shake their sides, think nature
treason,

And see one damn'd—ere laugh without a reason.

Then how shall one, not of the virtuous, speed,
Who merely has a wicked wit to plead—

Wit without measure, humour without rule,
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule?

Faith! try him by his peers, a jury chosen—
The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the
dozen.

So---be but kind, and countenance the cheat,
I'll in, and say to Hal---I've done the feat.

§ 20. *Epilogue to Valentinian; spoken in Boy's
Cloaths by Miss Santlow, afterwards Mrs.
Booth, who acted the Part of the Eunuch in
the Play.*

THO' just now kill'd, I thus resume my breath,
Dress'd as I am, to blush myself to death!
Yet hold---why should I blush? Pray where's
the sham?

I act but half a man—and that I am.

Look in my face, you sparks who crowd the pit,
For while you watch my legs, you lose my wit.

Ask yon bright beaus, who the side-boxes fill,
Have women's feet, or eyes, most pow'r to kill?

Still look ye that way?---Is it then so strange,
To see us women, nay young women, change?

I thought 'twas common; but I'm glad to find,
You, who know best, are of another mind;

I see someroguish sparks, who smile, and dream
I am not altogether what I seem; [you,

Well! and what then?---I fear, Sirs, some of
Were ye once tried, would prove deficient too!

I thought---fool as I was---pretences won ye,
And that appearances still pass'd upon ye;

I thought a politician's marks no more
Than---half his wig behind, and half before;

I still thought him most wise who look'd most
grave, [brave;

And him who talk'd most big I judg'd most
I thought a huge gilt coach sure sign of riches,

And ne'er new man from maid but by his
breeches;

But petticoats, I find, can't keep out you,
You are sharp sparks, and look folks thro' and

I dare not therefore any longer stay, [thro'!

Than while I thank the honours done the play;
He, whom your favours have oblig'd to-night,

In person would have thank'd you, if he might.
With his own sex the thing does well enough!

But, among women—hang him!—he's so rough!
From his grim forehead all our sex would fly,

But men by nature love so soft a thing as I.

§ 81. *Epilogue to the Pseudolus of Plautus.
Acted by the Scholars of Eury School, Novem-
ber 6, 1734.*

I HAVE been peeping, for these many days,
I th' tail of all the Greek and Latin plays,

And, after strictest search, to none can find
An epilogue, like disbelout, pinn'd behind.
Those ancient bards knew when the play was
done,

Nor, like Sir Martin Mar-all, still play'd on:

They imitated nature in their plan,

Nor made a monkey when they meant a man.

From modern fancy, then, this custom rose,

Like whimsical toupees among the beaux:

Monstrous excrescences! both which disgrace
(By being fixt in an improper place)

Heav'n's great production, man; man's great
production, plays.

Yet mu stwe, though as foolish we decry

This mode, be fools in fashion, and comply;

For rights, we know, howe'er absurdly gain'd

At first, with obstinacy are maintain'd:

Since then this privilege you will not lose,

Let's hear what sort of epilogue you'll choose.

Are you for satire? No; why there you're right;

The wisest can't foresee where that may light.

Are ye for politics? There we cry no,

Where that may light---you easily may know.

Another topic then, pray, ladies, hear;

Suppose a panegyric on the fair.

So, I perceive, I've touch'd the ticklish place,

And clearly read consent in every face.

O fie! consent so soon, that can't be right;

I hate such coming ladies---so good night.

§ 82. *Epilogue to the Careless Husband; spoken
by Lady Betty Modish and Lord Foppington.*

L. B. Mod. WELL now we've done, I'll feed
my sex's failing,

Attack the fops, and give a loose to railing.

Of all the parts in life, the part most oddish

Is surely that--- [Pointing affectedly at him.

Ld. Fop.---of Lady Betty Modish!

I grant you, madam, there's no part in town

Is half so odd.

Ly. Bet.---Except Lord Foppington.

Ld. Fop. A hit, i' faith---let's fairly try to-

And weigh your pride--- [gether,

Ly. Bet.---against your Lordship's feather.

Ld. Fop. A feather's light, indeed, I must

agree;

But not so light as woman's vanity.

Ly. Bet. Hold there, my Lord; I fancy you've
forgot

You wear a solitaire and shoulder-knot. [face?

For what's that wig comb'd prim around your

For what, that coat all o'er bedaub'd with lace?

For what, the farce of all your drefs beside?

For what, my Lord,---but vanity and pride?

Ld. Fop. O split me, rat me, flap my vital
breath!

This woman's tongue will talk a man to death.

Ly. Bet. For pride, my Lord, and to attack
the throng,

Your gilded chariot rolls in pomp along:

Within you loll with careless air, and easy,

And think you charm each female eye that sees
ye.

I vow,

I vow, for my own single part, that I
As soon could love a gaudy butterfly;
Awhile they tease us, and then disappear;
But fops are drones, that plague us all the year,
And buz their tender nonsense in one's ear.

Ld. Fop. Her clack is still; if possible, I'll try
If I can put a word in by the bye;
Faults I may have, yet still I am no sham,
My dress discovers what I truly am.
A poor insipid thing that's made for show;
For sense—none thinks to find it in a beau.
But a coquet's a two-legg'd walking cheat,
Whose every look and motion is—deceit.
At every glass you meet, your airs you try,
To smile affected, and to play your eye;
Your cheeks are reddened with vermilion art,
To make your face as false as is your heart;
Nay, ev'n your dress is falser than your face,
And your own work's put off for Flanders lace.

Ly. Bet. A truce, since both our 'scutcheons
have a blot; [pot.

Ld. Fop. And we but play the kettle and the

Ly. Bet. By us be warn'd, ye fair, be warn'd,
ye beaux!

For merit lies not in embroider'd clothes. [pence,

Ld. Fop. Within bestow your fin'ry and ex-
And lace your minds with virtue and with sense.

Ly. Bet. Coquets alone are caught in cox-
combs snares, [airs.

Ld. Fop. And only coxcombs prize coquettish

Ly. Bet. In our Sir Charles, and in his vir-
tuous wife, [riage life.

La. Fop. Behold two patterns for the mar-

Ly. Bet. Like her, gallants, may all your wives
be fam'd; [Charles reclaim'd.

Ld. Fop. Your husbands, ladies, like Sir

§ 83. *Epilogue to Ignoramus, acted at West-
minster School in December 1747; spoken by
Ignoramus and Musaeus.*

Ign. PEACE, bookworm! blest me, what
a clerk have I!

A strange place sure—this university!
What's learning, virtue, modesty, or sense?
Fine words to hear—but will they turn the pence?
These stiff pedantic notions—far outweighs
That one short, comprehensive thing—a face.
Go, match it if you can with all your rules
Of Greek or Roman, old or modern schools:
The total this of Ignoramus' skill,
To carve his fortune—place him where you will.
For not in law alone could I appear;
My parts would shine alike in any sphere.
You've heard my song in Rosabella's praise:
And would I try the loftier ode to raise,
You'd see me soon—a rival for the bays.

Or I could turn a journalist, and write
With little wit, but large recruits of spite;
Abuse and blacken—just as party sways—
And lash my betters—these are thriving ways.

My mind to graver physic would I bend,
Think you I'd study Greek, like Mead or Freind?
No—with some *nostrum* I'd ensure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees:
On drop or pill securely I'd rely,
And shake my head at the whole faculty.

Or would I take to orders——

Mus. Orders? how? [know:

Ign. One not too scrupulous a way might
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or so.

In orders too my purposes I'd serve;
And if I could not rise, I would not starve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butchers stare,
Or publish—that I'd marry at May-fair.
These, these are maxims, that will stand the test:
But universities——are all a jest.

Mus. I grant a prodigy we sometimes view,
Whom neither of our seats of learning knew.
Yet sure none shine more eminently great,
In law or physic, in the church or state,
Than those who early drank the love of fame
At Cam's fair bank, or Isis' silver stream.
Look round—here's proof enough this point to
clear. [here?

Ign. Blest me!—what!—not one Ignoramus
I stand convicted—What can I say more?
See—my face fails, which never fail'd before.
How great foe'er I seem in Dulman's eye,
Yet Ignorance must blush—when Learning's by.

§ 84. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Clive, on the
two occasional Prologues at Covent Garden
and Drury Lane, 1750.*

[Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who
would oppose her.

I'LL do't, by heaven I will!—Pray get you
gone:

What! all these janglings, and I not make one?
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?
These creatures here would have me hold my
tongue!

I'm so provok'd, I hope you will excuse me;
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,
And at each other throw alternate squibs,
Compos'd of little wit—and some few fibs;
I Catherine Clive come here to attack 'em all,
And aim alike at little and at tall.
But first, ere with the buskin chiefs I brave it,
A story is at hand, and you shall have it.

Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt,
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat
pert:

Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their different parts re-
peated, [treated.]
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad! ill—
The master paus'd—to be unjust was loth,
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipt them both.
In the same master's place, lo! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.
First, for our own—Oh, 'tis a pretty youth!
But out of fifty lyes I'll sift some truth.
'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,
And fiery parts make up his composition.
How have I seen him rave when things mis-
carried!

Indeed he's grown much tamer since he married.
If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike!
And then he gets—to which he's no dislike.

Faults he has many---but I know no crimes;
 Yes, he has one---he contradicts sometimes.
 And when he falls into his frantic fit,
 He blusters so, it makes e'en me submit.
 So much for him---the other youth comes next,
 Who shews by what he says, poor soul! he's vext.
 He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us,
 To make you think the little monster beats us.
 Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
 How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bays!
 I, who am woman, would have stood the fray;
 At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!
 Should any manager lift arm at me,
 I have a tyrant arm as well as he!---
 In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
 But who the bouncer was---enquire within.
 No matter who---I now proclaim a peace,
 And hope henceforth hostilities will cease:
 No more shall either rack his brains to teize ye,
 But let the contest be---who most shall please ye.

§ 85. *Epilogue to the Apprentice; spoken by Mrs. Clive.*

[*Enters reading the Play-bill.*

A VERY pretty bill,---as I'm alive!
 The part of---nobody---by Mrs. Clive!
 A paltry, scribbling fool---to leave me out---
 He'll say, perhaps---he thought I could not spout.
 Malice and envy to the last degree!
 And why?---I wrote a farce as well as he.
 And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
 Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in mas-
 querade;
 O pit, have pity---see how I'm dismay'd!
 Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,
 Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
 But granting that, from these same obsequies,
 Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
 Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
 As Pallas turns to feast Lardella's bier;
 Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,
 T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with
 me to laugh.
 I could have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,
 A spouting junco of the female kind.
 There dwells a milliner in yonder row, [shew,
 Well-dress'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for
 Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
 Damn'd, damn'd dissembler!---thinks she's more
 than Zara.
 She has a daughter too, that deals in lace,
 And sings---O Ponder well---and Chevy
 chace,
 And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place.
 And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camblet,
 Presumes on something---touching the Lord
 Hamlet.
 A cousin too she has, with squinting eyes,
 With waddling gait, and voice like London cries;
 Who, for the stage too short by half a story,
 Acts Lady Townly---thus---in all her glory.
 And, while she's traversing her scanty room,
 Cries---"Lord, my Lord, what can I do at home?"
 In short, there's girls enough for all the fel-
 lows, [lous,
 The ranting, whining, starting, and the jea-
 The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.

Oh! little do those silly people know,
 What dreadful trials actors undergo.
 Myself, who most in harmony delight,
 Am scolding here from morning until night.
 Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
 Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings;
 Young men, beware, and shun our slippery ways,
 Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
 And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train [brain;
 Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning
 Be timely wife, for oh! be sure of this:---
 A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

§ 86. *Epilogue to The Reprisal; spoken by Miss Macklin.*

A YE---now I can with pleasure look around,
 Safe as I am, thank heav'n, on English
 ground.---

In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
 'Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger, and dismay;
 Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet---
 Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet.
 I dread to think what might have come to pass,
 Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass.
 By Champignon a wretched victim led
 To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
 My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent;
 As nun, or wife, alike a penitent.
 His gallantry, so confident and eager,
 Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup-meagre.
 To bootless lodgings I had fall'n a martyr;
 But, Heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught
 a Tartar.

Yet soft---our author's fate you must decree;
 Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
 Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
 Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.---
 Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder;
 In his first cruise 'twere pity he should founder.

[*To the gallery.*

Safe from your shot, he fears no other foe,
 No gulph but that which horrid yawns below.

[*To the pit.*

The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
 Have here been tam'd with---pippin and potatoe.
 Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,
 He craves not mercy, but he claims applause.
 His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
 Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
 Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
 Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
 But if this welkin angry clouds deform,

[*Looking round the house.*

And hollow groans portend th' approaching
 storm: [*To the gallery.*

Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,
 And these rough billows hiss, and boil and
 bubble, [*To the pit.*
 He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trou-
 ble.

§ 87. *Epilogue intended to be spoken by Mr. Shuter, in the character of a Schoolmaster, with a rod in his hand.*

WHEN vice and folly are a nation's bane,
 When poets write, and parsons preach in
 vain,

When

When satire's sting and moral precepts fail,
Then threats and rougher methods must prevail.
Behold a schoolmaster---Ticklebrech by name,
Who comes a headstrong people to reclaim;
To lash those foibles now so common grown,
And once more place fair Virtue on her throne.
This magic rod, though nought but simple wood,
With wonders (strange to mention!) is endued;
If to that part of man we all deride
'Tis rightly handled, and with skill applied,
'Twill make a lawyer honest 'gainst his will,
The doctor save the patient he would kill;
The statesman too, that Atlas of the state,
Who toils, and sweats, and bends beneath the weight

Of places, pensions, sinecures, and fees,
At the first stroke will find immediate ease:
With joy he'll cast the pond'rous load aside,
And at the helm take Honour for his guide;
Relieve the indigent without a bribe,
And spurn at sycophants, that fawning tribe:
The modern Bobadil, who in taverns boasts
'The feats he did when on proud Gallia's coasts,
How twenty Frenchmen at a time he slew,
"Twenty more---kill 'em; twenty more---kill them too!"

When in the field his looks his fears betray,
And his own shadow makes him run away;
But if the force of this same twig he feels,
His courage straight will leave his friendly heels,
Mount to his heart, his martial bosom warm,
And, like brave Prussia, the whole world alarm.

Next, to the male-coquet I mean to speak,
Whose head, and heart, and nerves alike are weak;
Who, like that curious mask which Æsop feigns
The fox admir'd, yet mourn'd the want of brains;
Who plies his glass, and grinning cries, "Sir

"Peter, [ing creature!
"There's a fine girl; Gad's curse! a charm-
"What eyes, what lips! and then her shape
"and gait!

"She must be mine, 'egad, at any rate."
This wand, if once it touch the coxcomb's tail,
I do assure him, ne'er was known to fail;
He'll own its charms surpass his sals and drops,
For into men it changes fools and fops;
Makes 'em look wise, say little, and do more;
All which, I'm sure, they never did before.

In good queen Bess's happy golden reign,
The British fair their virtues did maintain;
But, shame to tell, how dreadful the reflection!
The sex is now so bad to want correction---
But hold, methinks, from yonder box I hear
My Lady Dainty thus express her fear:

"Lard! sure the filthy fellow does not mean
"To turn us up; he won't be so obscene:
"I'll go this instant, and ask Mr. Rich,
"How he dares suffer this rude Ticklebrech---"

Ladies, be calm, this needless rage suspend,
And take good counsel as from friend to friend:
If you would shun acquaintance with the birch,
Shun cards on sabbath-day, and go to church;
This vicious appetite no longer feed,
Be virtuous all, be British dames indeed.

And now, my pupils, what you've learnt this night,
Go teach to others, and you'll then do right;
Be you to them the same indulgent tutor,
And come next year to see your friend, Ned Shuter.

§ 88. *Epilogue to the Duellist; spoken by Miss Barfanti.*

SO, men of valour! you dislike our play;
Nothing against it do the ladies say.
To own they're pleas'd the critics ever loth,
Mutter, "A Duellist, with scarce an oath!
" 'Tis like his hat, that was without a feather,
"Duels and Damnes always go together."
Old sinners, loving the licentious joke,
May think there wants too, here and there, a
stroke; [tween,
Round oaths and double meanings strew'd be-
With them the virtues of the comic scene.
And yet the town in general is so nice,
It holds these virtues as a kind of vice:
From the teeth outwards chatte, their hands be-
fore 'em,

Like reps, ev'n demi-reps, are all decorum.
Tho' gross their thoughts, so delicate their
hearing, [ing.

They think the very stage should fine for swear-
Our author, therefore, scrupled to employ
Your vulgar damme, Sir! and damme, boy!
Nay, when by chance a naughty joke came pat in,
He wrapt it up, you know, in lawyer's Latin.
So much refin'd the scene since former days,
When Congreve, Vanburgh, Wycherley, wrote
plays,

"The stage so loosely did Astrea tread,
"She fairly put all characters to-bed."
Tho' now no bard would venture to deposit
A macaroni in a lady's closet;
Lest the frail fair one he be thought to ruin,
"While moon and stars alone" see what they're
doing.

In the old plays, gallants take no denial,
But put the struggling actress to the trial;
Bless me! I shudder even now to think,
How near myself may come to danger's brink!
In modern plays more safe the female station,
Secure as our sad solemn situation!
No rakish forward spark dares now be rude,
The Comic Muse herself grown quite a prude!
No wonder, then, if in so pure an age
No Congreves write for as demure a stage!

§ 89. *Epilogue to the Liar; between Miss Grantham and Old Wilding.*

M. Gr. **HOLD, Sir!**

Our plot concluded, and strict justice
Let me be heard as counsel for your son. {done,
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate;
Proscribe all lying! what would be the fate }
Of this, and every other earthly state?
Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town;
The tribe of politicians will want food,
Ev'n now half famish'd---for the public good;

All

All Grub-street murderers of men and sense,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence? Must the good
and great

Patriots be wrong'd, that bookfellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, Sir; yet hear another
word,

Turn to that hall where Justice wields her sword:
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law:
For 'tis the fixt determin'd rule of courts,
(Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's reports)
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth expend an hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice I am somewhat
A lawyer has no credit but on oath. [loath;

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favour
Leave no possession of our modest No! [show:

O. Wild. Oh, freely, Ma'am, we'll that al-
lowance give,

So that two Noes be held affirmative:
Provided ever that your pish and fie,
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lye.

M. Gr. Hard terms!

On this rejoinder then, I rest my cause:
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case;
Why, many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character
restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Strong are your reasons, yet, ere I
I mean to take the voices of the pit. [submit,
Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

§ 90. *Epilogue to Virginia.* GARRICK.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill, or raise his heroine at command:
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink, [think.
Not courteously enquire, but tell you what you
From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!

And, first, with you above, I shall begin—

[To the upper gallery.

Good-natur'd souls, they're ready all to grin.
Though twelve-pence seat you there, so near the
ceiling,

The folks below can't boast a better feeling.
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks,
You boldly laugh and cry, as nature works.

Says John to Tom (ay—there they sit to-
gether,

As honest Britons as e'er trod on leather:)

" 'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very vild,

" That old Vergeenus should have ituck his
" child:

" I would have hang'd him for't, had I been
ruler,

" And duck'd that Apus too, by way of cooler."
Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor,

[To the middle gallery.

And fly from naughty man, at forty-four,
With turn'd-up eyes, applaud Virginia's 'scape,
And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape;
So very chaste, they live in constant fears,
And apprehension strengthens with their years.

Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,
Yet love distressed damsels to befriend;

You think this tragic joke too far was carry'd,
And wish, to set all right, the maid had marry'd:
You'd rather see (if so the fates had will'd)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.

May I approach unto the boxes, pray---
And there search out a judgment on the play?

In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it;
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.

'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,
Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashion.

Our author hopes, this fickle goddess's Mode,
With us will make, at least, nine days abode;
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

§ 91. *Epilogue to Barbarossa; spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a fine Gentleman.*

Enter---speaking without.

PSHAW!—hang your epilogue, and hold
your tongue,

Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong?
Had you ten epilogues you shou'd not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ them all in *linguam Græcum*.
I'll do't, by all the gods!---(you must excuse
me)

Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me!

To the audience.

Behold a gentleman! and that's enough!
Laugh if you please---I'll take a pinch of snuff!

I come to tell you---(let it not surprise you)
That I'm a wit, and worthy to advise you.---

How could you suffer that same country booby,
That pro-log speaking savage*, that great looby,

To talk his nonsense?---give me leave to say,
'Twas low---damn'd low!---but sav'd the fel-
low's play---

Let the poor devil eat, allow him that,
And give a meal to measter, mon, and cat.

But why attack the fashions? Senseless rogue!
We have no joys but what result from vogue:

The mode should all controul-- nay, ev'ry
passion,

Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion.
I hate, as much as he, a turtle-feast,

But till the present turtle-rage has ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles, to make myself a beast.

Z z

I have

* See the Prologue, p. 685.

I have no ears, yet operas I adore!
 Always prepar'd to die, to sleep---no more!
 The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress;
 He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen
 Bess:

They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free,
 But were they more, no ill effects I see,
 For more, or less, 'tis all the same to me. }
 Poor gaming too was maul'd among the rest,
 That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
 When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
 An English gentleman should never think---
 The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on,
 What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton;
 In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
 Which always ends in politics, or madness;
 I therefore now propose---by your command,
 That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
 Send o'er your Shakespeares to the sons of
 France,

Let them grow grave---Let us begin to dance!
 Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
 Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
 A farce or two---and Woodward's panto-
 mines!

§ 92. *Epilogue to the Lying Valet.* GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree, }
 And yet, look round the world, and you }
 shall see [me.]
 That many more, my betters, *lye* as fast as }
 Against this vice we all are ever railing, }
 And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing;
 You'll find but few without this useful failing. }
 Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
 The *lye* goes round, and the ball's never still.
 My *lyes* were harmless, told to show my parts,
 And not like those, when tongues belye their
 hearts.

In all professions you will find this flaw;
 And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
 The gouty serjeant cries, with formal pause,
 "Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve
 "the cause."

But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
 Your costs of suit convince you---that he *lyed*.
 A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
 First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows
 your case;

"Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure
 you;

"Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, Sir, will
 cure you." [ing;

Around the bed, next day, his friends are cry-
 The patient dies, the doctor's paid for lying.

The poet, willing to secure the pit,
 Gives out, his play has humour, taste, and wit:
 The cause comes on, and, while the judges try,
 Each groan and catcall gives the bard the *lye*.

Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do:

They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.

"Lord!" says the prude (her face behind her
 fan)

"How can our sex have any joy in man?"

"As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive
 "me; [grieve me:
 "And were the race extinct, 'twould never
 "Their sight is odious, but their touch, O gad!
 "The thought of that's enough to drive one
 "mad."

Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty,
 Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty.
 In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs, }
 The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries, }
 And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than *lyes*. }
 Sometimes you'll see a man belye his nation,
 Nor to his country shew the least relation.
 For instance, now---
 A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave, }
 A sober German, or a Spaniard brave, }
 An Englishman, a coward or a slave. }
 Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;
 I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
 Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
 For, though my tongue was false, my heart was
 true.

§ 93. *Epilogue to Elvira.* GARRICK.

LADIES and gentlemen---'tis so ill-bred---
 We have no epilogue, because I'm dead;
 For he, our bard, with frenzy-rolling eye,
 Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you
 cry.

At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,
 Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull:
 In such a case, 'twould surely do no harm;
 A little lively nonsense taken warm,
 On critic stomachs delicate and queasy,
 'Twill even make a heavy meal sit easy.

The town hates Epilogues---it is not true,
 I answer'd that for you---and you---and you---
 [To pit, boxes, first gallery.

They call for epilogues, and hornpipes too---
 [To the upper gallery.

Madam, the critics say---to you they're civil,
 Here, if they have 'em not, they'll play the devil;
 Out of this house, Sir, and to you alone,
 They'll smile, cry *bravo!* charming!---Here
 they groan:

A single critic will not frown, look big,
 Harmless and pliant as a single twig.
 But crowded here they change, and 'tis not odd,
 For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
 Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
 When *tête-à-tête* their enmity they smother.

"Kiss me, my dear, how do you?---charming
 "creature! [each feature!

"What shape! what bloom! what spirits in
 "You flatter me, 'pon honour, no, you do---
 "My friend, my dear, sincerely yours, adieu!"
 But when at routs, the dear friends change
 their tone---

I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.
 Will you permit, good Sirs, these gloomy folk,
 To give all tragedy without one joke?
 They gravely tell us--tragedy's design'd
 To purge the passions, purify the mind;

To which I say, to strike those blockheads
dumb,

With phycic always give a sugar-plum.
I love these sugar plums in prose or rhimes;
No one is merrier than myself sometimes;
Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
Am melted down almost to skin and bone:
This night, in sighs and sobs, I drew my breath;
Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,
Were scarce sufficient to complete my fate;
Two children were thrown in to make up
weight.

With all these sufferings, is it not provoking,
To be denied at last a little joking?

If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake
break 'em,

Roar out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

§ 94. Epilogue to the English Merchant.

GARRICK.

Enter Lady Alton [Mrs. Abington] in a passion;
Spatter [Mr. King] following.

L. Alton. I'LL hear no more, thou wretch!

Spatter. Attend to reason!

L. Alton. A woman of my rank, 'tis petty
treason!

Hear reason, blockhead! reason! what is that?
Bid me wear pattens and a high-crown'd hat!
Won't you begone? What, won't you? What's
your view? [you---

Spatter. Humbly to serve the tuneful nine in

L. Alton. I renounce such things; [strings:
Not Phœbus now, but vengeance, sweeps the
My mind is discord all!--I scorn, detest
All human kind:---you more than all the rest.

Spatter. I humbly thank you, Ma'am---but
weigh the matter.

L. Alton. I won't hear reason! and I hate
Myself, and ev'ry thing. [you, Spatter!

Spatter. That I deny;
You love a little mischief, so do I;
And mischief I have for you.

L. Alton. How, where, when?
Will you stab Falbridge?

Spatter. Yes, Ma'am---with my pen.

L. Alton. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death
you've stung 'em,

That green-ey'd monster, jealousy, among 'em.

Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my
trade is,

Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and ladies.
There will be danger.

L. Alton. And there shall be pay---

Take my purse, Spatter! [Gives it him.

Spatter. In an honest way.
[Smiles and takes it.

L. Alton. Should my lord beat you---

Spatter. Let them laugh that win:
For all my bruises, here's gold-beater's skin!

[Chinking the purse.]
L. Alton. Nay, should he kill you!

Spatter. Ma'am?

L. Alton. My kindness meant
To pay your merit with a monument!

Spatter. Your kindness, lady, takes away my
breath: [death.

We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side

L. Alton. Attack Amelia, both in verse and
Your wit can make a nettle of a rose. [prose,

Spatter. A stinging nettle for his lordship's
breast:

And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.

I'll make them miserable, never fear;

Pout in a month, and part in half a year.

I know my genius, and can trust my plan;

I'll break a woman's heart with any man.

L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be
severe and bold! [of gold.

Spatter. No qualms of conscience with a purse
Tho' pill'ries threaten, and tho' crab-sticks fall,
Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and
all. [Exit Spatter.

Lady Alton alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I
scatter---

O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter!

His precious mischief makes the storm subside!

My anger, thank my stars! all rose from pride!

Pride should belong to us alone of fashion;

And let the mob take love, that vulgar pas-
sion---

Love, pity, tenderness, are only made
For poets, Abigails, and folks in trade.

Some cits about their feelings make a fuss,

And some are better bred---who live with us---

How low Lord Falbridge is!--He takes a wife,

To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life!

Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,

No pleasure like a *quartuous tête-à-tête!*

Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,

There are not many such poor souls among 'em.

Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,

And I'll foretel the vulgar life they'll lead.

With love and ease grown fat, they face all
weather, [gether.

And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm to-

Now view their stock, now in their nursery
prattle,

For ever with their children or their cattle.

Like the dull mill-horse in one round they keep;

They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall asleep;

"Their custom always in the afternoon---

He bright as Sol, and she the chaste full moon!

Wak'd with her coffee, Madam first begins,

She rubs her eyes, his lordship rubs his shins;

She sips and smirks;---"Next week's our

"wedding-day, [yawns] more gay!"

"Married seven years!--and every hour

"True, Emmy," cries my lord, "the blessing

"lies, [pathize!"

"Our hearts in every thing [yawns] so sym-

The day thus spent, my lord for music calls;

He thrums the base, to which my lady squalls;

The children join, which so delight these

ninnies,

The brats seem all Guaduccis, Lovatinis.

---What means this qualm?---Why, sure, while

I'm despising,

That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising!

O no!---Contempt is struggling to burst out---
I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's rout.

[Exit hastily.]

§ 95. *Epilogue to Zenobia; spoken by Mrs. Abington.* GARRICK.

[She peeps through the curtain.]

HOW do you all, good folks?---In tears, for certain,

I'll only take a peep behind the curtain.

You're all so full of tragedy and sadness!

For me to come among you, would be madness:

This is no time for giggling---when you've leisure,

Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;

As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,

Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.

[She enters upon their clapping.]

This is so good! to call me out so soon---

The Comic Muse by me intreats a boon;

She call'd for Pritchard, her first maid of honour,

And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;

But she, I'm sure you'll all be sorry for't,

Resigns her place, and soon retires from court:

To bear this loss we courtiers make a shift,

When good folks leave us, worse may have a list.

The Comic Muse, whose every smile is grace,

And her stage sister, with her tragic face,

Have had a quarrel---each has writ a case;

And on their friends assembled now I wait,

To give you of their difference a true state.

Melpomene complains, when she appears,

For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,

To raise your souls, and with your raptures

wing 'em; [wring 'em,

Nay wet your handkerchiefs, that you may

Some suppliant hussy, like myself, comes in;

Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,

"Hey! Presto! pass!"---all toptly-turvy see,

For "ho, ho, ho!" is chang'd to "he, he, he!"

We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue,

'Tis theirs who call and bawl for---Epilogue!

O! shame upon you---for the time to come,

Know better, and go miserable home.

What says our comic goddess?---With re-

proaches,

She vows her sister tragedy encroaches!

And, spite of all her virtue and ambition,

Is known to have an am'rous disposition;

For in False Delicacy---wondrous fly,

Join'd with a certain Irishman---O fie! [cry.]

She made you, when you ought to laugh, to

Her sister's smiles with tears she try'd to smother,

Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,

You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd

with t'other.

What can be done?---sad work behind the

scenes!

There comic females scold with tragic queens;

Each party different ways the foe assails,

These shake the daggers, those prepare their

nails.

'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,
Or we shall still continue pulling caps.

What is your will?---I read it in your faces,
That all hereafter take their proper places,
Shake hands, and kifs, and friends, and burn
their eales.

§ 96. *Epilogue to the Runaway.* GARRICK.

POST haste from Italy arrives my lover!

Shall I to you, good friends, my fears discover?
[mangle,

Should foreign modes his virtues mar and

And *caro sposo* prove---Sir Dingle Dangle;

No sooner join'd, than separate we go;

Abroad---we never shall each other know,

At home---I mope above---he'll pick his
teeth below.

In sweet domestic chat we ne'er shall mingle,

And, wedded tho' I am, shall still live single.

However modish, I detest this plan;

For me no maukish creature, weak and wan: }

He must be English and an English man.

To nature and his country false and blind,

Should Belville dare to twist his form and mind,

I will discard him---and, to Britain true,

A Briton chuse---and may be one of you---

Nay, don't be frighten'd; I am but in jest:

Freemen, in love or war, should ne'er be press'd.

If you would know my utmost expectation,

'Tis one unspoil'd by travell'd education;

With knowledge, taste, much kindness, and

some whim, [him.

Good sense to govern me---and let me govern

Great love of me must keep his heart from

roving;

Then I'll forgive him, if he proves too loving.

If in these times I should be blest'd by fate

With such a phoenix, such a matchless mate,

I will, by kindness, and some small discerning,

Take care that Hymen's torch continues burn-

ing: [down,

At weddings now-a-days, the torch, thrown

Just makes a smoke, then sinks throughout the

town!

No married Puritan; I'll follow pleasure,

And ev'n the fashion---but in mod'rate mea-

I will of opera extasies partake, [sure;

Tho' I take snuff, to keep myself awake:

No rampant plumes shall o'er my temples play,

Foretelling that my brains will fly away;

Nor from my head shall strange vagaries spring,

To shew the soil can teem with ev'ry thing;

No fruits, roots, greens, shall fill the ample

A kitchen-garden to adorn my face! [space,

No rocks shall there be seen, no windmill, foun-

tain, [mountain!

Nor curls, like guns set round to guard the

Oh, learn, ye fair, if this same madness spreads,

Not to hold up, but to keep down your heads!

Be not misled by strange fantastic Art,

But in your dress let Nature take some part;

Her skill alone a lasting pow'r insures,

And best can ornament such charms as yours.

§ 97. *Epilogue to Percy.* GARRICK.

I Must, will speak---I hope my dress and air
Announce the man of fashion, not the player:
Tho' gentlemen are now forbid the scenes,
Yet I have ruin'd thro' heroes, kings, and
queens;

Resolv'd, in pity to this polish'd age,
To drive these ballad heroes from the stage—

“To drive the deer with hound and horn,

“Earl Percy took his way;

“The child may rue that is unborn,

“The hunting of that day.”

A pretty basis, truly, for a maudlin play!

What! shall a scribbling, senseless woman dare
To offer to your tastes such tasteless fare?

Is Douglas or is Percy, fir'd with passion,

Ready, for love or glory, death to dash on,

Fit company for modern still-life men of
fashion?

Such madness will our hearts but slightly graze;

We've no such frantic nobles now-a-days.

Could we believe old stories, those strange fel-
lows [lous---

Marry'd for love, could of their wives be jea-

Nay, constant to 'em too---and, what is worse,

The vulgar souls thought cuckoldom a curse!

Most wedded pairs had then one purse, one
mind,

One head too---so preposterously join'd!

From such barbarity (thank Heaven!) we're
refin'd.

Old songs their happiness at home record,

From home they sep'rate carriages abhorr'd--

One horse serv'd both---my lady rode behind
my lord.

'Twas death alone could snap their bonds
asunder: [der.

Now, tack'd so slightly, not to snap's the won-

Nay, death itself could not their hearts divide,

They mix'd their love with monumental pride;

For, cut in stone, they still lay side by side.

But why these Gothic ancestors produce?

Why scour their rusty armours? What's the use?

'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,

To see us beaux bend under coats of mail;

Should we our limbs with iron doublets

bruise, [should use!

Good Heaven! how much court-plaister we

We wear no armour now---but on our shoes.

Let not with barbarism true taste be blended;

Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended;

Let the dead rest---we living can't be mended.

The following should have been inserted at the
close of the 1st book, being Sacred and Mor-
al; but it is presumed the Reader would
rather see them in this place than that they
should be wholly omitted.

Divine Songs for Children. WATTS.§ 1. *A general Song of Praise to God.*

HOW glorious is our Heav'nly King,

Who reigns above the sky!

How shall a child presume to sing

His dreadful majesty?

How great his pow'r is, none can tell,

Nor think how large his grace;

Not men below, nor saints that dwell

On high before his face.

Not angels, that stand round the Lord,

Can search his secret will;

But they perform his heav'nly word,

And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,

And my first off'rings bring;

Th' eternal God will not disdain

To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,

And angels shall rejoice

To hear their mighty Maker's praise

Sound from a feeble voice!

§ 2. *Praise for Creation and Providence.*

I SING th' Almighty Power of God,

That made the mountains rise;

That spread the flowing seas abroad,

And built the lofty skies!

I sing the Wisdom that ordain'd

The sun to rule the day;

The moon shines full at his command,

And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,

That fill'd the earth with food;

He form'd the creatures with his word,

And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,

Where'er I turn mine eye!

If I survey the ground I tread,

Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flow'r below

But makes thy glories known;

And clouds arise and tempests blow

By order from thy throne.

There's not a plant or flow'r below

But makes thy glories known;

And clouds arise and tempests blow

By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)

Are subject to thy care;

There's not a place where we can flee,

But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love,

With wrath in hell beneath!

'Tis on his earth I stand or move,

And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

§ 3. *Praise to God for our Redemption.*

BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit, there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the judge's face,
And with the blest'd assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

§ 5. *Praise for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.*

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has giv'n me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lye, and steal,

Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

§ 5. *Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.*

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation found.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru, with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance or darkness reigns!
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

§ 6. *Praise for the Gospel.*

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen, or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heav'n?

How glad the heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his Gospel known!

Then, if this Gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

§ 7. *The Excellency of the Bible.*

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look!
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n,

The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law;
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

§ 8. *Praise to God for learning to read.*

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt so young,
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read and learn,
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his spirit down
To shew the wonders of his love,
And make his Gospel known.

O may that spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths, which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe!

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

§ 9. *The All-seeing God.*

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.
And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?
Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie;
Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

§ 10. *Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.*

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas:
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a Law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a Gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face;
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as the tree, cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man-departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

§ 11. *Heaven and Hell.*

THERE is beyond the sky,
A heav'n of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heav'n ascend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath!
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

§ 12. *The Advantages of early Religion.*

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well:
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes:
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign;

'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

§ 13. *The Danger of Delay.*

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
"To seek for heav'n or think of death?"
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.

What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!

'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God!
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace:
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

§ 14. *Examples of early Piety.*

WHAT bless'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,

Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet Hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?

I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

§ 15. *Against Lying.*

O 'Tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lye, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first
And lyes to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Annanias was struck dead,
Caught with a lye upon his tongue?

So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lye
That just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lye that children tell.

§ 16. *Against Quarrelling and Fighting.*

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too:

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each others eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;

Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

§ 17. *Love between Brothers and Sisters.*

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful fight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another,
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wife will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

§ 18. *Against Scoffing and calling Names.*

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff
At holy things or holy men,
The lord shall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go!"

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

§ 19. *Against Swearing, and Cursing, and taking God's Name in vain.*

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble, down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet, how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And, when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear;
That heav'nly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

§ 20. *Against Idleness and Mischief.*

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

§ 21. *Against evil Company.*

WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend mine ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes;
Nor with the scoffers go;

I would

I would be walking with the wife,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy, that us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest :
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here ;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

§ 22. *Against Pride in Clothes.*

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents shame, provoke our pride ?
The art of drefs did ne'er begin,
'Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.

When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone ;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are ! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new !
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very cloathing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I :
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adorning of the mind ;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace ;
These are the robes of richest drefs.

No more shall worms with me compare ;
This is the raiment angels wear ;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould :
It takes no spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on earth should I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

§ 23. *Obedience to Parents.*

LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say ;
With rev'rence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word ?

What heavy guilt upon him lies !
How cursed is his name !

The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,

Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

§ 24. *The Child's Complaint.*

WHY should I love my sports so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray ?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will ?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still ?

How senseless is my heart, and wild !
How vain are all my thoughts !
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray ;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

§ 25. *A Morning Song.*

MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies !

When from the chambers of the East
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines !

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day :
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain !

§ 26. *An Evening Song.*

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins, how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head,
And, through the hours of darkness, keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

§ 27. *For the Lord's Day Morning.*

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed ?

This

This is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'r of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word;
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.
I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n;
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the sev'n!

§ 28. *For the Lord's Day Evening.*

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heav'n below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

§ 29. *The Ten Commandments, out of the Old Testament, put into short Rhyme for Children.*

Exodus, Chap. xx.

1. **T**HOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, though though art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy Neighbour's dare not covet.

§ 30. *The Sum of the Commandments, out of the New Testament.*

Matt. xxii. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

§ 31. *Our Saviour's Golden Rule.*

Matt. vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

§ 32. *Duty to God and our Neighbour.*

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind;

And love your neighbour as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.
Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

§ 33. *Out of my Book of Hymns I have here added the Hosanna, and Glory to the Father, &c. to be sung at the End of any of these Songs, according to the Direction of Parents or Governors.*

The Hosanna; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

Long Metre.

HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down on earth.
Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King!

Common Metre.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
Hosanna to th' eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

Short Metre.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
To Christ, th' anointed king,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with Heav'n.

§ 34. *Glory to the Father and the Son, &c.*

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

NOW let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A slight specimen of Moral Songs, such as I wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better.

The sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences in civil life, both in city and country (which would also afford matter for other Divine Songs). Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from the temptation of loving or learning those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory, and become the seeds of future vices.

§ 35. *The Sluggard.*

'TIS the voice of a sluggard; I heard him complain, [again;]
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours
without number;

And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about faunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking: [thinking.

But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me:"

That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding, [reading.

Who taught me betimes to love working and

§ 36. *Innocent Play.*

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs

Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white,
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much we may learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures:

But Thomas and William, and such pretty names, [lambs,

Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play;

For he's still in earnest that's hurt: [mire!
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and
There's none but a madman will sling about
And tell you, "'Tis all but in sport." [fire,

§ 37. *The Rose.*

HOW fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May:
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field: [are lost,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose:
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

§ 38. *The Thief.*

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us
When they stole forbidden fruit?

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilf'ring ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner;
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heav'n,
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not giv'n,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

§ 39. *The Ant, or Emmet.*

THESE Emmets how little they are in our eyes!

We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern:

Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn on a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:

They

They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time.

When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are
in bloom, [shall come,

Let me think what will serve me when sickness
And pray that my sins be forgiv'n:

Let me read in good books, and believe and
obey, [of clay,

That, when death turns me out of this cottage
I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.

§ 40. *Good Resolutions.*

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry place

Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;

I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never shewing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;

I deserve to feel the same
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing,

Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing!

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;

First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,

While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity;

Since I love to help the weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;

What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,

And to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;

But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

§ 41. *A Summer Evening.*

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was
the sun,

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the West,

His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,

And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his
sins,

And melts into tears: then he breaks out and
shines,

And travels his heavenly way:

But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,

And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array!

Some copies of the following Hymn having got
abroad already into several hands, the Author
has been persuaded to permit it to appear
in public, at the end of these songs for
children.

§ 42. *A Cradle Hymn.*

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!

Heav'nly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;

All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be;

When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;

When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!

Must he dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the sight!

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,

To receive the heav'nly stranger!
Did they thus affront their Lord!

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;

'Tis thy { * mother } sits beside thee,

{ nurse that } And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,

How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See

See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky!
 Where they sought him, there they found him,
 With his Virgin Mother by.
 See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
 Lovely Infant, how he smil'd!
 When he wept, the Mother's blessing
 Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.
 Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed;
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans, and endless crying,
 That thy blest Redeemer came.
 May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days;
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face, and sing his praise!
 I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire;
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joy aspire.

C O N C L U S I O N.

The Day of Judgment: a Seatonian Prize Poem.
 By Dr. GLYNN.

THY Justice, heav'nly King! and that great day,

When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
 Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
 Rang'd unprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
 I sing advent'rous.---But what eye can pierce
 The vast immeasurable realms of space,
 O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
 To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits,
 First-born of heav'n, to judge assembled worlds,
 Cloath'd in celestial radiance! Can the Muse,
 Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
 Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
 Myriads of angels, god's perpetual choir,
 Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
 Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's
 praise?—

Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
 To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
 Of fancy me enchanted, ne'er could lure
 To rove o'er Fairy lands; to swim the streams
 That through her vallies wave their mazy way;
 Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
 My feeble voice, to tell what harmony
 (Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
 Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still [dread
 May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may
 Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride
 may own

Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heav'n.
 Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
 That divine particle which God's own breath
 Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
 Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
 Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
 Why every nation, every clime, though all
 In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
 With one consent expect another world,
 Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim
 Pabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes, [bards
 Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Heli's fons
 Have feign'd a paradise of myrth and love,
 Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
 Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,

Where never science rear'd her sacred torch,
 Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
 Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
 Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
 Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
 Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
 Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
 With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain
 Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
 Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
 Of dying sinners; while the good man sleeps
 Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial
 hand

The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!
 Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
 Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
 No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
 Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
 But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
 Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes
 Neglected and forlorn: Disease and Cold,
 And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:
 Yet patient, and to Heav'n's just will resign'd,
 She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling
 bow'r,

Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
 Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian gale
 Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
 For him pour nectar from the purple vine.
 Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
 To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name;
 Save when with imprecations dark and dire
 He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
 Sits on his rosy cheek; yet Honour gilds
 His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd sleep
 Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st thou this, righteous father! See'st thou
 this,

And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
 Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
 Where all things are forgot?---Ah! no; the day
 Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
 That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly
 Back to her native Hell; there sink eclips'd

In

In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in heav'n, on man's
revolt,
Convok'd th' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
Th' unpeopled graves shall pour forth all their
dead.

Then shall th' assembled nations of the earth
From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-seat
Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
Whom distant ages to each others sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his side
Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of All shall see;
And judge with equal love. What though the
With costly pomp and aromatic sweets [great
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chaunted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-
bound turf

Long lay neglected? All at once shall rise;
But not to equal glory: for, alas!
With howlings dire and execrations loud
Some wail their fatal birth--First among these
Behold the mighty murderers of mankind:
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power [they
Waded through seas of blood! How will they
The madness of ambition! how lament [curse
Their dear-bought laurels! when the widow'd
wife

And childless mother at the judgment-seat
Plead trumpet-tongued against them!--Here
are they

Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
Slighted a brother's suff'rings.--Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
And eat the orphan's bread:---who spent their
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold [stores
Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.---
Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed;---
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;---or broke the
Of hospitable friendship;---and the wretch [ties
Whose little's soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd, to the presence of his God
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth; and, though oppress'd
With all that pain or famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the Judge

Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know
What punishment! for that th' Almighty Will
Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man
With curious search refin'd presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father? No! let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths; so shall his meed
Be great in heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
Th' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who bound in ten-fold chains
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
And in the place of Heav'n's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb.---Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer, he whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The Arch-Apostate: he with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking
In agonies of grief they curse the hour [souls:
When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd: but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defy'd
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's light: some, long immur'd,
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain [they
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy
Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious strife!--
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heav'n-born Science raise her drooping
And on the labours of a future race [head;
Entrail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.---
Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
The galling shackle from the prisoner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-eyed heaven-descended Charity.---
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! how shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid! and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening pride
Puff

Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
While, like some blasted trunk, the righteous fall
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is
no more,

And this great day is come; thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamant gates of heav'n
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulph
And dark abyfs, where Sin and Satan reign!

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on,
Thwarting th' ecliptic, where th' unconscious
earth

Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dread volcanos where engend'ring lie
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyfs
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, heav'n's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion.---Where are now the
works

Of art, the toil of ages?---Where are now
Th' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and pillars?---Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?---
Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers?---
where Thebes

Open'd her hundred portals?---Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion? where imperial Rome,
Propt by seven hills, sat like a sceptred queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?---
Shew me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley, stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring bow.
But what is mimic art? Even Nature's works,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring
streams,

And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height!

O'er-hang th' Atlantic surge; nor that fam'd
cliff, [fail,

Through which the Persian steer'd with many a
Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide *Ægean*.---Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?---Where's
Ararat,

That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its
First rested, when the earth with all her sons, [top,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?---All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: Heav'n itself,
That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost.---

No more shall planets round their central sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wondrous height, to read
their names

And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from heav'n the mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through night's dark gloom.---Perhaps as here
And rudely carol these incondite lays, [I sit,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the
mouth

That lisps the fault'ring strain.---O! may it
ne'er

Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!---

---"Pow'r Supreme!

"O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
"To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
"Melt, all ye elements! And thou, high heav'n,
"Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll! But think, O
"Lord,

"Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
"Think on thine own bright image! Think
"on him,

"Who died to save us from thy righteous
"wrath; [man!"]

"And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember

F I N I S.

